THE

American MAGAZINE

EVERYTHING COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

October 35¢

I'm Glad I'm Not Running This Time!

By Norman Thomas

★

COMPLETE MYSTERY

THE CRIMSON PAW

By Mignon G. Eberhart

★

FAMILY OF THE MONTH:

THEY SOLVED THE IN-LAW PROBLEM

★

WE'RE ALL IN THE MOVIES NOW!

By Vance Packard

★

PLUS 6 SHORT STORIES

COMPLETE NOVEL

AMERICA'S INTERESTING PEOPLE

Every Thursday Evening • Gabriel Heatter brings you the World's News • Mutual Network

Model C-13 holds over 450 lbs. of assorted foods.

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New Deepfreeze "Casseroles"

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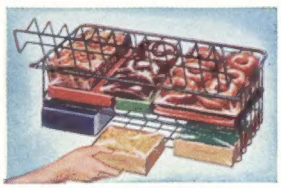
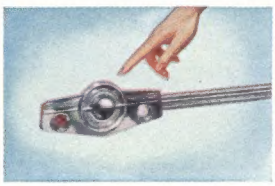


New Deepfreeze "Handy Basket"

Keeps frozen foods you use most often at your fingertips . . . eliminates searching. Double-deck basket has hinged side for easy removal of bottom packages . . . without disturbing those above. Exclusive with Deepfreeze!



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New Refrigerator by Deepfreeze

Deepfreeze also brings you a new and finer Refrigerator! Outstanding features are Automatic Defrosting, a genuine Deepfreeze Freezer Compartment, and "The Door that Stores More." 8 models, 9.3 to 11.5 cu. ft. capacity.

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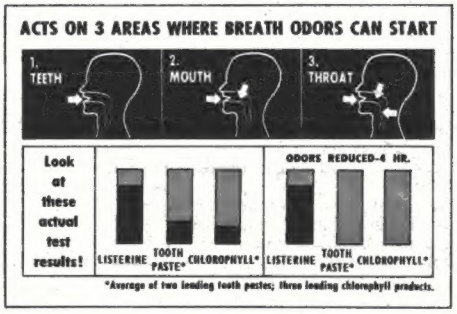
...Four times better than Tooth Paste

STOPS BAD BREATH UP TO THREE—FOUR TIMES LONGER

Listerine Antiseptic was recently tested by a famous independent research laboratory against three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes. Listerine averaged at least four times more effective in stopping breath odors than any of the products tested. By actual test, Listerine stopped bad breath up to three to four times longer than any of the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes!



NO CHLOROPHYLL KILLS ODOR BACTERIA LIKE THIS...INSTANTLY

The reason why Listerine gets these better results is perfectly simple. While bad breath is sometimes systemic, by far the most common cause is oral fermentation of food particles caused by bacteria.

Listerine stops bad breath instantly . . . because it kills odor bacteria instantly. It kills millions of bacteria way back on throat surfaces as well as on tooth and mouth surfaces . . . protects you on these three areas where so much bad breath originates.

No chlorophyll, no tooth paste offers clinical proof like this of killing bacteria that cause bad breath.

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Every week on Radio and Television Enjoy—
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"
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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Like you and millions of others, we've been waiting to read this exciting entertainment news . . .

LANZA . . . SINGS . . . AGAIN!

And, as if Lanza's glorious voice were not enough, this time M-G-M has given Mario a new Technicolor musical that blends a rollicking, fun-filled story of our time with his romantic singing.

Mario plays a singing star who's drafted . . . goes from public idol to buck private overnight! It turns out that his tough, blustering top sergeant ("Battleground" star, James Whitmore) has a secret ambition to sing, and Mario, to avoid K.P. encourages him, with hilarious results. Then, the sergeant's sister (a sparkling *new* star, Doretta Morrow) appears. She's not only lyrical but luscious—and Mario makes time with melody!

The singing? . . . Most wonderfully varied array of music that Mario has ever sung on the screen. You'll be humming the lovely, new rhapsodic ballad "Because You're Mine" by the composers of "Be My Love". You'll hear the exciting, enchanting "All The Things You Are" sung as it's never been sung before . . . the lilting love-song, "You Do Something To Me" . . . the pulse pounding "Granada" . . . and a dozen others.

We never would have believed that Mario Lanza could be greater than he was in "The Great Caruso" . . . but he is in "Because You're Mine"!

You'll have your own favorite scene—but to us it was Mario in the Army Medical Office undergoing his physical check-up. The doctor, stethoscope poised, listens to the heartbeats of assorted draftees. As the line moves on, Lanza appears . . . a husky, bare-chested, magnificent specimen. The doctor doesn't bother with the stethoscope this time . . . he just shouts, "1-A!"

NEW STAR FIND . . . is musically talented, strikingly beautiful brunette, Doretta Morrow. She was discovered by Joe Pasternak—producer of all the Lanza pictures, including "Because You're Mine". He signed her during her Broadway performance in "The King and I", without even a screen test, for a Hollywood debut opposite Mario Lanza. And he was right for she's the perfect song-bird sweetheart for the screen's greatest romantic singer.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents MARIO LANZA in "BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE" introducing DORETTA MORROW with James Whitmore. Color by Technicolor. Screen play by Karl Tunberg and Leonard Spigelgass. Based on a story by Ruth Brooks Flippen and Sy Gomberg. Directed by Alexander Hall. Produced by Joe Pasternak.

THE American MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1952
Vol. CLIV Number 4

Executive and Editorial Offices: 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

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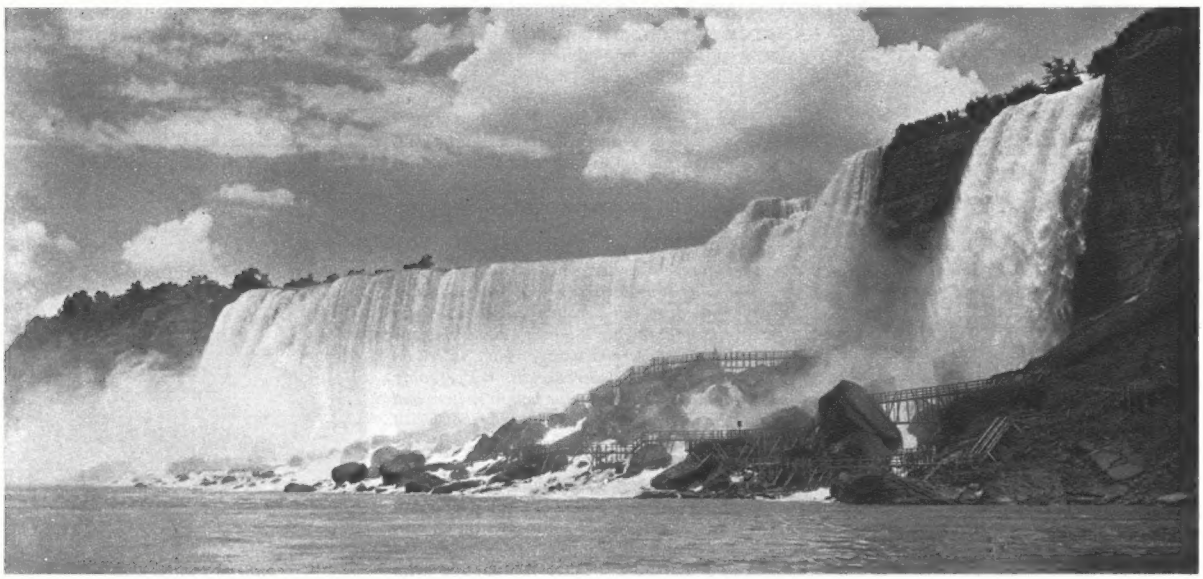
Cover: *Painting by Eddie Chan*

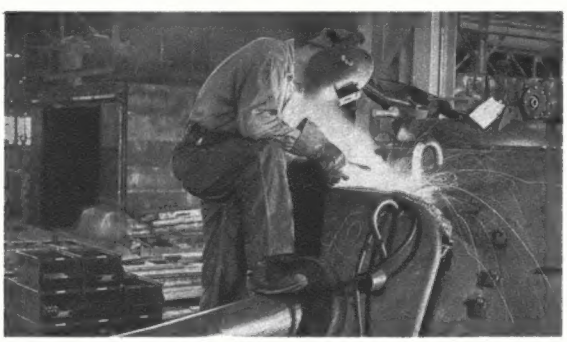
SUCCESSFUL LIVING FOR THE FAMILY

Has America enough POWER?

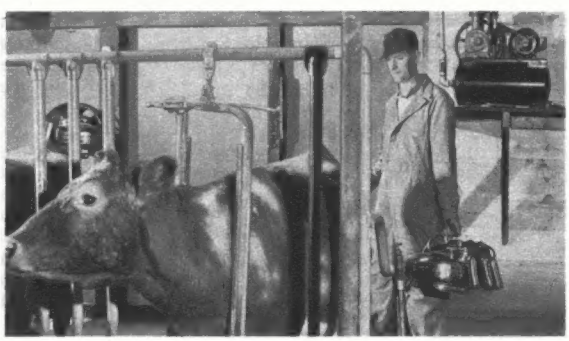
The U. S. today uses twice as much electricity as before World War II. Is there enough for defense, for civilian needs and for such giant jobs as A-bomb manufacture? Here's how the electric light and power companies are meeting — and staying ahead of — these huge needs.



NO JOB TOO BIG. Some people say that the really big electric power projects are jobs only the government can handle. The facts disprove this. Five local electric companies have offered to develop all additional power available at Niagara Falls with a giant new power plant. Five other business-managed companies are completing one of the largest single power plants ever built at one time—a project that will supply power to the new A-bomb plant at Paducah, Ky. Fifteen companies are ready to handle an even greater project for the Atomic Energy Commission. The electric light and power companies are ready and able to do the nation's power job — *and they can save you and other taxpayers many millions of dollars by doing it!*



PLENTY OF POWER. The electric companies have kept pace with the fast-growing demands for power. These companies met the unprecedented needs of World War II. And now, in the midst of their greatest expansion program, they have already *doubled that wartime supply!* The only real shortages of electricity are in countries where national governments control the power industry.



ERA OF TEAMWORK. The electric companies, where there is no interference from the federal government, work together with municipally-owned power systems and farm electric groups. Electric companies' rates and earnings, of course, are closely regulated by state commissions or local authorities. However, federal electric projects are *not* subject to such regulation.

Important strides have been made by electric light and power companies in meeting the nation's huge power needs. The companies' record of performance shows the fallacy of arguments advanced by those who want the federal government to take over more and more of the electric business. This brief report is brought to you by America's ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*.

LISTEN TO CORLISS ARCHER—new time effective October 3rd—Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.—ABC Network

*Names on request from this magazine

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THE LOW COST HIGH PROTEIN FOOD

LETTERS

ACROSS THE EDITORS' DESKS

We've been having woman trouble this month. It started mildly—a mere slap on the wrist from a dark-haired young lady subscriber in Plainfield, N. J., named Florence Pierrez. "I wish," she writes, "to complain about the heroines in your stories and novels. Why do they always have to be gorgeous, wonderful, *golden*-haired gals? I'm sick of reading about these terrific blondes. Us brunettes must be awful meanies, and also downright ugly."

Florence's letter started us thumbing through recent issues, and while nowhere near all of our heroines are created with gilt coiffures, we'll have to admit that the blondes have had a slight edge lately on the brunettes and redheads. We're going to have a talk with our fiction writers and tell them to throw away those bottles of peroxide.

This reproach was nothing compared to the bomb that landed in our lap when we opened a batch of comments on columnist Robert C. Ruark's *My War with the Women* (Sept.). Since it was Bob who started this war, we refuse to be murdered in the cross fire. We've forwarded all lethal mail to him, including stilettos and booby traps enclosed therein. We hope he figures out how to answer the Denver woman who writes, "So Mr. Ruark says he found himself a girl who could cook and got married from hunger. Well, *she* must have been starved." . . . Said a woman in Detroit, "Any psychiatrist could tell you that Robert C. Ruark's childish tirade against women is nothing more than the cry of an emotional infant who still wishes he had never been weaned." . . . Then there was the irate Memphis man who commented, "According to this he-man writer, no horse is as strong as a 90-pound female. I suppose he lets his wife move the furniture and carry home the groceries—the cad."

We asked Bob about this question of who carries what in his family, and in return received the photo above of Mr. and Mrs. Ruark and their poodle, Mamselle, and Schnorkel, the boxer, about to leave for a short vacation. "That's my wife, Virginia, on the left," Bob told us. "Of course, she weighs a little more than 90 pounds."

How to train a wife

One thing we've learned over the years is that we generally get into less trouble publishing articles about animals than about men and women—especially men vs. women. Even when Don Eddy investigated as ornery an animal as the mule (*Don't Give Up on Jughead!* Aug.) he didn't raise as much dust as Bob Ruark did with our readers. Most of them agreed with Mrs. Leroy Drury, Arlington, Fla., that Don's report on the survival of the American mule was a delight to read. "I remember riding one of the critters when I was 15, using a sack filled with pine needles as a saddle," she tells us. "I love mules and hope the lovely animals are not on the way out."

We had two letters from Texas readers—Mrs. George L. Speer, of Houston, and Maurice Shelton, of Sonora—taking issue

(*Continued on page 6*)

The characters in all short stories and novels in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is published monthly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's.
EXECUTIVE and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President, E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Robert T. Messler, E. P. Seymour, Ralph G. Smith, John W. McPherrin, W. A. Sittig, Vice-Presidents: Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.
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Address all subscriptions and correspondence concerning same to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.
CHANGES OF ADDRESS must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Be sure to give both the old and the new addresses.
ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.
UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS, unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes, will not be returned.

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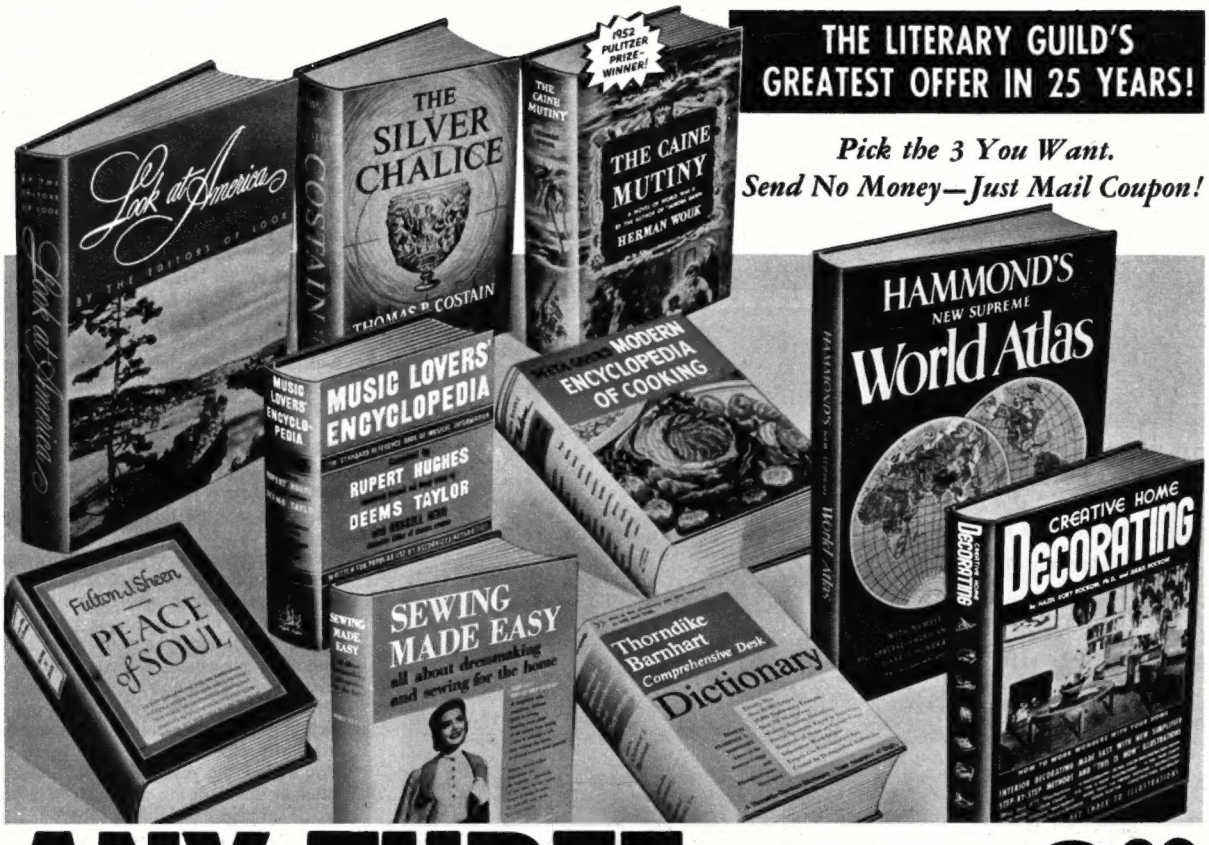

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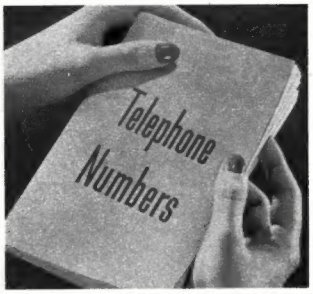

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LETTERS

(*Continued from page* 4)

with Don's statement that there have been no authenticated reports of a lady mule producing a baby mule. Both cited the same case to prove the contrary. "A mare mule named Beck," writes Mr. Shelton, "owned by the Department of Animal Husbandry, Texas A & M College, produced 3 offspring. Visitors to the campus may see the mounted heads of the mother mule and her offspring on display in the Animal Industry Building at College Station, Texas."

We've had an in-law problem here at THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for some months now, as you may have noted if you follow this column. First there was the reader who said that one of the family conflicts she had never seen solved in any of our "Family of the Month" articles was how to get along happily when one or more parents of a married couple must live with their children. As a result, we offered to double our usual $50 payment if anyone could tell us about such a family. That brought a tidy avalanche of mail, including a frank, straightforward one from Mrs. Roscoe Smith, Tenafly, N. J. You'll find the result of Mrs. Smith's letter in the inspiring yet down-to-earth article on page 22 of this issue. We think you'll agree that we've solved our in-law problem at least for the time being.

Dear Editor: After reading, "What Could Be More Important Than 25 Cents?" (*By the Way*, August) I must tell you how much I agree with you about the importance of such simple acts of honesty as Mrs. Katherine Wyman's in belatedly forwarding 25 cents return postage for her story.

Your comments recalled a similar case of simple honesty that occurred in my home town of Cromley, Louisiana. There my uncle, Mr. R. J. Keller, owns and operates a café. One day he received a letter in the handwriting of a child of about 10 or 12 years. It contained 50 cents, and it said: "Dear Mr. Keller: A few years ago I was eating in your restaurant and didn't have a handkerchief. I took one of your napkins. Now I am sending you 50 cents to pay for it."

My uncle was very much touched. Things had been disappearing in his restaurant and he was becoming discouraged. I think the child's letter did much to restore his faith in humanity. There are so many millions of honest people it is indeed a pity that more isn't heard about them. It is a joy to read of such incidents. Thank you so much for a very enjoyable magazine.

MRS. THEODORA V. WALSH
Beach, North Dakota

•

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count the blessings of Tampax

The perfecting of Tampax has simplified the whole subject of monthly sanitary protection for women. Read the summing-up that follows and judge for yourself on each of the counts.

1 **No belts or pins are necessary with Tampax—and no outside pads. Because Tampax is *worn internally*.**

2 **Each Tampax comes in its own applicator for dainty insertion. Hands need not touch the Tampax.**

3 **No odor or chafing—and Tampax is only a fraction of the size of the external kind. (Disposal very easy.)**

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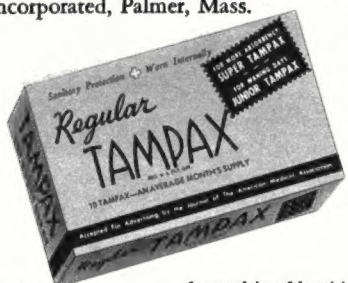
5 **The wearer cannot feel the Tampax when it is in place—and she need not remove it while in shower or tub, or in swimming.**

6 **Tampax is based on modern scientific principles. Invented by a doctor and made of pure surgical cotton throughout.**

Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) to meet individual needs. A month's supply will slip into purse. . . . Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

HELP FOR YOUR HOUSE

SEASONAL TIP: If you fussed with your room thermostat all last winter trying to keep comfortable, check the thermostat's location. For most efficient operation, the University of Illinois Small Homes Council advises locating the thermostat 2½ to 4 feet above the floor and in a spot where it can measure temperature representative of the air in the house—away from heat sources and drafts. Even heat from a lamp, television set, or radio under or near a thermostat will affect its operation.

YOU CAN MAKE a durable wooden work surface by treating clean, bare wood with boiled linseed oil. Heat oil in a covered double boiler, as it is inflammable. Rub the wood with hot oil, then rub it down with steel wool. Three coatings applied a day apart are best. A quick wipe with a soapy cloth now and then will keep the surface clean.

THE FLUTED PAPER CUPS which boxed chocolates come in are the right size and shape to use in tightening candles in their holders. Before I discovered this I made pads of tissue paper, but now my drawer of candles has a stack of these paper cups.—*Mrs. Sylvia G. Hill, Oakland, Calif.*

PAINTING KNOW-HOW: When tinting an oil paint, don't add a dab of color to a whole can of paint. Some will not be assimilated and will appear in ugly streaks. Thin the oil color with a little paint from the can, stir thoroughly, combine the mixture with the paint in the can, blend well, then strain the whole mixture through a cloth strainer.

TO SAVE SPACE IN YOUR CLOSET, make a shoe bag that runs the full length of the underside of your shelf. You can make it from denim, plastic, or other strong material. Leave 3 inches or more to lap over edge of shelf, so it can be held in place, back and front, with thumb tacks. Shoes will fit neatly in the pockets, with their soles against the underside of the shelf.—*Mrs. L. L. Michels, Virginia, Minn.*

HANDYMAN TIP: By boring holes to accommodate various size screws in a shield made of thin plywood or wallboard, you can avoid screwdriver scratches when putting screws into finished wood surfaces. Holes should be slightly larger than screw heads.

POTTERY CONTAINING FLOWERS usually needs water daily. To prevent "sweating" on the outside and white rings on woodwork underneath, give the pottery a coat or two of shellac when dry. The shellac acts as a seal, just as it does with wood.

REPAIRING A HOLE IN A METAL GUTTER even 6 inches in diameter is only a 10-minute job if you use the plastic-impregnated cloth used by auto body and fender shops to patch rusted-out sections. Simply clean surface, soak patch in solvent, and apply over hole. When dry, paint over. Patch is tough and water-resistant. I tried this method a year ago. The patch is still holding perfectly on my sheet-metal gutter. Have also used small pieces to cover small holes.—*Julius Soled, Asbury Park, N. J.*

FUSES OFTEN BLOW OUT just after current is restored following a power failure—for example, during a thunder storm. The trouble: Household motors often need 3 or 4 times as much current in starting as in running. When current comes back after an interruption, automatic motors, such as those in refrigerators, home freezers, pumps, and water heaters, may all start at once, causing an overload on wires, especially if lights and other appliances are on, and blowing fuses. Rural Electrification Administration experts advise disconnecting some appliances while the current is off, and turning them on gradually when current comes back, so that one motor is running before another is called on to start. This saves fuses, motors, wires, and trouble.

★

If you know of a new trick that has helped you fix or improve things around the house, and might be useful to others, send it in. We will pay $10 for each suggestion published. Address Help for Your House, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. No suggestions can be returned.

DANDRUFF? UNMANAGEABLE HAIR? FRIZZY PERMANENT?

CREAM-TONE YOUR HAIR

to radiant loveliness . . . at home tonight . . . with

NEW Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing

NOW'S the time to do something about distressing dandruff . . . hard to manage hair . . . a stiff, brittle permanent! Now's the time to give your hair CREAM-TONE care with new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing! It's the new amazing way to soften, soothe and beautify hair and make it extra manageable as well.

And here's news! You *can* CREAM-TONE your hair to radiant loveliness right at home! You don't have to soak your head in hot, smelly oils. No fussing with wet towels. CREAM-TONING is pleasant, relaxing, easy, simple and it works wonders with scalp and hair.

You'll love Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing, the exciting new product that makes CREAM-TONING possible. It's so smooth, so creamy, so flower-fragrant, flower-pink! It's a blend of soothing lanolin, costly cholesterol and other precious ingredients that do so much for hair and scalp!

CREAM-TONING is GUARANTEED . . . *or Double Your Money Back!* That's right! Unless you agree that CREAM-TONING gives you a cleaner scalp, more radiant hair, return empty bottle and get *double your money back.* Get Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing today.

Cream-Toning is easy . . . follow these simple steps!

1 Brush hair vigorously. Part it section by section, rubbing Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing thoroughly along each part. Let the lanolated oils soothe, caress your scalp.

2 Continue rubbing until both scalp and hair are cream-washed, cream-toned. The rich oils in Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing work their way to the very ends of hair.

3 Leave this creamy lotion in the hair for a few minutes, a half-hour or all night. Then shampoo with Lady Wildroot Shampoo that cuts grease, floods away loose dandruff.

4 Now look at the results! Note how pink and clean the scalp is . . . how soft and pliable every strand of hair. Waves are now easy to set . . . need very little coaxing.

5 Whatever the problem...dandruff...stiff, dry hair...frizzy permanent...let CREAM-TONING solve it...give you lovelier, more manageable, more glamorous hair.

HAIR CARE HINTS FROM *Lady Wildroot*

Every day, rub a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing along the part, at the temple. Then brush vigorously . . . and see how easily your hair stays in place!

Between Cream-Toning . . . use Lady Wildroot for quick touch-ups and to keep hair well-groomed.

When shampooing . . . if you lack time for CREAM-TONING, add a teaspoonful of Lady Wildroot to your final rinse, to wash away snarls and tangles.

Today

. . . stop at your favorite store and get a bottle of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing and a bottle of Lady Wildroot Shampoo and start CREAM-TONING loveliness into your hair.

Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing . . . 50¢ and $1 sizes

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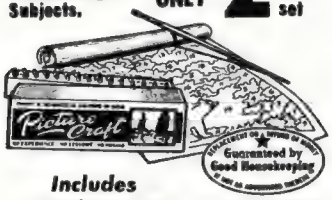

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FUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

NEVER TOO OLD: Police in San Antonio, Texas, who rushed out to stop a public disturbance found an 82-year-old woman and a 91-year-old one accusing each other of flirting with strange men.

OH, BOY: After giving birth to a 7-pound boy, a woman in San Francisco, Calif., told hospital doctors the baby was totally unexpected, she hadn't known she was pregnant until the last minute, and her husband was "going to be awfully surprised."

BLITZ KIDS: In St. Paul, Minn., police waited in trepidation for the next exploit of 4-year-old Sally Bliss, who, in 2 years, has caught her head between porch steps, swallowed disinfectant and rubbing alcohol, nearly chopped her fingers off with a meat cleaver. They did a little worrying, too, over her 3-year-old sister, who, thus far, has limited herself to drinking turpentine and furniture polish.

ZERO HOUR: After preaching a sermon entitled, "What Time Is It?" the pastor of the First Baptist Church in St. Joseph, Mo., hunted high and low, couldn't find his watch.

GENIUS AT WORK: In Washington, D.C., Army officials announced forthrightly that, henceforth, soldiers who do office work will not have to wear steel helmets.

SHAVE AND MASSAGE: A barber in Houston, Texas, complained that after he had almost been run down at a street intersection and had yelled at the driver, "Why didn't you just go on and hit me?" the driver—a friend—jumped out and did.

BUY-WHYS: In St. Louis, Mo., the local ad club printed a list of reasons why a woman buys what she buys, listed as No. 1: "Because her husband says she can't have it." Others: "Because it makes her look thin; comes from Paris; her neighbors can't afford it; nobody has one; everybody has one; it's different; and simply 'because.'"

HANG ON NOW: A happy bride in Albuquerque, N. Mex., announced that she owed her bliss to 2 auto accidents, having discovered the man loved her after the first, "when he spent half an hour finding out if I was all right instead of looking at his damaged car," and getting a proposal a month later when she fell from the truck he was driving.

2-PANTS JOB: In Mobile, Ala., a burglar returned to the house he had robbed 3 months before to get the extra pants for the 2-pants suit he'd stolen the first time.

GET YOUR GOAT: The *Guilford, Maine, Register* carried a "For Sale" ad: "One new milch goat, very gentle and a nice milker. $20. Have to sell her to an individual. Can't sell her to the Government because they have got so many people's goat that they already have a bigger surplus problem than potatoes."

BUILT-IN: Avoiding the usual trap of building his 22-foot cabin cruiser in the cellar, a man in Cambridge, Mass., forethoughtedly built his in the backyard; had to get help from 20 neighbors to chop down 6 trees, saw 3 inches of molding from 2 houses, and rip up shrubbery, to get it out of the yard.

POP TO BED: In Portland, Maine, 3 days after the event, the father of newborn quadruplets had to be hospitalized for "nervous exhaustion."

SOUND IDEA: A bus line in Chicago announced that it was spending $319,000 for new fare boxes with 3 clear tones—one for a nickel, one for a dime, and a loud, razzberry-type one for slugs.

IN A PICKLE: An ad in the Personals column of a Virginia weekly newspaper announced: "If the burglar who stole the alcohol in a glass jar out of my garage will return my grandfather's appendix, no questions will be asked."

DOGHOUSE: A discouraged woman in Cleveland, Ohio, sued for divorce, charging that it was bad enough that her husband cared more about a shaggy dog than he did for her, but it was just too much when, after taking a job as a punch-press operator because her husband worked only part time, she discovered that a large part of her earnings went to feed the 95-pound pet.

ARTHUR LANSING

Recipe for Pleasure

Take the cheese of your choice...and for a refreshment combination that's unmatched for pure pleasure... add the companionable goodness of golden, gleaming MILLER HIGH LIFE ...*the Champagne of Bottle Beer*. Most versatile of all foods, cheese is equally appropriate... for snacks and sandwiches, for sauces and salads, and as the final touch to the evening meal. Enjoy these amiable companions often...your favorite cheeses and MILLER HIGH LIFE! Brewed and bottled by the Miller Brewing Company ONLY and ONLY in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Patronize the Fall Cheese Festival at Your Favorite Food Store, Delicatessen and Restaurant!

Miller
HIGH LIFE
The Champagne of Bottle Beer

A PEEK AT THE

Movies of the Month

"It's only a little lion!" Androcles (Alan Young) tells the Roman Emperor, in Bernard Shaw's comedy

ANDROCLES AND THE LION The cast for the movie version of Bernard Shaw's famous satire reads like a Who's Who of the stage and screen. Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, Robert Newton, Maurice Evans, and Elsa Lanchester play the leading roles. Alan Young, bright young TV star, is cast as Androcles, the simple tailor of ancient Rome. (RKO)

LIMELIGHT Charlie Chaplin is author-producer-director-actor in this tragicomedy about a fading British music-hall comedian. Old-timers Buster Keaton and Nigel Bruce put in an appearance, along with newcomer Claire Bloom and ballet dancers André Eglevsky and Melissa Hayden. (United Artists)

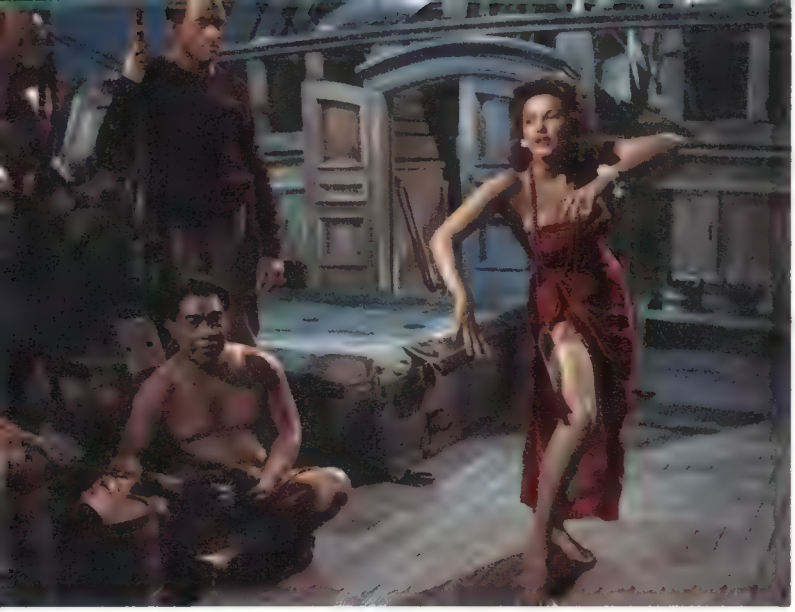
Ballet dancer Claire Bloom comforts comedian Charles Chaplin

Halfback Bonzo makes monkeys out of the opposing team

BONZO GOES TO COLLEGE Bonzo the Chimp is back, this time with an amazing talent for football. Coach Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Gigi Perreau guide the star halfback through a zany gridiron college career. (Universal-International)

ALSO RECOMMENDED for family enjoyment

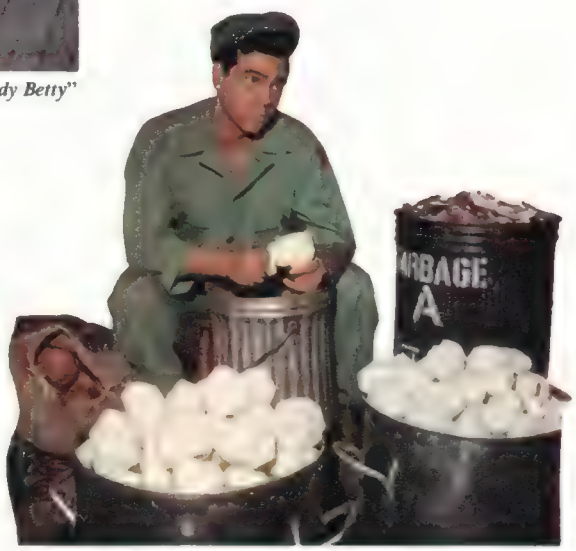
THE CRIMSON PIRATE, a story of 18th-century privateering, filmed in Italy with Burt Lancaster. (Warner Bros.)
MONKEY BUSINESS is a laugh-riot as Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant dabble with a formula to recapture lost youth. (20th Century-Fox)
THE GOLDEN HAWK brings Frank Yerby's exciting sea-going adventure story to the screen in Technicolor. Sterling Hayden and Rhonda Fleming are starred. (Columbia)



Yvonne DeCarlo enchants the crew of the "Lady Betty"

HURRICANE SMITH Plenty of swashbuckling action and pirate gold in this tale of 19th-century slave traders in the South Seas. Sultry Yvonne DeCarlo plays a half-Polynesian maiden, with the customary wardrobe of fetching sarongs, who eventually incites the crew of the "Lady Betty" to mutiny. Hurricane Smith (John Ireland) saves her in a thrilling battle with a deadly tiger shark. The producers used several hundred gallons of vegetable dye to tint part of the Pacific Ocean the proper hue for this epic. (Paramount)

BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE When a celebrated opera and recording star (Mario Lanza) gets drafted, things really begin to pop. The other soldiers expect the tough company sergeant (James Whitmore) to make things rugged for the singer. But it turns out that the sergeant is quite an opera fan, who introduces the singer to his beautiful sister (Doretta Morrow). Lanza and Miss Morrow sing 17 numbers ranging all the way from operatic arias to pop tunes. (MGM)



Opera star or not, PFC Lanza still pulls KP

RIDE THE MAN DOWN Here's a thriller about the ranchers who carved vast cattle empires out of the West, and their struggle to retain their holdings. Rod Cameron, as Will Ballard, foreman of the Hatchet Ranch, fights off the villains who plan to seize it after the death of the owner. With plenty of hard riding and fast shooting, he wins his battle and snares the rancher's daughter (Ella Raines) to boot. Brian Donlevy, Chill Wills, and J. Carroll Naish round out the cast. (Republic)

Rod Cameron and Ella Raines fall in love despite themselves

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There is only one sure way to prove to yourself that the new Diamond Jubilee Webcor fonografs are the very best—ask your Webcor dealer to play your favorite record on the new Holiday or Jubilee.

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RADIO - TV

Top shows selected for family enjoyment

Here comes the Nelson family —Harriet and Ozzie, Ricky and David—on both radio and TV

THIS MONTH looks like a busy season for sports fans. It's football time again, and the TV networks are back under the goal posts to bring you telecasts of selected games of the week. Under the new setup, only NBC will televise college contests, one each Saturday afternoon, through November 29, when Army and Navy meet in their traditional thriller. CBS-TV will present outstanding games between Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marine base elevens (through December 6). The major networks will provide complete radio coverage.

Baseball fans can watch the World Series on NBC-TV in early October. As in the past, Mutual Radio will broadcast the series.

Veteran radio commentator Walter Winchell, back on the air after his illness, also makes his TV debut Sunday evening, October 5, when he begins a new 65-week series of programs. (ABC-TV and Radio)

The popular radio show, *Life with Luigi*, the story of a sincere, but often comical Italian immigrant, has now joined the ranks of TV. You should enjoy watching J. Carroll Naish as Luigi Basco, the lovable owner of a small antique shop, beating the drum for his own special brand of Americanism. (CBS-TV, Mondays; CBS-Radio, Tuesdays)

Luigi (J. Carroll Naish) tries to sell a statue of Washington

Navy brass collaborated with NBC-TV on a new and unusual documentary film series, *Victory at Sea*. Twenty-six half-hour episodes chronicling the recent history of the U. S. Navy from 1939 through the present are televised on alternate Wednesday evenings. Richard Rodgers wrote the mammoth 13-hour musical score for the show.

Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard (Mrs. Nelson) and their two kids, David and Ricky, bring their ABC-Radio show to TV, October 3. It's *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*—a real-life family playing themselves in situations based on their own experiences. (ABC-Radio and TV, Friday night)

If you like good music presented by Hollywood's top performers, listen to Mutual's *MGM Musical Comedy Theater* each Friday night. Hour-long adaptations of favorite movie and Broadway musicals, such as *Meet Me in St. Louis*, *Barkleys of Broadway*, *Ship Ahoy*, and *Lady Be Good*, are staged, with famous singers re-creating their original stage and screen roles.

Gloria De Haven and Johnny Johnston on MGM Theater

Michael Redgrave, popular British movie actor, is scoring a personal success with the new Monday-night CBS-Radio series, *Horatio Hornblower*. Those who are familiar with the C. S. Forester tales know that there's plenty of lusty adventure on tap in these exciting tales of the square-rigged fighting ships of Her Majesty's Royal Navy.

Theatergoers will be seeing full-color big-screen television before long, according to 20th Century-Fox, which is showing a Swiss invention called Eidophor, whereby theaters can pipe in live variety shows like those at New York's Radio City Music Hall. Recent previews of the Eidophor color-process were impressive.

Records of the Month

EVERY so often one of the record companies ventures into the realm of serious theater and comes up with a really outstanding item. Such is the new Columbia LP set (2 records) of **George Bernard Shaw's** *Don Juan in Hell*, from his play *Man and Superman*. The First Drama Quartette composed of movie stars **Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Agnes Moorehead, Charles Boyer,** and **Charles Laughton** (top to bottom above) makes this absorbing entertainment.

Another theatrical treat is the RCA Victor recording of *NEW FACES OF 1952*, a musical revue that has been one of the year's Broadway highlights. The original cast, sparked by **Alice Ghostley, Ronnie Graham,** and **Eartha Kitt,** sell plenty of youth and vitality. You'll particularly like the songs *Boston Beguine* and *Monotonous*.

Victor Young's background music for the movie *THE QUIET MAN* has been pressed on Decca LP. **Bing Crosby** sings two popular favorites from the movie, *Galway Bay*, and *The Isle of Innisfree* on the same record.

Maestro **Arturo Toscanini** is finally satisfied with his latest RCA Victor cutting of Beethoven's *Ninth* (*Choral*) *Symphony*. The fourth movement of this majestic work, based on Schiller's "Ode to Joy," is sung by the **Robert Shaw** Chorale Group. **Eileen Farrell, Nan Merriman, Jan Peerce,** and **Norman Scott** are the soloists.

Tops in singles this month: **Jo Stafford** cooking up a Creole delicacy called *Jambalaya*, and *Early Autumn* (Columbia); **Bill Hayes** singing *My Search for You Is Ended* and *Say You'll Wait for Me* (MGM); a new group, the Sauter-Finegan Orchestra, with two unusual arrangements, *Doodletown Fifers* and *Azure Te* (RCA Victor); **Marlene Dietrich** and **Rosemary Clooney** discussing men in *Too Old to Cut the Mustard* and *Good for Nothing* (Columbia); the inimitable **Ella Fitzgerald** singing *Ding-Dong Boogie* and *Preview* (Decca); and **Buddy Costa,** new young star, singing a new ballad, *To You with Love* (Pyramid). L. T.

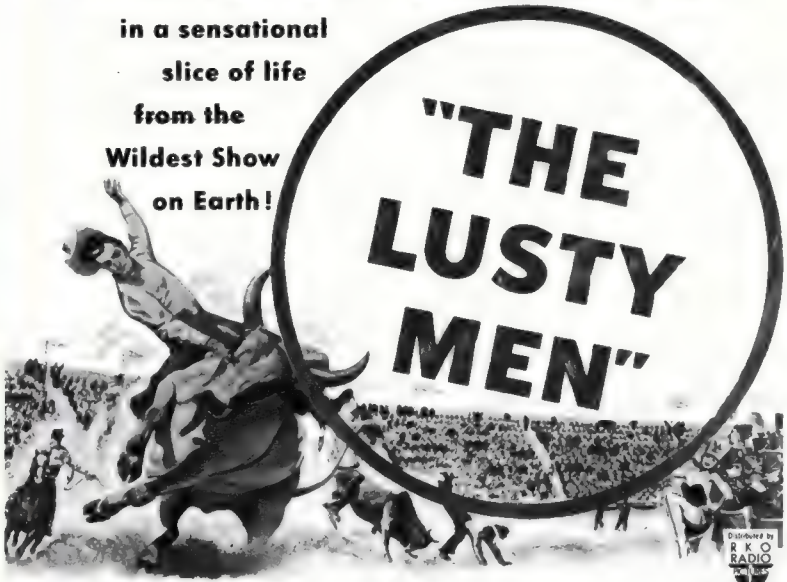
It takes a red-headed woman
to bring out the best...
and the worst...in the Lusty Men!
"Ride hard... play hard... love hard... that's my motto!"
"Nobody's gonna put his brand on my woman!"

WALD-KRASNA Productions present

SUSAN HAYWARD · ROBERT MITCHUM
ARTHUR KENNEDY · ARTHUR HUNNICUTT

in a sensational slice of life from the Wildest Show on Earth!

"THE LUSTY MEN"



with FRANK FAYLEN · Produced by JERRY WALD · Directed by NICHOLAS RAY
Written for the screen by HORACE McCOY and DAVID DORTORT

Distributed by RKO RADIO

Most effective chlorophyll discovery of the century for breath and body odors—now also *proven* the most revolutionary advance ever made in feminine hygiene.

"Doctors' tests reveal this 'all-purpose' chlorophyll

STOPS WOMEN'S *Special* ODOR PROBLEM!"

. . . reports Registered Nurse Mary L. Rhoad

As Nurse Rhoad explains: "Even women scrupulous in hygiene habits suffer from this embarrassing problem. It has defied elimination until now."

Scientific proof that taking High Potency "ENNDS" Chlorophyll Tablets safely stops odor of "difficult days" within the body itself!

"Recently, however, an important medical journal reported tests in which internal use of chlorophyll exceeded all expectations in stopping menstrual odor. In my personal and professional experience, "ENNDS" Chlorophyll Tablets prevent such odor as no past method ever did. And they're as safe as eating green vegetables."

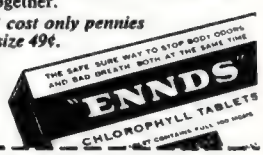
By all means, take Nurse Rhoad's advice. All through your menstrual period, take 3 or 4 "ENNDS" daily . . . and see how free you are—how safe you feel—from this embarrassing odor.

Stop Body and Breath Odors too

To prevent *all body* and *breath* odors at all times—from inside the body where such odors start, take 1 or 2 "ENNDS" daily . . . stay fresh as a daisy all day!

Remember . . . you're *safe* only when you take a fully effective dose of chlorophyll such as "ENNDS"! Each "ENNDS" tablet contains 10 times as much active, potent chlorophyll as chlorophyll mints or chewing gum. One single "ENNDS" tablet, in fact, contains just about as much chlorophyll as a whole boxful of chlorophyll chewing gum or a whole tube of chlorophyll toothpaste. That's why "ENNDS" outsell all other chlorophyll tablets put together.

"ENNDS" *cost only pennies a day. Purse size 49¢. Larger sizes even more economical. Available everywhere.*



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CONCOCTED a liquid compound you can add to any paint or enamel to eliminate all unpleasant odor. The compound does not affect flow, color, or other paint characteristics—it merely masks offensive odors.

DEVISED a heavy-duty nail clipper that catches the clippings as you cut. A receptacle fitted on the blades does the trick. It opens for easy emptying and cleaning.

BROUGHT OUT a new type of practice golf ball said to be so light that it instantly indicates a hook, slice, or other faulty swing which can be corrected by practice. The molded, dimpled ball, which looks like a real golf ball but is made of an expanded cellular plastic with 90 per cent of its volume in gas, weighs only 1/13th as much as a regular ball, travels very little distance, and can also be used indoors without harming furniture or windows.

PRODUCED a knife that's 3 handy tools in one: carving knife, bone and food saw, and serving fork. One edge of the 14-inch-long knife is razor-sharp for slicing meat, poultry, roasts, and vegetables, while the other edge is saw-toothed for cutting through bones, frozen meats, etc. At the tip is a fork for serving.

DEVELOPED perfumed plastic yard goods and shower and window curtains. Flower scents built right in—not coated or sprayed on—match the flower patterns on the plastic film. Coming: flower-scented and figured plastic draperies and tablecloths, and closet accessories incorporating a cedar scent.

MARKETED a pulley that doubles wash-line capacity. It hangs horizontally, has extra wide lips, and is so constructed that you can pull the line, along with its wash, completely around it and fill up the other side as well.

BROUGHT OUT, for people who move frequently, a food waste-disposal unit with a telescoping mechanism that fits it to almost any sink. It does not have to be permanently installed; it can be easily removed and adjusted for re-use elsewhere. The unit shreds all table scraps, even bone and fruit pits, so they flow harmlessly away.

MANUFACTURED a bathroom hamper with a complete unit in the rear containing toilet brush, built-in brush-holder, and shelves for storing cleansers. Flat against the wall, it looks like any other hamper, but when moved out a few inches, brush and cleanser are available and ready for use.

PRODUCED a little gauge that shows up electrical faults in your car before trouble becomes serious. An arrow swings to various zones on the gauge to indicate short circuits, overheated generator, stuck starter solenoid, loose connections on batteries, etc. The gauge can be clamped to the steering column or mounted on the instrument panel.

DEVISED, to stop automobile radiator rust, a magnesium alloy rod that can be hung inside the radiator. It works on the same principle used in home water heaters.

STOCKED restaurants with disposable paper bibs for small children, as suggested in *Why Don't They?* (June, 1952).

PACKAGED, in a handy plastic squeeze bottle, a synthetic rubber calking compound useful in sealing cracks around tubs, sinks, shower stalls, and window frames. It's said to be good, too, for cementing down curled edges of linoleum, and you can thin it with distilled water and use it as a base coat to fill hairline cracks before painting.

LAWRENCE GALTON

Names and addresses of inventors and manufacturers of items mentioned in these columns will be sent to any reader who requests them. Mail your inquiries, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to Now They've Done It, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

WHY DON'T THEY ?

DESIGN eyeglass cases that will hold two pairs, for those who need to carry glasses for distance and for reading?—*Mrs. George T. Jengel, Chicago, Ill.*

MAKE the paper tag on tea bags hook-shaped, so that the bag may be hung over the handle of the cup or teapot?—*Mrs. Robert Powers, New Hartford, N. Y.*

MANUFACTURE a plastic insert for visors of boys' caps that can be slipped out when the cap is laundered?—*Mrs. Erdman Marquardt, Manitowoc, Wis.*

MAKE crib sheets like pillowcases, so that a mattress can be flipped over and a clean surface will be at hand in a moment?—*Mrs. Charles Jess, Venice, Calif.*

COAT edges of electric-fan blades with a line of luminous paint, so there will be no danger of running into them in the dark?—*Martha Boatman, Okmulgee, Okla.*

PRINT U. S. paper money in a different color for each denomination, to facilitate counting?—*Dona Mark, Fullerton, Calif.*

PROVIDE all cars with drawbars under front and rear bumpers, so that a chain can be hitched on for pulling, without injuring the bumper or guards of either car?—*R. M. Judson, Maquon, Ill.*

PACKAGE wax paper in extra wide widths for wrapping roasts?—*Mrs. W. N. Jansen, Phoenix, Ariz.*

MAKE tobacco pipes with a roughened surface on one side, so that smokers can strike their matches on it?—*Arthur Conklin, Pittsfield, Pa.*

DESIGN a waterproof, hip-length stocking to cover a cast for a broken leg, to enable the patient to take a shower?—*Grace C. McGraw, Los Angeles, Calif.*

INVENT a window lock that will snap shut automatically when the window is closed and not require hand adjustment to lock it?—*Del Bisson, Somersworth, N. H.*

PRODUCE transparent plastic berry boxes, so buyers can see if the fruit is good at the bottom as well as at the top?—*Mrs. Robert P. Foley, Ottawa, Canada.*

★

Have you any ideas no one else seems to have thought of? Send them on a post card to the "Why Don't They?" editor, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. We'll pay $5 for each suggestion accepted. None can be returned.

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TRAILWAYS PIONEERED THRU-BUSES . . . buses that travel long distances over various parts of the system so there's no change enroute and you can keep the same seat straight through. Today Trailways operates thru-buses to all sections of America!

New "Limousine" Comfort. Specially engineered spring suspension and soundproofing give a ride as smooth and silent as in the finest motor cars. Other Trailways "plus" comfort features are reclining, foam-rubber seats scientifically designed for greater comfort, greater leg room; individual reading lights and large scenery-view windows with tinted "eye-ease" glass.

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For years, Body by Fisher has been recognized as *the standard of styling* wherever motor cars are known.

We believe the reasons will be clear to anyone who examines Chevrolet's Body by Fisher.

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Interiors are *color-matched* (featuring two-tone blues, greens or grays in De Luxe models) and fabrics, fixtures and appointments are of custom quality.

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Moreover, Fisher Bodies *stay* beautiful and provide maximum comfort and safety, year after year.

Spacious and splendid color-matched interiors

Steel-welded-to-steel safety in Fisher Unisteel Construction

You'll find this same solid worth in *every* part of the Chevrolet car, from its velvet-smooth Centerpoise Power to its luxurious Knee-Action Ride and from its Powerglide* driving-ease to its extra-safe Jumbo-Drum Brakes — largest in its field.

Yes, you'll know that Chevrolet with *Body by Fisher* sets the standard of quality at low cost, once you own one. Decide to talk it over with your Chevrolet dealer *soon!* Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

*Combination of Powerglide Automatic Transmission and extra-powerful Valve-in-Head Engine optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.

The Only Fine Cars **PRICED SO LOW!**

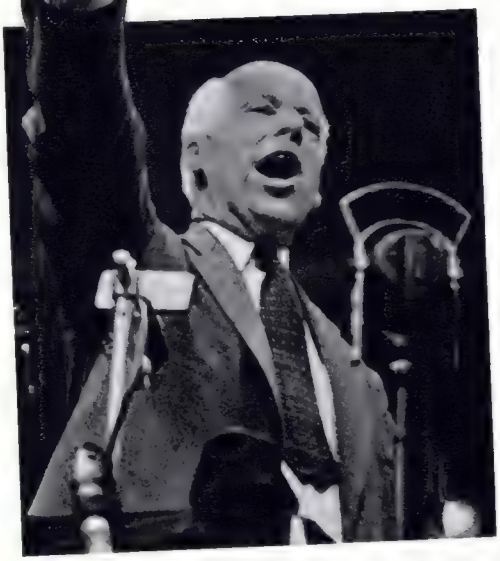
CHEVROLET

SEE THE DINAH SHORE SHOW ON TELEVISION

Every Tuesday and Thursday Evenings, NBC-TV Network

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

I'm Glad I'm Not Running This Time!



After a quarter-century of rough-and-tumble as a national campaigner, the perennial candidate for President on the Socialist Party ticket is sitting this one out. Quarterbacking from the side lines, he gives the leading contenders tips on the political art of avoiding pitfalls and dodging brickbats. Mr. Thomas, an ordained minister, was a Presidential candidate six times from 1928 to 1948. He also ran for Governor of New York State and twice for Mayor of New York City

by Norman Thomas

I TELL my fifteen grandchildren that I shall live in history—if at all—as the man who ran for President more often and more unsuccessfully than any other American. This is the first Presidential election since 1924 in which I have not been a candidate. In addition, I have run for almost every conceivable office in New York City and State: governor, mayor, congressman, and U. S. senator. In the old days I even ran for alderman in New York City. This time, in contrast, I enjoy sitting on the side lines and Monday-morning-quarterbacking other men's performances.

I look back with mixed emotions on my various campaigns, especially my six campaigns as Socialist candidate for President. On occasion, I used to tell audiences that I would rather be right than be President, but that I was perfectly willing to be both. However, the reasons that I ran did not include expectation of election. I failed in my great purpose of bringing about a political realignment in America based on differences in basic principle. But I think I contributed to the fact that both Democrats and Republicans now endorse welfare measures which I alone of candidates was urging as late as 1932. A Republican leader in New York stopped me on the street after this year's Republican convention to say: "You're a conservative now. Did you see how many of your planks we right-wing Republicans have accepted?"

I do not, therefore, reflect on the past as one licking wholly unrewarded wounds. I don't regret having run, but I'm glad I'm not running this time. In fact, I don't believe anyone should be a candidate for President as often as I was! I shall soon be 68 years old. That's not too old to work but a bit too old to seek the most difficult office in the world.

One of the great things about our pre-election campaigns is that they get the candidates around our fascinating America to meet the people. I don't think the voice of the American people is the voice of God. (How could I, when they haven't called me louder despite my urging?) (*Continued on page* 100)

PHOTO BY EUROPEAN

"I promise you," she said. "No garlic on the roast beef. We will give them a dinner that will make you proud"

by
Gordon Gaskill

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN NORTHCROSS

Welcome Home, Mike

All his life he had run away from the house in Little Italy, from its warmth and color and laughter . . . until he saw it through a stranger's eyes

HE RECOGNIZED the letter the moment he opened his post-office box, by the European stamps and the impressive "Embassy of the United States of America" in the upper left-hand corner. Furthermore, nobody but Austin Holloway ever wrote him as "Michael Sorrentino, Esquire."

Humming softly, opening the envelope with eager fingers, Mike crossed the street to where his wife waited in the car. He slid under the steering wheel and began reading.

"Looks like good news," May smiled. "Maybe something back on our income tax?"

He grinned, not taking his eyes from the letter. "Better than that—almost. It's from Austin, who's been— Hey, he's coming here for a visit!"

There was pure delight in his voice. "Good," May said. "Isn't he Judge Somebody's son?"

Mike chuckled, remembering that May came from south Jersey, and she still didn't realize what important people the Holloways had been in a small place like Williston.

"That's right," he said. "Judge Somebody's son Austin. He's the one I told you about, that I used to be friends with here. That I still *am* friends with, for that matter. He's in the diplomatic service. A third secretary, whatever that is."

May asked, "When is he coming?"

"Next Thursday. He's bringing his wife. They'll be here two days. They want to have dinner with us. Here, read it yourself."

He started the motor and they moved slowly down Main Street. He was still humming. Somehow it made him feel warm and proud to have a letter like that to hand to May. When she finished, she said, "Well, he writes a nice letter, all right."

"He's a nice guy," Mike said. "We've got to put on a real dinner for them."

She looked sideways at him. "You sound as if he were the President."

He laughed sheepishly. "I guess I'm pretty excited about his visit, at that." . . . "Funny," he thought. "Here I am, a grown man, with a wife and two kids. A substantial citizen, with the biggest garage business in town. In Kiwanis and on the Community Chest committee. And I'm as tickled as a school-kid because Austin Holloway still thinks enough of me to write."

As they passed the schoolhouse, Mike nodded. "Matter of fact, right there's where I got to know him, on that corner. I guess we were both—let's see, I was eleven years old."

They were both eleven and both in the same grade, but the similarity ended right there. Mike's parents were what the old townspeople called "Eye-talians." They came straight over from Naples, and Papa raised vegetables in what Williston referred to as "Little Italy," about ten miles out in the pine woods. Mike was a "transported pupil," which meant he came to school by bus and brought his lunch. The town kids went (*Continued on page* 116)

They Solved Their

Respect for one another's privacy, symbolized by a knocker on every bedroom door, has helped the Oliphants of New Jersey to rise above the conflicts of strong-willed relatives living under one roof. In this moving story you may find helpful ways of ironing out in-law complications that threaten the happiness of 30,000,000 U. S. families

by Roul Tunley

IF YOU are one of the 30,000,000 families in the United States estimated to have in-law troubles, you may be interested to know that there's a family called Oliphant in the town of Tenafly, New Jersey, that has licked the problem.

What's more, they don't see anything unusual in their achievement. "If we can do it," they say, "anyone can."

Having just visited the Oliphants, I'm inclined to agree with that statement. I don't know of any family which had such a caldron of potential trouble stewing on the front burner. Each member had to make so many adjustments that the family could have exploded sky-high at any time, and I doubt if a corps of $50-an-hour psychoanalysts, working day and night with all couches loaded, could ever have pieced them together again.

A GRANDMOTHER IN THE HOUSE can be an asset if, like Mrs. Smith, she has learned not to interfere with family discipline. Here she's caring for baby George

The ingredients of this family brew include eight strong-willed persons: four adults, four children, and a cat. The persons have come out of it fine. The cat, I am sorry to say, is a hopeless neurotic.

Consider the line-up:

Jane Oliphant is 38. Her husband, Bill, is 40. They were married two and a half years ago, each for the second time. Since they were no longer in their first youth, their adjustment to each other was all the more important after the failure of their first marriages.

When she married, Jane brought along to her second husband not only herself, but three children: Amy, 16, Alison, 14, and Peter, 8. Their first home broken, the youngsters had their own adjustment to make. And 14 months ago another child was added to the household—Jane gave birth to George. No sooner had the family accustomed itself to the wails of this demanding newcomer than Jane's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Smith, moved in with them.

Mr. Smith, 64, had suffered a stroke and was a total invalid. Mrs. Smith, 65, an independent woman who had run her house for 40 years without interference from anyone, now found she had to move into another house and be totally dependent on her new son-in-law, with whom, in her own words, she had "not always seen eye-to-eye."

I THINK most any bettor would have given this setup a few weeks, at most, to survive. Especially when the too-small house included an invalid and two lusty teen-agers with conflicting temperaments.

Strangely enough, however, all the explosive elements were blended so smoothly that the family unit not only emerged intact but actually stronger than ever! THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is happy to name them its Family of the Month.

How did they do it?

Not by any single dramatic stroke or by any magic panacea. They did it, rather, by a series of definite little arrangements, each of which added, step by step, to the whole. I think you'll understand them best if I start at the beginning. . . .

I first heard of the Oliphants (*Continued on page 82*)

In-Law Problem

PHOTOS BY OZZIE SWEET

AND THEY ALL LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER! With the youngsters in bed, Bill (right) and Jane Oliphant enjoy a game of bridge with Bill's in-laws, Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Smith. There's little tension and few hurt feelings in this household

Freshmen Three

Consider the plight of Ernestine McNevin, who couldn't wed until her parents finished school

by Elizabeth Stowe

SHE wasn't going to argue any more, Opal decided on that Sunday in August. They knew how she felt. Ernestine, out there in the backyard in her shorts practicing her baton twirls, knew, and so did Ernest, in there at the dining table figuring on the back of old menus from the café.

Putting the lid on the chicken, she took the potatoes out to the back porch to peel.

"Hi, Mom!" Ernestine goose-stepped from the elm tree to the edge of the tomato patch. She threw her baton high into the air, caught it, her knees bent like a dancer curtsying. "How's that?"

"Real good," Opal had to admit. She didn't blame Ernestine for wanting to strut across the university football field in front of the band the way she'd done at Choctaw Springs High. The fact remained: The McNevins couldn't afford it. Their bread and butter, the Acme Café, needed just about everything—new plaster, new booths, and some decent signs out on the highway for the tourists.

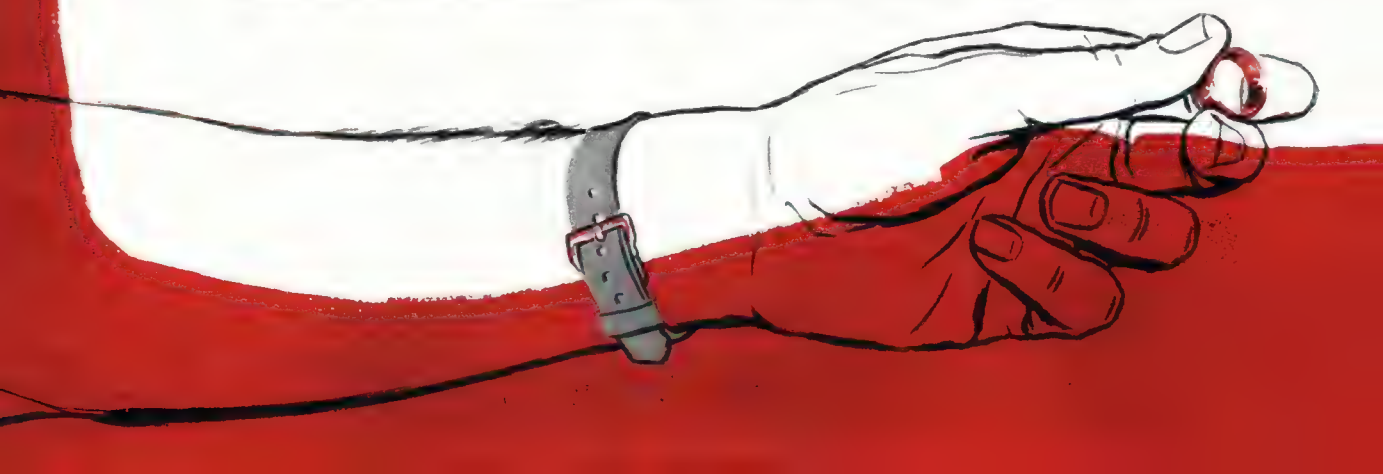
Ernest was just too set on education to have good sense. He was always going to the school meetings and arguing for bigger schools and more taxes, always kowtowing to the men around the courthouse who'd been to college and telling how he almost went himself, only he had to go to work instead. The way Ernest worshipped learning was kind of pathetic, kind of embarrassing, and sometimes, like now, downright aggravating.

Ernestine came across the yard, her head up and her chest out in the striped T shirt, the proud-to-be-women way girls walked these days. "Can I help peel?" she wanted to know. You couldn't ask for a girl nicer to her mother. "Mother . . ." she was begging then, with those blue eyes just like Ernest's, eyes you always had to fight. "I'd cashier at the café every summer for nothing. I'd pay it all back."

"Set down and cool off," Opal said.

"It's *sit* down, Mother. You'd just *set* things on the table."

"Now, don't start that," Opal said. She didn't like this idea of Ernestine correcting (*Continued on page* 105)



Mom had warned her: "Preserve us if your father finds out it's Bill Radley you want, and not an education"

WIDE WORLD

Loneliest Man in Town!

A famous National League umpire brings you an intimate and revealing glimpse of the man nobody loves. It's a thrilling story of rhubarbs, sparkling plays, split-second decisions and near-murder on the baseball field

by Bill Stewart

DURING most of the year you can find me in the big cities, yet, in the midst of the crowds, I'm the loneliest man in town. At work, I'm surrounded by people, but they rarely speak to me except to pass insults, and I have to shun them as soon as the day's job is done. When somebody on the street hails me with a cheery "Hello," my first impulse is to run for cover. Though I like to think I have a friendly disposition, many men and women who scarcely know my name have an overwhelming desire to punch me in the nose.

To add to my loneliness, I see my family only on the fly, and there are long stretches when I don't see them at all.

The reason for all this is simply that I'm the victim of an occupational disease. For twenty years I've been a big-league baseball umpire.

When you come out to the big ball parks of the major leagues or the rickety, far-flung stadia of the pre-season "Grapefruit League," you can't help noticing me, because my blue suit stands out distinctively. Yet chances are you'll dismiss me at first as an unimportant ornament of the American pastime.

You may not realize that in doing my job I have to travel 100,000 miles a year and shift from city to city like a chess piece on the average of three times a week. Or that when I'm on the base-paths I cover a mile or two during a game; that I run my 57-year-old legs into the ground with the quick starts, stops, turns, and swivels that put me in the perfect position to call every play; that when I'm behind the plate I'm buried under 12 pounds of protective equipment and lose 8 to 10 pounds in the broiling sun; that I have to carry a few hundred rules and interpretations in my head and make up to 300 split-second decisions in one game; that if I make one crucial mistake by the margin of a half-inch it can mean the difference of a quarter of a million dollars to a ball club.

The only time I become important to you, of course, is when I call a close one against the home team. Then you suddenly discover I'm a nine-foot ogre, a choice target for brickbats.

In my career, I've been hit by rotten eggs, firecrackers, tomatoes, seat cushions, umbrellas, compacts, beer cans, and leftover liverwurst sandwiches. If I could collect all the pop bottles that have been thrown at me I could start my own soft-drink company. I've been sat on and spat on, punched, pummeled, and choked. Men have pulled knives and blackjacks on me. When a spectator in St. Louis died of a heart attack after protesting one of my decisions, I actually received letters from fans accusing me of premeditated murder! Maybe some of them felt sorry about that later on, but they didn't apologize, because who ever apologizes to an umpire?

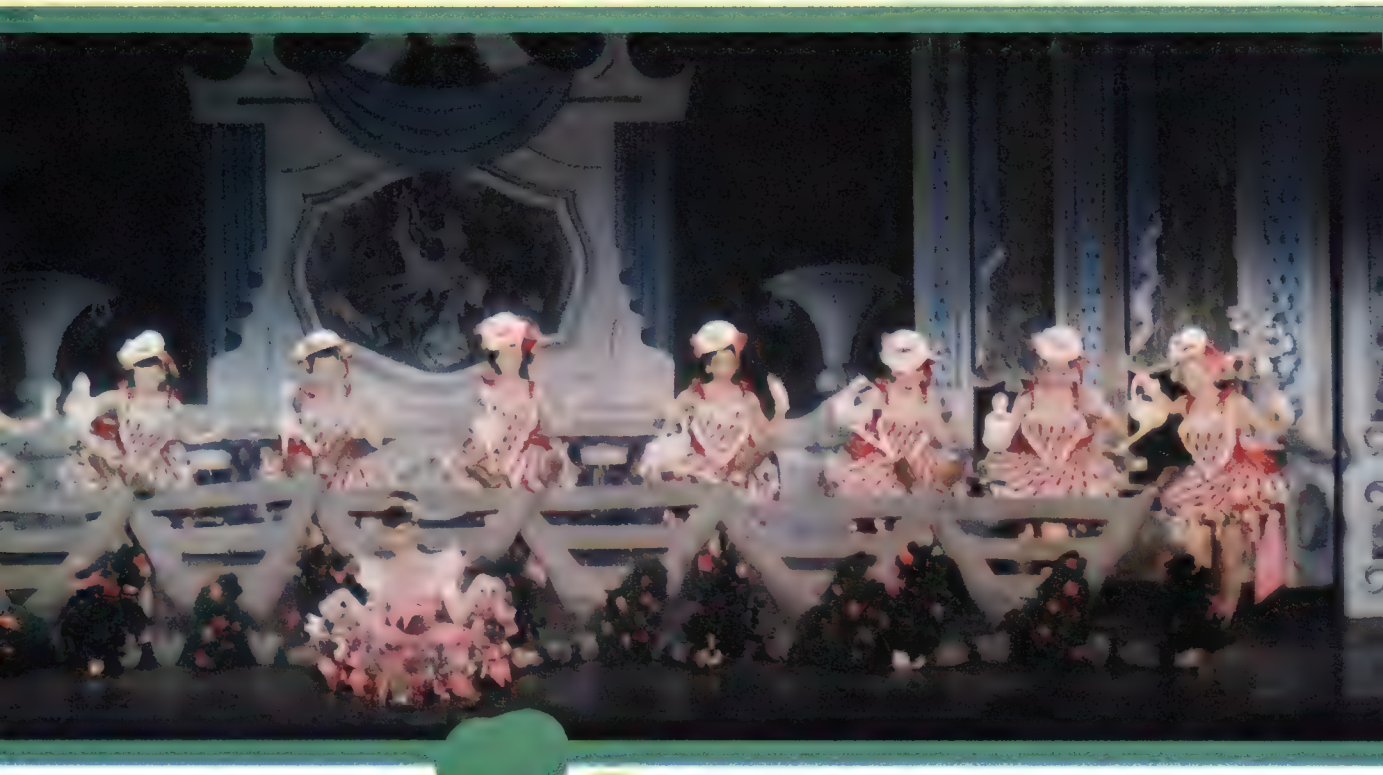
Why do I remain in the line of fire? The plain truth is that I like my job. The pay is good, for one thing. Big-League umpires get from $5,000 up a year, plus an extra $2,500 if they work a World Series. My earnings have given me a nice home in Boston and (*Continued on page* 90)

ACME

PINT-SIZED BUT TOUGH—Umpire Stewart doesn't budge an inch, though menaced by two hefty Boston Braves protesting a close decision in a recent game with the New York Giants. At right is Earl Torgeson, Braves' towering first baseman; at left, Catcher Walker Cooper. Stewart has umpired in 4 World Series and 3 All-Star games

This was the important night, the night that would make or break the show

A SCENE FROM THE MUSICAL "PAL JOEY"—PHOTO BY JOHN BENNEWITZ



the Luck of Lily Cole

Every woman could learn something from Lily but not many women would want to be like her

by Rosalie F. Wilson

IT WAS Monday morning again. The door to Cathy Lewis's office opened and Sam Carteret bulked large in the opening, one negligent shoulder against the doorframe, his large hands thrust deep in his pockets, his thick, dark hair still damp with brush marks standing in little peaks where his fingers had gone through it.

He looked, Cathy thought in amusement, more like a small boy scrubbed for Sunday school, than an actor's agent who managed, nursed, threatened, and cajoled some of the biggest names in show business.

"What's for today?" he said.

Cathy looked at her appointment pad. "The Rio wants Jerry Thomas for a spot next month. I told them you'd call. Ben Schuyler telephoned again. He wants to know what they're going to do with the option on *Louisiana Lady*."

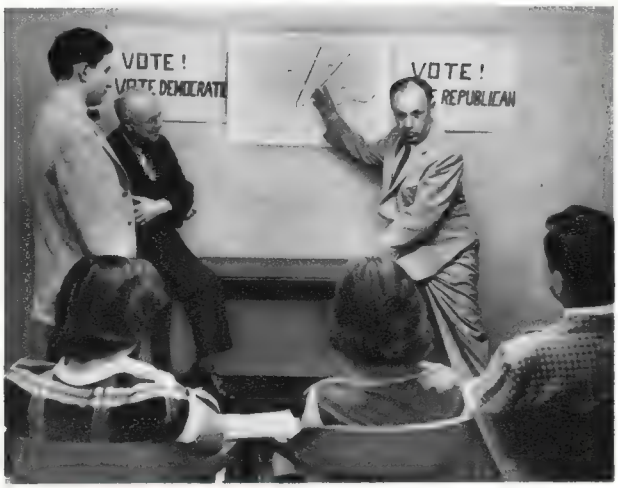
Sam shrugged. "The original hard-luck play. Looks like the producers will drop it again. Cordell's still not available."

"Schuyler will be disappointed."

Sam looked thoughtful. "Still, Lisa Cordell's almost through her stint on the Coast now. I could send it along for her to read." He nodded. "You (*Continued on page* 120)

The Kids are

PHOTOS BY LARRY FRIED



POLITICIANS ON THE PAN. The high-school kids demand straight answers from Passaic's two top political leaders—Joseph V. McGuire, Democrat (left), and Herman Schulting Jr., Republican

FOR A BETTER TOWN. Surveying the city's blighted areas, a squad of teen-agers report their findings to Miss Grace Harris (right center), secretary of the Passaic redevelopment program

Are you going to vote in November? You sure are, if the teen-agers have anything to say about it. All across the country high-school boys and girls are sparking the greatest get-out-the-vote crusade in history. As a result, pollsters and politicians may be in for the surprise of their lives

Campaigning, Too!

by Robert Crandall

TODAY we are all part of a momentous and exciting Presidential election campaign. Yet even in this year of decision, how many of us will take the trouble to vote?

One of the great tragedies of American democracy in recent elections is that only about half of our eligible voters have bothered to vote. Pollsters estimate that if voting follows its usual pattern on November 4, between 35,000,000 and 40,000,000 eligible voters will stay away from the polls.

Many political managers are counting heavily on this indifference of the electorate. But the pollsters and the politicians may be in for a surprise.

During the next few weeks you are going to see the greatest get-out-the-vote crusade in the history of our country. At least 35 great national organizations—including the American Retail Federation, the National Retail Dry Goods Association, the Girl Scouts, the Boy Scouts, the American Legion, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and the Advertising Council—will strive to awaken negligent voters to their responsibilities as citizens.

One of the most significant of these drives is being conducted by America's high-school boys and girls. Working, not through any organization, but on their own initiative and enthusiasm, they are swarming into political action all across the land.

These youngsters, during class discussions, have become alarmed at what they've learned about the apathetic attitude of so many of their elders. They are appalled by the public corruption which this apathy has bred. It seems clear to them that the situation demands a larger participation in politics by all our citizens, including those who are too young to vote, themselves.

This fall thousands of such youngsters are going to see that their fathers, mothers, aunts, (*Continued on page* 87)

"HAVE YOU REGISTERED YET?" On the opposite page teen-age twins Helen (hair up) and Muriel Cashell put this question to a prospective voter. Members of a flying squadron of Passaic, N.J., high-school students, they are up to their ears in a door-to-door drive to get out the vote November 4

I'll Take Southern California

From the Mexican border to the High Sierras, our wandering reporter tours his old homeland—eleven counties of fabulous contrasts embracing seashore, mountains, deserts, cities, and scenic valleys. Gleefully, he rediscovers "the fastest-growing region in America"

by Don Eddy

THERE ought to be a law against people like that. Here I was, happy as a rabbit in a lettuce patch because I was headed for a vacation in Southern California after a long absence. So I bubbled over to this grease monkey in a Midwestern gas station. And he gave me a lugubrious look.

"Worst thing anyone can do," he said ominously. "I went back to my hometown once. Biggest disappointment of my life. Nothing like I remembered. Even my old boyhood chums were strangers. I hope you're not making a big mistake."

He poisoned me. I forgot the pleasant memories and began brooding about the things that had annoyed me when I lived in Southern California. By the time I reached the state line I was ready to dislike the place and everybody in it. I had chips on both shoulders. And the first Californian I met knocked 'em off.

He was a border patrolman at one of the agricultural inspection stations California maintains on all entering highways. You have to let the cops search your car for subversive bugs. In mine, this character found three Arizona grapefruit. He confiscated them, because he said they might be diseased. And I blew my beanie.

"Can't you *tell* whether they're diseased?" I yakked indignantly. "What kind of a state is this, where a man's property can be expropriated without due process of law?" Yep, those were my very words, straight out of schmaltz. I continued firmly: "I demand my grapefruit!"

He was very patient. Also, very big. He rested his fists on his hips and said gently, "If you care to back up and head for wherever you came from, you may have your grapefruit. But you're not taking them into California." Period.

Well, you know me. Old Blood-and-Blisters Eddy never backed up for nobody. Much. So I gave him a high-class sneer and drove on into California. . . .

They say a bad beginning makes a good ending. Instead of three weeks, as I intended, I stayed in Southern California almost three months. Mostly, I didn't leave because I couldn't tear myself away. I didn't (*Continued on page* 34)

1. Santa Barbara County. You can gather trunk-loads of flowers from the vast commercial gardens near Lompoc; **2.** Kern County. Skiing, one of many year-round sports in the Sierra Nevadas; **3.** Ventura County. Boating at Paradise Cove, Malibu Beach; **4.** Los Angeles County. Movie stars galore at the MGM studio commissary, Hollywood; **5.** Orange County. Famous old mission of San Juan Capistrano, to which the swallows return each year; **6.** San Bernardino County. Harvest time in one of the enormous grape fields near Ontario; **7.** Riverside County. Luxurious swimming pool at a typical desert resort; **8.** San Diego County. Sailors load supplies into shore boats at the great San Diego Naval Base; **9.** Imperial County. Sand dunes in a huge, rolling range along the eastern gateway to lush Imperial Valley; **10** and **11.** Mono and Inyo Counties. A trailer fishing party camps beside a mountain lake in the Sierras—sportsmen's paradise; **12.** Catalina Island. A mecca for bathing girls and yachtsmen

The author's itinerary covered these eleven California counties, embracing 66,437 square miles—an area about the size of Indiana and South Carolina combined

PHOTOS BY FPG MAPS BY JAMES MACDONALD

THE KING'S HIGHWAY, viewed from the hills, appears as a winding river of traffic skirting the Pacific Ocean. It leads to Del Mar, where Bing Crosby built a race track

get into Northern California at all. I had hoped to dine once more in the fine cafés of San Francisco, wander through its shadowy Chinatown at midnight, watch the panorama of its vast harbor from its steep hills, marvel at its fairyland of lights from the Top of the Mark. I wanted to revisit Yosemite's grandeurs, the giant redwood forests, the Mother Lode gold country, Lake Tahoe on the crest of the Sierra Nevada. I didn't. But I shall, one of these days, or bust a gusset.

I CONFINED my gadding to 11 southern counties—Los Angeles, San Diego, Imperial, San Bernardino, Riverside, Orange, Ventura, Santa Barbara, Kern, Mono, and Inyo. Although much less than half the state, they embrace 66,437 square miles, about the size of Indiana and South Carolina combined. I clocked 806 miles driving from the tropical Mexican border to icy Topaz Lake in the High Sierra, and was never outside Southern California.

Merely by using my eyes and ears, I found just about

everything. Even a good, hefty earthquake. Countless regions can boast of having mountains, or deserts, or seashore, or glittering cities, or romantic islands, or scenic valleys, or fancy hamburgers, or colossal traffic jams. I found all those in Southern California without half trying, and then some. The contrasts slayed me; one day I drove from the seashore at Santa Monica to Mount Wilson's 5,710-foot peak in 85 minutes.

SUCH speed is possible nowadays because of superhighways, called freeways, being slashed through in all directions. They have no crossings, and people drive like maniacs. The first time I got onto one, all I could do was tromp on the throttle and pray, but eventually I became the daffiest driver of all.

I was lost most of the first week, the place has changed so. It is far and away the fastest-growing region in the nation. One night I got a map and plotted 1,500-mile loop of seashore, subtropical valleys, high mountains, deserts, the citrus country, Los Angeles and Hollywood, and my pet of all earthly climes, San Diego County. Next morning I started out. And if you will kindly hold your hat and hope for the best, I'll try to tell you what I found. . . .

Like most tourists, I was particularly eager to explore the Pacific seacoast. U. S. 101 is the seaside highway. I struck it at Santa Maria, 'way up at the top of Santa Barbara County, about noon. When I ordered a sandwich in a restaurant the waitress eyed me strangely. "No salad?" she asked. "No salad," I replied. She bit the end of her pencil. "But everybody comes to Santa Maria for salads," she argued. "Not me," I insisted.

So she brought me a salad. And I ate it. And I'm glad.

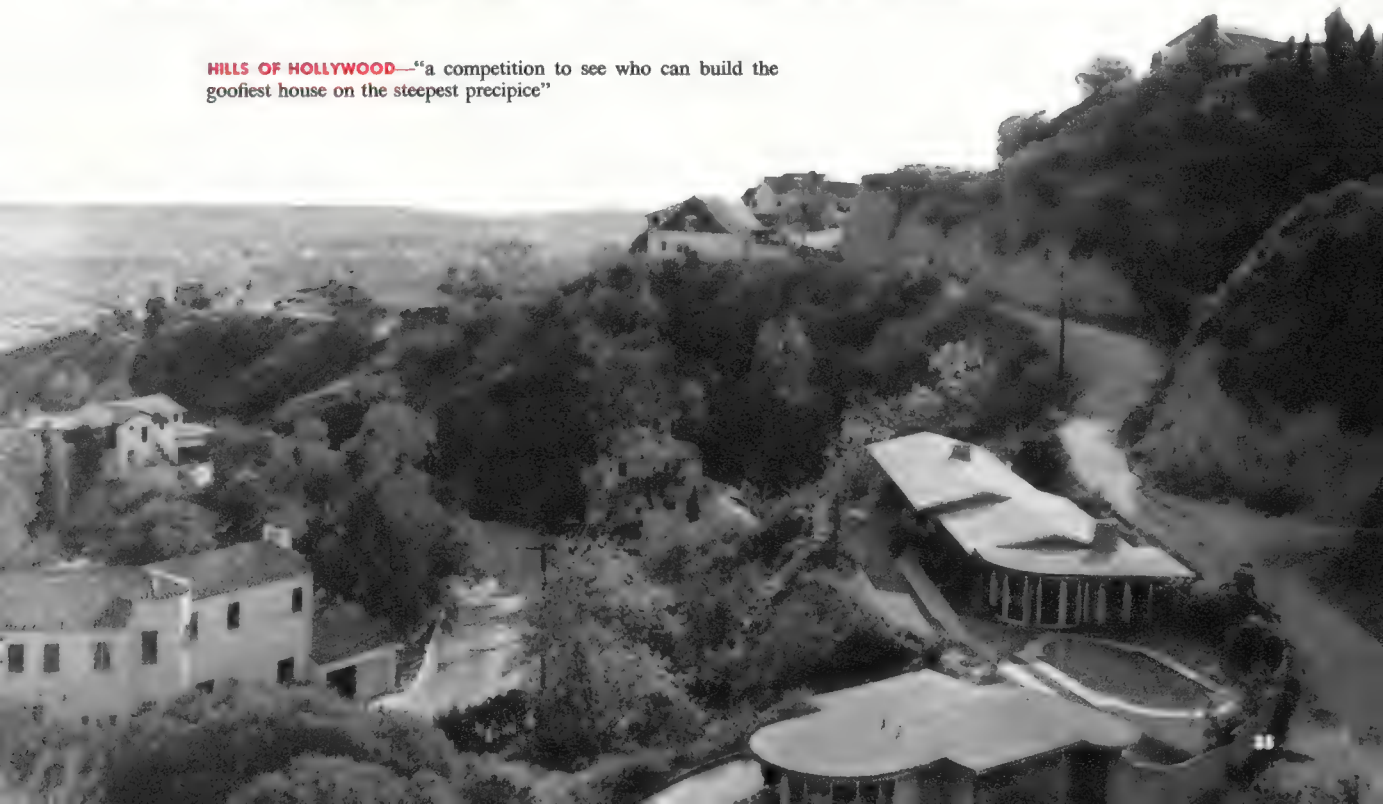
You eat salads in Santa Maria because this verdant region is billed as the "World's Salad Bowl." Starting south, I drove on a plateau above the ocean through miles of salad greens. Also flowers. There were so many flowers I was scared to death someone would come running up and make me eat a petunia salad. A gasman at Lompoc told me two-thirds of the nation's garden-flower seeds are produced there; to prove it, he showed me a special exhibit, a 10-acre living American flag. Unfortunately, a small goat was munching delicately on one of the stars when I arrived, but the effect was nonetheless eye-popping.

That evening I had a "progressive dinner." The first course was at Buellton, a town built on a bowl of superb split-pea soup. I remember when Anton and Juilette Andersen built a tiny diner on a forlorn stretch of highway to serve split-pea soup made from a recipe handed down by Juliette's French grandmother. The soup became famous, and the town sprang up around it. Now, Andersen's is a handsome restaurant where 300,000 soup connoisseurs slurp ecstatically each year.

For dessert I drove 4 miles east to Solvang, a Danish settlement. In the dusk, lights in shop windows revealed unimaginable pastries. I strolled from bakery to bakery, sampling the wares of each. My favorite was a kind of cream puff filled with gooey stuff and slathered with currant jelly. Mamma made nothin' like that!

I HAD a memory I wanted to test. Long after dark, out of Santa Ynez, I reached historic Mattei's Tavern in rolling wooded cattle country near the sea. The old building loomed out of the night like a friendly white ghost in its frame of ancient live oaks, and beside the massive doors sat Fred Mattei, 71, whose father built it as a stagecoach stop in 1886. Fred called hospitably, "Come in, friend; you're riding late." Those are the words with which Matteis have been greeting *vaqueros* and *touristas* for three-score years, and I knew with a warm glow that this tiny corner of Southern California, at least, hadn't changed. I slept in a great, hand-carved bed with a swan's-down bolster, and for breakfast was offered steaks, chops, pancakes, and eggs. Although completely modern, Mattei's is as close as you can come nowadays to authentic early California.

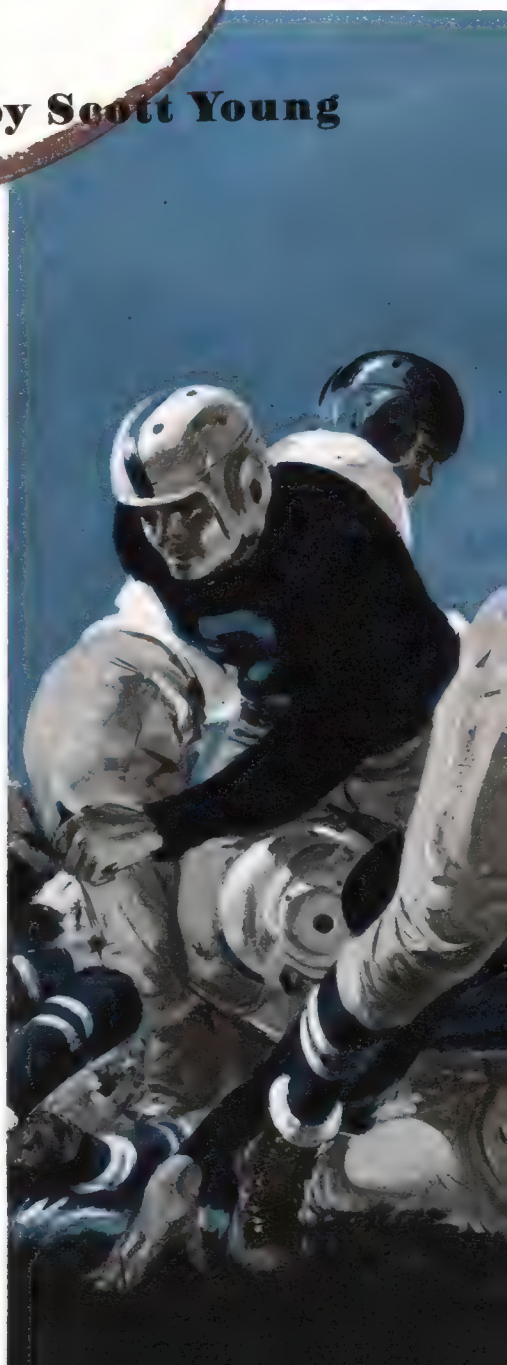
Santa Barbara, 30 miles south, (*Continued on page* 93)



HILLS OF HOLLYWOOD—"a competition to see who can build the goofiest house on the steepest precipice"

GRUDGE GAME

by Scott Young



It was a strange game of football these two Americans played in Canada, with hate turning into touchdowns

THE day started a lot like all the Saturdays in my life since I got old enough to play football. I slept like the dead until nearly ten. But when I woke up, right away it was a different kind of a day. Before I even realized that it was the door buzzer that had wakened me, I was thinking that this was the day Clint Manahan and I would meet on the football field. You know the feeling you get when you've been wanting for a long time to pay off a guy, and suddenly he's within reach. That's how it was with me.

The buzzer on my apartment door sounded again, a long, steady pressure of somebody's finger. Probably McGruffey, I thought.

I got out of bed and into my slippers. On the way through the living-room I pulled on my dressing gown. I opened the door.

It was McGruffey, Ted McGruffey. He's a Canadian, a big guy with a bony frame and a fierce, undershot battering ram for a jaw. He plays alongside me on the line for the Toronto Nationals.

"Good morning, Junior," he said, walking in with the shambling, painful walk that made everybody think he couldn't possibly run. "Where's breakfast?"

"Just woke up," I said.

He walked into the living room of my apartment. He was carrying the morning paper. "Hey," he said, "I didn't know this Clint Manahan was your brother-in-law."

"Well," I said, "he is." I hadn't known McGruffey until I came to the Nationals from Cleveland, a couple of

months after Louise and Manahan married. It probably just hadn't occurred to me to mention it at first, not knowing McGruffey very well. After the blowup I hadn't felt like sharing that kind of a worry with anyone.

He tossed me the paper. It was folded open at the sports pages. I took a look.

There was a big picture of Manahan, lean and dark, poised to throw a pass. It said that here was the new quarterback star of the Montreal Panthers, Clint Manahan, six feet three, weight 195. He'd come in with the Panthers on the train last night, the story said, and would be in the starting line-up in the first game of the Big Four schedule today against the Nationals.

The story said his wife was with him and that she was my sister Louise, but said only a few words about why Manahan was playing in Canada instead of the United States. Canadian football had taken in other players suspended in the United States, and the papers treated them all the same, gave them all the chance in the world to wipe out the past and make new reputations here. Some had, some hadn't.

My own picture was on the page opposite Manahan's. Hank Fieldman, the underline said; the old pro, all-Canadian last year, pillar of the Nationals' line. Age 32, weight 210. That's me. Second oldest man on the team. McGruffey's a month older. I looked again at Manahan, thinking of him, 26, and washed up in the big time, not because he didn't have all the (*Continued on page* 77)

In the first quarter I was on Manahan every time he handled the ball

We're in the Movies Now!

SIMPLE AS A SNAPSHOT. "Producer" Packard aims and shoots his new 8mm. movie camera. Below: The Packards re-live their vacation on the screen, as real as life, in gorgeous color

I THOUGHT my family would die laughing the night we first saw ourselves in the home movies we had made. We were so tickled we couldn't wait to show them off to the neighbors.

There we were—all five of us, as real as life—pulling our vacation capers. And all in gorgeous color. There was Father (me) doing his alleged back-dive. . . . There was Cindy (she's 4) trying to keep her nose clear of the water by holding it up like a pointer's while dog-paddling. . . . There was Randall (he's 7) flailing and beaming as he swam the very first strokes of his life without a preserver. . . . There was Vance Jr. (he's 10) playing his all-too-real role of a lazy farmer in our comedy titled *Boy with a Hoe*. . . . And there was Mother caught in the act of getting after young Vance, as usual, on the subject of his table manners.

Today I am calling myself the Cecil B. de Mille of Mill Road. Vance Jr. and I take turns starring and shooting. If anything, I like starring better than shooting!

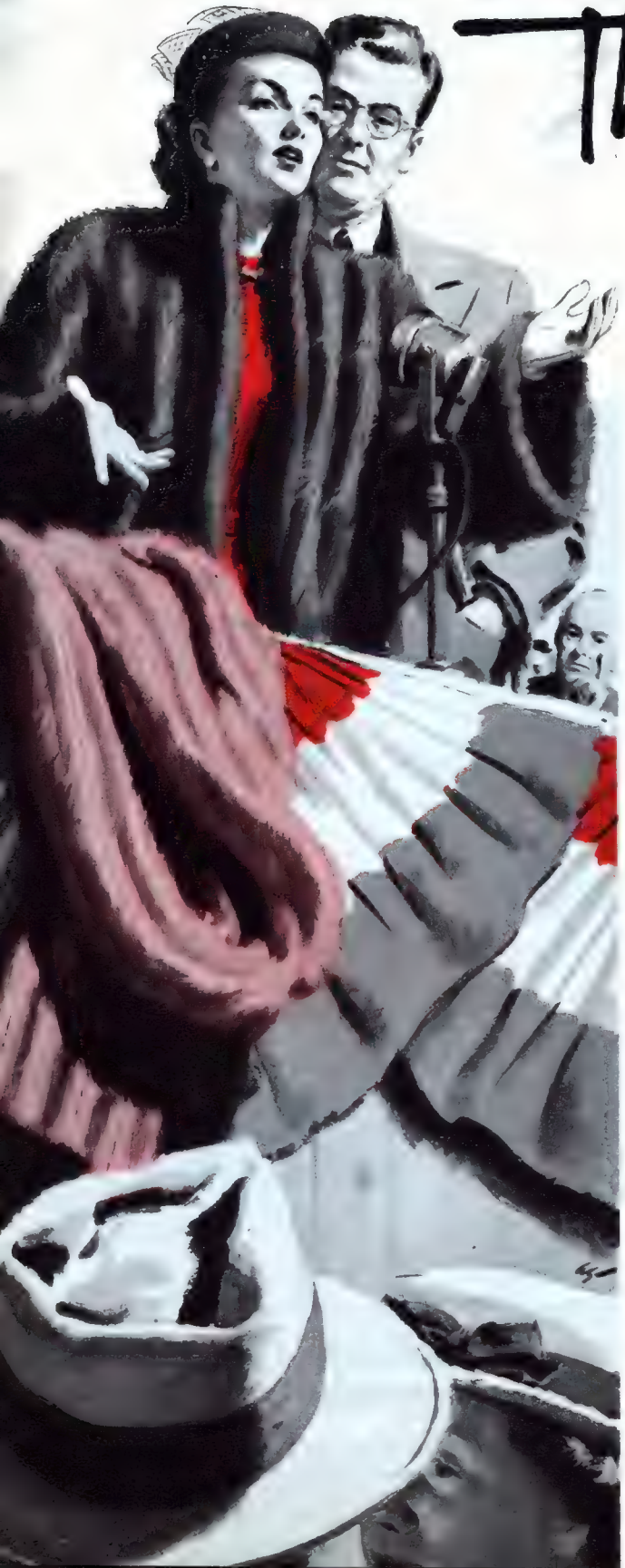
It is hard to believe that only five weeks ago I was playing the skinflint as my kids pestered me to get a movie camera. You see, I had the idea that people who own movie cameras are the kind who also collect jade and go grouse shooting in Scotland. I also had the idea it must take certified cinematographic engineers to cope with all the complicated machinery of a movie camera. I am not mechanically-minded.

Junior insisted I had it all wrong. He claimed you can buy a simple home movie camera for as little as $42. He further claimed that *all* our neighbors in New Canaan, Conn., were getting movie cameras (*Continued on page* 110)

PHOTOS BY PELLEGRINI

A family man gets the thrill of his life . . . Suddenly he's the Cecil B. de Mille of Mill Road, Connecticut. Mom, Pop, and the three kids are all film-happy, starring and shooting. The reason: Along with 3,000,000 other Americans, they've bought a home movie camera and projector

by Vance Packard



the Mink

REPRESENTATIVE CLAYTON HUGHES was hurrying home. It was election year, and the rumormongers were at work.

Someone, somehow, was linking his name with influence peddlers and five-percenters. They'd even added a convenient mink coat to Adele's wardrobe. And, in some quarters at least, they'd been making it stick, because Representative Hughes, though neck-deep in work, had been advised to come home and campaign.

The little town of Hampton, with its wooden platform and perennial milkcans, pinwheeled past the train window.

"We're almost there," Adele said quietly.

Representative Hughes nodded absently. "The trouble is," he said aloud, "I *like* being in Washington."

Adele put her hand on his arm and smiled, the special smile that was mostly in her eyes, the one that held all the warmth of her, ready to bolster him when he needed it. "You'll think of something," she said quietly.

But would he? Bob Martin was a good law partner and a fine campaign manager. Bob was worried, and his last telegram showed it. Representative Hughes *had* to come home, if he wanted re-election.

So they'd packed, leaving work unfinished, and their two boys with friends. And now they were going home.

It was all so ridiculous. The mink coat, for example. Adele was still wearing the same dyed muskrat she'd taken to Washington twelve years before. It had been made over a couple of times, and she didn't wear it every day, but it was the same coat.

And five-percenters! The only one he knew by sight still ducked instinctively when he came within range of Clay Hughes' skillful toe.

It would have been funny, except that after twelve years Clay had exactly sixteen hundred dollars in the bank, and John, their first son, would soon be ready for college, with Rod only three years behind him. And always in the background, as he watched Adele practice her small economies unobtrusively and uncomplainingly, was the knowledge that he, Representative Clayton Hughes, *could* have been Chief Counsel for Bradford Mills, at twenty thousand a year, with no Washington expenses. A job like that would have made possible all the things he'd wanted for Adele, things she wouldn't buy now, no matter what.

"Maybe," he said slowly, "it would be better if we didn't go back to Washington."

Adele just shook her head. "Things will work out, Clay," she said firmly.

Bob Martin was waiting for them on the platform. Other years, Representative Hughes realized suddenly, there had been a crowd of well-wishers waiting with Bob, laughing and joking and calling out to them as they alighted.

They went to Bob's house, and got down to business after dinner.

"I advise telling them the truth," Bob said heatedly. "Tell them about your committees, what it means to go

"Send him back," Adele said. "I don't need a coat like this"

AN AMERICAN SHORT SHORT STORY

COMPLETE ON THESE PAGES

Coat

by Charles T. Webb

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

slogging halfway around the world, checking on Army camps and brass hats! Tell them just what you've been doing, about your reorganization plan! Ask them how *they'd* like to do it for the money you're getting and the abuse you're taking!"

But the idea didn't *feel* right, somehow. People don't comprehend statistics, reports, and behind-the-scenes battles against waste and corruption as readily as rumors. And, unfortunately, a few of the rumors that had come out of Washington had been proved true. The people had a right to ask if this one were true, just as it was his duty to give them the truth. But he had another duty as well. One which, for the past hour, had been nagging away at his mind.

He liked his work and loved his country, and it was a sharp hurt to him to realize that some of his constituents—perhaps many—didn't know it. They thought he had failed them. Did Adele think he had failed her as a husband?

He excused himself early, went to bed, and the next morning made a quick trip into Chicago. Even Adele didn't know where he was going.

The Rally at Bradford is as traditional as Fourth of July picnics. The candidates have their say—just as Lincoln and Douglas had theirs—and the people love it, especially if the boys mix it up a little. As The Rally goes, so goes the district, sometimes the state.

Representative Hughes realized that he'd been skillfully maneuvered to the bottom of the list of speakers, following the Governor, and the senior Senator, and even his own opponent. The crowd was fidgeting when he rose to his feet. His audience sat coldly mute as he began to speak.

"When I came home," Representative Hughes said slowly, "I had every intention of defending myself against rumors which, perhaps, many of you believe to be true. But in thinking of how I would form my defense I came to realize that any defense, any apology, I owe is due to only one individual in this audience today. To her I must make my appeal. From her must come any decision that is to be formed."

A FEW people stirred restlessly. A farm wife rose and gathered her brood for departure, while her husband waited impatiently in the aisle.

"I would appreciate it," Representative Hughes continued, "if my wife would step forward."

There was a stir in the audience as Adele Hughes, surprise in her eyes, walked down the center aisle and stood before the platform.

"I understand some of the boys have been telling you things," Representative Hughes said to the crowd. "Tell me—does *that* look like mink?"

Adele stood quietly as the crowd followed his pointing finger, inspected her well-matured, still-respectable dyed muskrat coat.

"Of course it doesn't," said Representative Hughes. He turned back to his seat, picked up a large box hidden behind it, and returned to the microphone. "But how about *this?*"

He ripped open the box and held it up. "Know what this is? It's a *mink coat*—not the finest, maybe, but good grade!"

A woman in the front row "*oohed.*" The men muttered among themselves, puzzled, some a little angry.

Representative Hughes draped it over the rail, enjoying the incredulity in Adele's eyes. "If I'd stayed in Bradford, Adele," he said, "you might have had a coat like this long ago. Not that you ever asked for one. But the choice would have been yours."

The men were leaning forward, elbows on their knees, red wrists sticking out of Saturday shirts, necks craning attentively. The women were looking at the coat, at Adele, and whispering to one another.

REPRESENTATIVE Hughes reached into his pocket, then held his arm aloft. "Now," he said, "do you know what *this* is? It's a bankbook—our bankbook—and the balance is exactly one thousand dollars less than it was this morning!"

Old Willis Jerome, several rows back, cackled derisively. "Pretty cheap for mink!" he called out in a high, thin voice.

"That," said Representative Hughes, grinning down at him, "was a deposit, on approval. I get it back if I return the coat in five days."

Several of the men laughed appreciatively.

"How I pay for the rest of it," Representative Hughes said to his wife, "is up to you. I can stay *here* next year—go back into law—and get it cleaned up in pretty good time."

Scattered murmurs rippled through the crowd.

"Or," he said, "I can go back to Washington—pay too much for an apartment that's too small, pay luxury prices for necessities, and have the very old Harry of a time meeting the installment payments on the coat."

Women giggled; men laughed outright.

"It's up to you, Adele," Representative Hughes said.

Their eyes met, and Adele smiled. She went up the platform steps and crossed to the microphone. "Send him back," she said in a low voice. "I—" her eyes fell to the coat; her hand reached out and stroked the soft, lustrous pelt—"I don't . . . *need* a coat like this."

The crowd roared. They began to whistle and stomp and cheer, and she turned to him in mute appeal.

Representative Hughes moved up beside her, and saw the warmth in her eyes reaching out to him, the warmth that had made her content with making over old muskrat and saving pennies at supermarkets, the warmth that reached out to these people, and had always stood behind his dreams for them. And he knew that in her heart he had not failed her.

"We're still a candidate!" he shouted. "*We've* still got work to do back there!"

They were still applauding as she gently packed the mink back in the box. They knew Adele. They knew she didn't *need* a mink coat.

Not with a husband like Clay.

HERE'S WHAT I LIVE BY: Kate Smith looks up from her crocheting to tell you some of the rules which she tries to put into everyday practice:

Laughing makes a good, steady diet. I laugh heartily at the slightest provocation, and it makes me feel fine.

I always try to give the other fellow the benefit of the doubt, believing he'll return the favor.

I refuse to carry a grudge. Whenever I have a gripe I say exactly why I'm peeved. Then I try to forget the incident.

I pass compliments around whenever possible. I don't feel that appreciation should be taken for granted.

I always strive to be humble. We are all created in God's image, and none of us may assume he is better than the next.

I spend a few minutes each day counting my blessings.

Don't Let It Get You Down

by Kate Smith

"Once I was a drip and a wallflower without a 'ghost of a chance' " . . . The famous songstress of radio and TV tells her own story—how a sensitive teen-age girl overcame the bitterness of cruel jokes and discovered the secret of happy, successful achievement

THE early teen-age years are supposed to be the happiest in any woman's life, yet for me they are a period of bitter memories. It was then that I suddenly developed a glandular condition which caused me to gain weight.

I remember quite vividly attending a beach party with some friends shortly after my 14th birthday. I was having a fine time until some boys invited us to pair off with them in a series of acrobatic stunts. When the boy who drew my name in the pairings called out "Kathryn Smith" and I got up and walked over, he stared at me and broke into a harsh cackle. "Holy smoke!" he shouted. "Look at her."

His companions joined in the laughter over my weight. It was contagious enough to make even my own friends giggle. This hurt me more than the remark itself. I couldn't hold back the tears, and in a moment my whole body shook with sobs. When one of my girl-friends threw her arms around me, I thought she was pitying me. So I indignantly pushed her away, then turned and ran.

Not too long after that beach party I attended a school dance. I love to dance and have always been very light on my feet. During a waltz my partner accidentally stepped on my toe. "Lucky thing it wasn't the other way around," he remarked.

I gritted my teeth and flashed a frozen smile, but inwardly I felt as if I'd been stabbed with a knife. After that humiliating remark I imagined that everybody at the dance was secretly mocking me. My entire evening was ruined. When I came home from the dance I ran straight up to my room and threw myself on the bed. I was convinced I was doomed to a lifetime of misery and that all the people I would ever meet would treat me with ridicule and contempt.

You can judge just how mistaken I was in my thinking by a much more recent incident in my life. A few days after I made my television debut in 1950, an NBC executive phoned to say he was sending the first batch of fan mail to my apartment. When it came I eagerly opened the first letter, and read a flattering note from a housewife in Indiana. It ended with this underlined P.S.:

"I can't understand those stories I used to hear about you being big and heavy. Now that I've had the chance to see you for the first time, I know you're not heavy at all!"

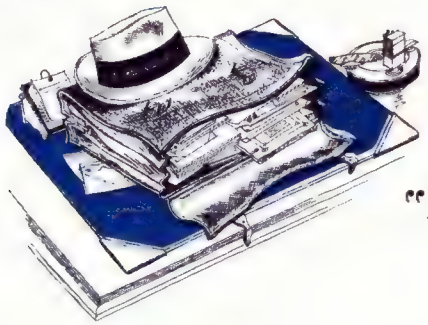
When I went through the rest of the letters, I found, to my pleasant surprise, that most were written in exactly the same vein.

I have now been broadcasting over radio and television for 21 years. Along with a highly successful career, I enjoy a rich and happy personal life that is remarkably free of worries and anxieties. Yet when I chose show business as my life's work, the so-called experts, as well as many well-meaning friends and relatives, insisted that I didn't have a ghost of a chance for either success or happiness.

Despite what those fan letters said, the plain fact is that I am a large woman in a field supposedly restricted to the slim and glamorous of my sex. Everybody told me that my size was an insurmountable barrier. But this "handicap" became less than nothing when I finally learned a simple truth: namely, that all handicaps are will-o'-the-wisps we build within our own minds and that they (*Continued on page* **124**)

ART SELBY

BY THE WAY—



"If I Don't Get It, Somebody Else Will"

FOR more than a week now I've been carrying around in my battered old brief case a short but biting contribution from a wife and mother in Des Moines, Iowa. It has had me in a stew. See how it hits you:

WOMEN through all the centuries have been dependent, and through their experience have learned the dangers of dependency. And so I think we women are being lax in our responsibilities toward our men if we do not do everything in our power to help them remain free and independent.

We have always scorned the "mamma's boy," but the "government boy" has slipped upon the scene gradually and with a cover of public righteousness and the often-repeated statement that "If I don't get it, somebody else will."

Is there a woman anywhere who deep in her heart wants a "mamma's boy" at the head of her family? No, a woman wants a man. She wants a man who can provide a home, an education for their children, who can take care of them when sickness comes, who will have worked and provided for their old age. But today's "government boys" rely on the Government to help them build their homes, subsidize their jobs, help build their children's schools, pay their hospital and doctor bills, and provide their Social Security.

I say there is no security for a man who cannot take care of his own family. There is no security for him, because anyone who can do something *for* him can do something *to* him. When he accepts federal aid to build a school, he accepts federal specifications about how it is built. How big a step is it to federal specifications about what is taught there? Isn't the farmer who accepts federal price support already getting federal "directives" about what and how much he should raise? Can you call him a man when he can't even plant the South 40 in oats instead of corn?

I sincerely hope that every woman will insist that her man assume his responsibilities and put the Government out of business as a nursemaid. *Mrs. R. M. Brightwell*

★ ★ ★

My first impulse, I confess, was to slap back at Mrs. Brightwell, as recommended by Robert C. Ruark in *My War with the Women* in last month's issue. The nerve of the good lady—insinuating that we men are becoming a bunch of namby-pambies! In fact, I was tempted to reply to her with the suggestion that, if her implications are correct, then she and other wives and mothers are as much to blame as anybody for making us mamma's boys. In their laudable endeavors to give their children "every advantage," don't women nowadays overload their male offspring with gifts and luxuries? Don't they satisfy every youthful whim, with hardly a thought of making the kids hustle and sweat for what they get?

But on sober second thought I find it hard to escape the serious import of Mrs. Brightwell's indictment. The other day, for instance, a young man fresh out of school came into my office looking for a job. When I talk to youngsters these days I find that, spoiled brats or not, they usually are about twice as smart, alert, and well-informed as the so-called older generation. This boy was no exception. There was a clean-cut, healthy look about him which seemed to say that he knew where he was going and was on his way. But his first words gave me a start. I had expected him to tell me about his abilities and special talents which might make him valuable to THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. I thought he might ask about opportunities and possibilities for progress. Instead, he began by plying me with other questions: What salary for a beginner? Holidays observed? Overtime? Insurance? Old-age pension plan?

As he talked it became evident that this young man was not looking for a free and independent future of his own making. He wanted a nursemaided future—a guarantee that someone other than himself would look out for him. "How much for how little" seemed to be his uppermost thought. Recently I have encountered more and more young people with this gimme approach. How do they get that way? Are parents to blame? Education? Or is it that Uncle Sam, with his handouts, is making softies of us all?

★ ★ ★

The more I think about it, the more I am convinced that Mrs. Brightwell has something of vital concern, especially in the coming elections. Not long ago I ran across some figures which showed that at least one out of every 25 Americans now holds a national, state, or local government job of some kind. To me the figures were so startling that I asked one of our artists to make up a map to show the distribution of these jobs in the 48 states. You will find this map on page 104 of this issue.

Experienced politicians of both parties seem to be agreed that these government pay checks, when translated into the votes of their recipients, their friends and families, could well decide local and national elections, particularly if non-government-pay-check voters are indifferent or lazy enough to stay home from the polls on Election Day. In the national elections in 1948 only about half of the nation's qualified voters cast their ballots. If the same holds this fall, it looks from the map as if we could be in a position where the Government would be determined by those on public payrolls.

The Editor

POLITICO'S BUTTONS

PRESENTING TWELVE EXCITING PAGES OF
UNUSUAL PERSONALITIES IN TEXT AND PICTURES

America's Interesting People

POP'S ZOOMERANG

CAP'N JOE'S LOBSTER

BRYAN'S PASSENGER

NAVAJO'S MIKE

SINGING THE G. I.'S HOME
MR. THURSDAY
BUTTONEER
HOW TO STAY YOUNG
HE ZOOMED HOME
CLAMBAKE EXPRESS
VELDA'S ON HER WAY
FUN IN THE VALLEY
THE WAITRESS AND THE WAR WAIFS
KIND FACES
NAVAJO NEWSCASTER
TAFT'S OTHER HALF

October
1952

Elsi Norwood, San Francisco's official greeter to home-coming troops, sings to a boatload of Korean vets

MAY 15, 1951, was a red-letter day at the San Francisco Port of Embarkation. A troop transport of 1,422 combat veterans, the first to arrive from Korea, was pulling in. Civic officials, Hollywood stars, parents, relatives, and a crack military band were on hand to greet the returning G.I.'s. Many of the port's office girls were boarding a tug to ride alongside the soldier-packed ship. Elsi Norwood wanted to go, too, but someone had to stay in the department where she worked as a clerk, and she was elected.

The other girls hadn't been gone long before her phone rang. Col. C. J. Wilder, Chief of Staff, excitedly told her to forget the office and come to the pier immediately. Thinking she might still get on the tug, she ran from her desk to the dock. There the colonel grabbed her by the arm and rushed her to a microphone at the end of the pier. "She didn't show up," he shouted in Elsi's ear. "You know how to sing—go to it!"

For a moment Elsi's mind went blank. Then she realized she was pinch-hitting for a big-name singer who hadn't arrived. And with the transport only a score or so feet away, its rails lined with hundreds of Korean veterans, she raised her hand in welcome and in her clear soprano sang *My Hero*. When she finished, the soldiers cheered wildly. Elsi was such a smash success that the colonel forgot all about engaging professional vocalists for future returning ships. Elsi has had the singing job ever since. Whenever a boat comes in, she leaves her desk for half an hour to stand on the pier and sing *My Hero, Will You Remember? God Bless America,* and *Because of You*. She has met about 150 ships and has sung 250,000 G.I.'s ashore.

Elsi, a pretty 5-foot-2 brunette with a pert smile, has studied voice for several years. She loves singing for the soldiers, even though, in their excitement, 5 of them have fallen overboard while listening to her, to be quickly fished from the water, their enthusiasm undampened.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM KING FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Mr. Thursday visits the corner drugstore and greets one of hundreds of friends on his happiness route

EVERY THURSDAY morning, promptly at 8:30, "Mr. Thursday," a neat, spry, friendly man of rather small stature, steps from a car in the business center of Charlotte, N. C., to begin a tour of happiness and good cheer. Mr. Thursday is 83 years old, and his sole object is to make people happy by counteracting the little irritations and harsh words which he feels can be eliminated from daily life. To accomplish this he follows a set route each Thursday, giving every person he meets a heartfelt smile and a few cheerful words.

His first stop is the corner drugstore, where he stays for two or three minutes. From there he proceeds to the hardware store, the women's dress shop, then into the big department store, where he greets the salespeople on every floor. At 1:45 he pauses for a snack at a lunch counter. Soon after, he resumes his tour, going to the haberdashery, the supermarket, the office buildings, and making dozens of other stops. Finally, at 5:30, he winds up the day after having walked about 12 miles and having dispensed his weekly quota of hundreds of smiles and pleasant words. His route covers 140 stops, 70 of which he makes on one Thursday and 70 on the next.

The faces of store clerks, customers, employers, and passers-by on the street brighten up whenever he approaches. Somewhere along the route each week, according to long-established custom, one of his admirers pins a flower on his lapel. Not long ago he received his 520th flower, marking 10 years of good-cheer spreading without missing a Thursday.

Mr. Thursday lives on the outskirts of Charlotte. Except on Thursdays, he has not been in the business district or out of his own neighborhood in over 10 years. Although he was once a prominent businessman, few people in Charlotte know his identity, and they keep it a deep secret. When people ask him who he really is, they get a big smile and the reply, "It isn't my name that matters."

PHOTOGRAPH BY TED GERALL FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Alex Preutz with his political-campaign-button collection. He sometimes loans the buttons out for display in store and bank windows

IF YOU'VE EVER WONDERED what becomes of all those campaign buttons when a political contest is over, you might check the living room of Alex Preutz in Brooklyn, N. Y., where a lot of them wind up. In addition to the buttons featuring this year's Presidential hopefuls, Alex has hundreds of others dating back to 1888, when Grover Cleveland ran against Benjamin Harrison. Over the years, this hobbyist has amassed one of the most unusual collections in the country.

An office manager for a plumbing contractor, Preutz chases buttons in his spare time. He's proud of the fact that he has never spent a penny to add to his collection. Instead, he goes to every political rally he possibly can, usually coming home with at least one new item. Other buttons are given to him by friends or by people who have heard about his collection. Still others he has acquired by trading with out-of-town button fans. Now 52, he has been amassing his buttons since he attended his first political shindig as a twelve-year-old youngster.

The range of his collection covers every public office from alderman to President. Some of his most prized items are trick buttons. Probably the rarest of these is the one issued during the 1896 Presidential campaign between William Jennings Bryan and William McKinley. It was designed for people who simply could not make up their minds which way to vote. The button shows a drawing of the White House door. By pushing a tiny gadget the wearer caused a picture of either of the candidates to appear in the door and could thereby change the occupant as often as he changed his own mind. A button set which Preutz particularly values traces the political career of Al Smith. It includes buttons issued when he ran for county sheriff, president of the Board of Aldermen of New York City, Governor of New York State, and the Presidency.

Preutz is married, and his wife likes buttons, too.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HONEMEYER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

HOW TO STAY YOUNG

Elliott in the 1920's

'WAY BACK IN MARCH, 1926, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE published an article about the famous Nugent family, which at that time was streaking like a comet through the theatrical skies. The whole family would star in hit plays which they wrote and produced, themselves. Today, although their ranks are thinned, they are still streaking, with one member, Elliott Nugent, now 52 years old, a brighter light than ever. Since 1926, the famed "Juvenile" has been making news in show business as an actor, playwright, producer, "angel" of new productions, and stage and screen director, his most recent Hollywood assignment being the direction of the Paramount film, *Just For You*. But Nugent's most remarkable achievement is the way he stays young. As you can see from the photos, he looks little older today than he did a quarter of a century ago.

People often ask him his secret of perpetual youth. Here is his answer: "I have always had the theory that the way to avoid getting old is to keep more than one iron in the fire. A man who does the same routine job, day after day, year after year, is bound to get in a rut, find life dull, and age quickly. But a person with many interests finds life so exciting that he just doesn't have time to accumulate wrinkles."

Elliott Nugent as he is today, a picture of youth and health

EXCLUSIVE AMERICAN MAGAZINE PHOTO

Mrs. Nugent, formerly of the stage, clips some of her husband's and daughter Nancy's press notices. Nancy has a prominent role in her father's play, *The Male Animal*, in which he stars

HE ZOOMED HOME

John and Frances Tigrett get a big kick as their youngsters, John Jr. and Isaac, give Dad's Zoomerangs a workout

JOHN TIGRETT was what most people would call a very lucky guy. A little over two years ago, at the age of 36, he had a lovely wife, Frances, two healthy young sons, a fine home in Chicago, and a handsome salary as executive vice-president of a large interstate bus company. But all this didn't fill the bill of happy family living for Tigrett and his wife. Trouble was, they were small-town people, both from Jackson, Tenn., and the rush-bustle life of a big city went against the grain. They didn't think city life was good for young John Jr. or Isaac, either. And so, when a third youngster was on the way, Tigrett knew that somehow he'd have to get the family back to Jackson.

One day, while pondering the problem, Tigrett met a chap named Roger Hamilton who had invented and patented a simple toy to amuse his own small fry. It was merely a stick with a tight roll of paper on one end. With a flick of the stick, the paper unwound itself, shooting far out in the air, then rapidly rolled up again. Immediately Tigrett got ideas. He licensed the patent from Hamilton, set up a small shop with $2,500 capital in Chicago, and started manufacturing the toy. Instead of just a stick, though, he made the paper roll shoot out from weird-looking "space guns," bows and arrows, and pistols. The toys, called Zoomerangs, soon caused a great flurry in the small-tot set. By last June, Tigrett realized that his Zoomerang would get his family back to Jackson. He resigned from the bus company, packed the family in the car, and headed south.

Today Tigrett Enterprises, of Jackson, Tenn., is turning out Zoomerangs by the millions, along with a large line of other toys. Tigrett employs 120 people in his factory, and expects to gross more than $2,000,000 this year. He and Frances are happy again with their small town and family life. And the kids? They're as lucky as any in the country; they and their young friends spend most of their time testing out Dad's new toys.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DON CRAVENS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

CLAMBAKE EXPRESS

Cap'n Joe Badger of Camden, Maine, prepares a lobster dinner for shipment to a Midwestern state

AS A NAVY LIEUTENANT COMMANDER in the last war, Joe Badger saw his share of action in the South Pacific. There were times, though, when he had little to do except think, and many of his thoughts gravitated toward his native Maine and the fine things that state contains, including lobster dinners and clambakes. When he described these delicacies to his shipmates, he discovered that many of them had never tasted such treats. Badger decided that when he got home he'd do something about it.

He did plenty. Nowadays, people in Omaha, Nebr.; Louisville, Ky.; Sandusky, Ohio; or anywhere else within 2,000 miles of Cap'n Joe's home in Camden, Maine, can have all the sea-food feasts they want. He runs a mail-order business in fresh clams and lobsters, expressing them alive, packed in ice-filled metal cooking kettles, to their destination. All the lobster-hungry customer has to do is punch a hole in the top of the kettle, add a little salt, and place over the fire. The food is ready for the table in a few minutes. Not long ago the Cap'n shipped a clambake for 140 people to Middletown, Ohio. The land-locked Buckeyes reported they had never tasted anything so delicious. Badger calls his enterprise *Cap'ns Corner*. His wife and 8-year-old daughter help him to fill the orders. In addition to lobsters and clams, he ships canned chicken and a special Maine fish dinner. Fishermen along the coast bring their catches of lobsters, clams, and fish to his Camden headquarters. Six big lobsters sell for $9.92 (lobster bibs and cooking instructions included). A peck of littleneck clams—about 150 of them—brings $7; and 4 lobsters with a half-peck of steamer clams go for $9.95.

Cap'n Joe's French poodle, Noel, is as fond of lobsters as the Cap'n himself and will go through an elaborate trick routine for a choice tidbit. The Cap'n reports that it takes seven years for a lobster to grow into a five-pounder, which is good eating size.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KOSTI RUOHOMAA FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE COED OF THE MONTH

VELDA'S ON HER WAY

Velda Gonzales between classes at the University of Puerto Rico. She has her sights set on Broadway and Hollywood

NEAR THE UNIVERSITY of Puerto Rico in Rio Piedras are a number of student cafés—Siberia, Caribe Buesa, Korea, Harlem, and Broadway. It's in the last-named that Velda Gonzales can usually be found in her spare moments, for the word "Broadway" has always spelled magic to her. Since she was a tiny girl she has heard and read about New York City's "Great White Way," where the names of world-famous actresses are written in flashing electric lights. And she has determined that sometime her own name will join the others on the theater marquees.

It isn't there yet, for Velda, a 19-year-old sophomore at Puerto Rico, is too busy with her studies. But give her time. She's majoring in dramatic art, and her instructors say she has real acting talent. Throughout her school years she has always starred in class plays, and those who have seen her say she has professional ability. After she conquers Broadway, she says, Hollywood comes next on her list.

Velda has other talents, too. She's an accomplished dancer and has been offered jobs by the biggest ballet company in Puerto Rico. She also loves to cook, specializing in Puerto Rican dishes like *pastelas, pastellillos,* and *bien mesabe de* coco. She is handy with a needle and thread, and makes many of her own clothes, but really prefers to dream up an original design for a dress, take the idea to an exclusive shop which will follow her instructions, and have the dressmaker do the stitching. For exercise and fun, she plays a bang-up game of tennis and enjoys swimming. In school, much to the delight of her classmates, she often makes clever caricatures of her teachers, who are not always amused.

Velda's father came from Barcelona, Spain; her mother is a native of Puerto Rico. They share Velda's dreams of the future, and it will be no surprise to them when one day they read her name in the bright lights of Broadway.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOE COVELLO FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

FUN IN THE VALLEY

WHEN YOUNG A. C. "Ace" Smith and his wife, Marge, moved to Salinas, Calif., several years ago, they fell in love with the rich farm valley, sometimes called "The Salad Bowl of the United States." Their one disappointment was that many of the people in the valley had never learned to dance. Ace and Marge, having been dance fans for years, decided to let their new neighbors in on a little fun.

Before long, Ace, an industrial engineer, became acquainted with the valley's farmers, and he talked up how much fun it was to square-dance. Marge did the same on the distaff side. Soon they formed a club, The Lariat Swingers, who met once a week for a session of old-fashioned square dancing.

Other towns in the valley soon caught the fever. Hollister and King City got Ace to organize square-dance clubs. Then, with most of the valley well versed in the square, Ace and Marge decided to initiate the inhabitants in the European brand of folk dancing, which soon became even more popular. The couple trained members of the original Lariat Swingers in the intricacies of native dances from Germany, Scotland, Poland, Russia, France, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Sweden, and other countries. Then they sent Swingers to other communities to instruct beginners.

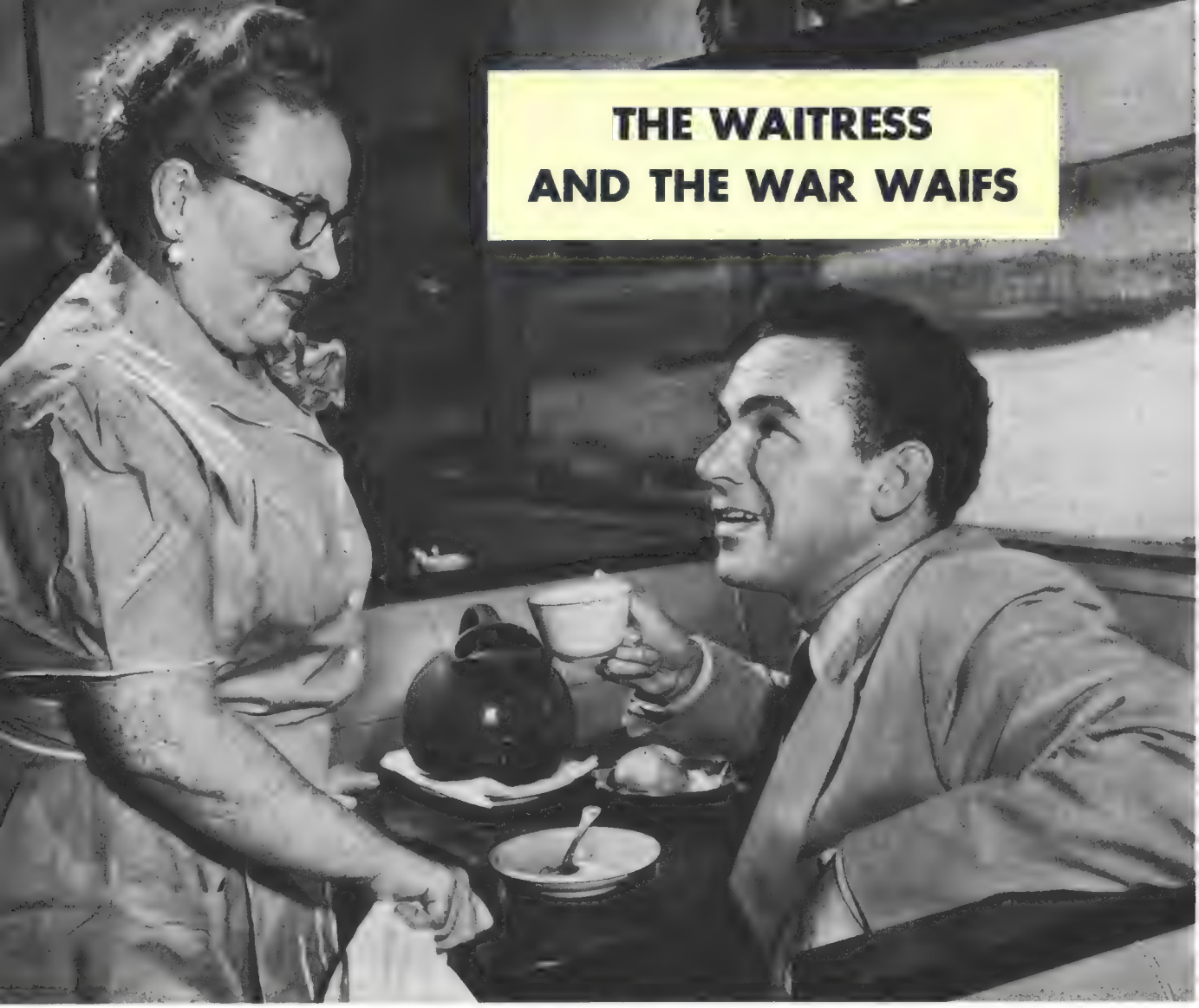
Now clubs with hundreds of members have sprouted along the whole length of the 90-mile valley, each club featuring its own costumes of foreign lands. Although fun comes first on the program, the clubs often put on exhibitions and shows for Army hospitals and the Red Cross. Once a year they combine in a big performance, and contribute the proceeds to the March of Dimes.

ACE SMITH

Above: Members of several Salinas Valley dance groups perform "I Lost My Stocking in the Brook," a comic German folk dance

Above: Marge and Ace in Tyrolean costume ready to take off for a dance exhibition in Yosemite. Below: One of the valley's dance groups in Italian fishermen costumes doing the Sicilian Tarantella

THE WAITRESS AND THE WAR WAIFS



Molly Epstein serves TV star Jack Carter his coffee in the Bird in Hand Restaurant as he inquires about her 17 war orphans

MOLLY EPSTEIN, of Brooklyn, N. Y., runs a miniature UN right in her 7-room house. The foreign delegates—17 of them—range in age from 4 to 23 years. Each of the delegates calls Molly "Ma," for they are youngsters orphaned by the war, and Molly brought each one to the United States and legally adopted them all. The kids think that Molly is the greatest person on earth.

It started in 1945, when Molly went to Europe after the war to look up her relatives. She learned that every one of them had been killed or had died in concentration or DP camps. In these camps she saw many children whose parents had been killed or had disappeared during the conflict. She determined to bring as many of them as possible home with her, but regulations prevented her from doing anything about it then. In 1946, she returned to Europe and, without any help from agencies or individuals, arranged to adopt some of the children. By 1948, the red tape had unrolled to the point where the first batch of 5 orphans arrived at Molly's home. Since then they have come in a steady stream, until now she has 17. They hail from Czechoslovakia, Hungary, England, Germany, Belgium, Poland, and France.

To support her jumbo family—Mr. Epstein is not in good health—Molly, who is 69, works as a waitress in the Bird in Hand Restaurant on Broadway in Manhattan, where many celebrities take their meals. They always ask about her youngsters and leave an extra-sized tip. Every morning, to feed her family, Molly dehydrates 45 oranges, fries 24 eggs, serves 84 slices of bread, cooks a sea of oatmeal, and pours a deluge of milk. She has turned her living room into a school and set up a blackboard by the television set to help her children learn English. Often she sews late into the night repairing clothes and making new ones. But Molly feels that her reward more than compensates for her hard work and headaches, for she's having the adventure of her life.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM CAFFREY FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Cabbie Bryan (right) gets the kind-face autograph of V. M. Costello of the White House Police Force

PERCIVAL BRYAN, Washington, D. C., cab driver, is an autograph hound, but politicians, movie stars, and big names as such don't mean a thing to him. Instead, he collects the signatures of people with kind faces. He has dozens of albums containing 28,000 of these autographs, all belonging to passengers who have ridden his cab. Bryan explains: "A person can be a celebrity one day, then maybe the next he wouldn't cause any more of a ripple than a sparrow's feather falling in the Atlantic. But a kindhearted face is something that will last till Gabriel gets ready to blow that horn."

Of course, if a person happens to be a VIP or a celeb, Bryan doesn't count that against him, provided the person also has a kind face. His collection includes autographs of former Secretary of State Cordell Hull, TV star Faye Emerson, Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter, College President Milton Eisenhower, Hollywood's Veronica Lake and Robert Taylor, financier Nelson A. Rockefeller, Senator Estes Kefauver, and Democratic National Committeewoman India Edwards. But let a stiff-faced ambassador, no matter how important, or a haughty movie queen step into his cab, and they get nothing from him but the silent treatment.

Most of Bryan's thousands of autographs belong to the Bill Browns and Mary Smiths who, to the public, will always remain unknown. However, the kindest-faced passenger Bryan has driven, he says, is former Attorney-General Homer Cummings, who lives in Washington.

Cabbie Bryan is a middle-aged, stocky colored man who has been collecting his kind-face signatures for a little over 10 years. In addition to his cab driving he serves as janitor in two schools, works as an extra butler in the White House, heads the civic association in his Erie Heights neighborhood, and goes to college at night to study real-estate law. His friends say he has one of the kindest faces they have ever seen.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS AND EWING FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

NAVAJO NEWSCASTER

Navajo Indians listen to Jerry's program. (Inset) Jerry at the mike

EVERY DAY except Sunday, Jerry Reil, a full-blooded Navajo Indian, keeps the 70,000 Indians living on the Navajo Reservation in the Southwest posted on what is going on in the world by conducting a one-hour radio program beamed to them in their own tongue. He is the only Navajo language radio announcer in the country. Since a large percentage of the Indians do not read, write, or understand English, Jerry's familiar voice is their only way of learning of events in the outer world.

Jerry's program from 1:30 to 2:30 p.m. on KGAK, Gallup, N. Mex., is a mixture of news, spot announcements and recorded music. Jerry goes into some detail on government regulations and new legislation affecting the Navajos. As Navajo is an involved, difficult language, it takes him 15 minutes to say what could be said in English in 5. Between the news and request music are announcements of country dances, a sale of blue jeans at the trading post, and word that George Dancing Bear has lost his truck license plates and is looking for them. The Navajos are interested in sports, and Jerry gives them full coverage on events like the Olympic games and baseball's World Series. Musicwise, their taste runs to hillbilly, but occasionally Jerry will get a request for operatic music, such as the Figaro aria from Rossini's *Barber of Seville*. During the 10 months the program has been on the air he has received over 5,000 pieces of fan mail from listeners, many of whom can scarcely write.

Jerry is 39 years old, a high-school graduate, and was married two years ago. He and his wife have adopted three Navajo children, one of them a young man now serving in Korea. He is a sports fan himself and frequently acts as interpreter for archaeological expeditions on the Reservation.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MULLARKY FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

TAFT'S OTHER HALF

Feeding time at ex-Congressman Fred A. Hartley Jr.'s 300-acre beef-cattle farm near Pittstown, N. J.

MOST EVERYONE knows Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio, the man who co-authored the Taft-Hartley Act. But who is Hartley? To millions of Americans he is little more than a name tacked on the title of a highly controversial piece of labor legislation. Actually, Fred A. Hartley Jr. is a vital, influential 49-year-old Republican who, after 20 consecutive years in Congress as the Representative from New Jersey's 10th district, now owns and operates two large beef-cattle farms totaling 300 acres near Pittstown, N. J.

Besides having helped write the famous labor law, Mr. Hartley has the distinction of being the youngest man ever elected to Congress. He began serving his first term in 1928 at the age of 25. Before long his colleagues decided he had something more than youth in his favor, and he eventually was named to serve on a number of important House committees. One of these was the Committee of Education and Labor, of which he was chairman during the 80th Congress. Among his other accomplishments was the investigation during World War II of petroleum distribution, with the result that motorists along the Eastern seaboard got more gas and oil for their cars. He long was a fighter against OPA's administration of price controls, helped to get the nation's synthetic-rubber program on its feet, and, although few ex-servicemen realize it, it was he who wrote the legislation which gave them free mailing privileges during the war.

But labor has always been his No. 1 interest. The act which bears his name was a 50–50 job between him and Taft. Hartley has written a book, *Our New National Labor Policy,* and when he is not looking after cattle on his farm, or working at his Washington office, where he is a business and legal consultant, he often speaks before groups throughout the country explaining the provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act. He has three married children and is grandfather to four.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACOB LOFMAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Pete rose, knowing that this was the ideal time to discredit her before the crowd

THE courtroom emptied quickly. From the time the jury went out no one doubted that the verdict would be guilty. And it was, after a half-hour's deliberation—guilty of murder in the first degree.

The spectators sat quietly while the jury was polled, while the bailiffs went out with the prisoner. The judge thanked the jurors and dismissed them, and the show was over, rather a spectacular show for a little town like Descanes.

One man stayed in the last row of seats after the rest of the audience had gone. He was young—about thirty—darkly handsome, and dressed in a way that suggested a certain sophistication and taste. He was watching the District Attorney, and his eyes showed the appreciation of a connoisseur.

After a few moments he got up and went out.

If the District Attorney noticed this man, she gave no sign of it. She was entirely intent on putting papers into her brief case. She was, as she had been all along, the one incongruous actor in the drama—a young, slight, wholly feminine figure in a setting that seemed to have been designed by men for men to function in.

Her suit was tailored, but with no hint of any attempt to be mannish. Her yellow hair was held back with a single comb on each side behind her ears. Her face was a photographer's delight: blue eyes, dark-fringed under dark, level brows, high cheekbones and clean, definite planes. Her skin had the warmth and color of a sun-ripened peach.

Near her, at the defense counsel's table, a white-haired man finished packing his own brief case and crossed the intervening few feet to her side. "Well, Melissa—" he said. Then, as Melissa Jackson looked up, "May I offer my congratulations?"

"Thank you," said Melissa. "May I offer mine?"

Marriage for Melissa

In the ruthless world of politics Melissa found she could be either a friend or an enemy. She could not be a wife

by Herbert Dalmas and Elizabeth Crawford

Melissa wanted a question from Pete—now, while she had the audience in her hand

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERNARD D'ANDREA

Pierce looked at Melissa and Jerry musingly. Then he said, "You make a good team, you two"

The white-haired man smiled. He said, "I won't say I didn't try to get him off—"

"He was guilty," Melissa put in.

"I'm afraid he was." The white-haired man's smile was a bit rueful. "But you know," he added, looking at her thoughtfully, "I think, against anybody else, I might have got him a lighter sentence."

Melissa didn't answer that. She concentrated on closing her brief case.

"I have rarely," said the defense counsel, "seen a case more thoroughly prepared or more ably presented. Your uncle would have been very proud of you."

"Thank you," Melissa said.

"It's hard for me to believe," said the white-haired man in a wondering tone, "that you're the same little girl I used to hold on my lap and regale with my blood-curdling stories about soldiers and Indians."

Melissa's smile was the one she reserved for remarks like that. "Sometimes it's hard for me to believe, too," she said, having tested this answer in numerous similar situations and found it adequate. Then she said, "Will you excuse me a minute, please? I want to talk to the clerk."

What Melissa had to say to the clerk didn't take long; it hadn't been important, anyway. When she left the courtroom she was alone.

Outside, at the top of the steps, she stopped for a moment. It was late June, a warm, bright day. The air felt good to breathe, a day to be alive in.

Melissa went on down the steps and turned north along the side of the courthouse. When she reached a point even with the back of the building she stopped and stood looking at the barred windows at the corner. She had been there a full minute, when a voice spoke behind her:

"May I offer my congratulations, too?" the voice said.

She turned. It was the dark young man who had been the last to leave the spectators' section of the courtroom. "Thank you," she said.

"I'm Gerald Young," he said. "Assemblyman, Twenty-fourth District. I've been in Descanes three days. I came down from Lawson City to talk to you."

Melissa said nothing.

"My instructions were," Jerry Young continued, his poise as unrumpled as his dark-blue suit, "not to come back until you had talked to *me*. It's quite important," he added.

"Will you come to my office, please?" Melissa said.

They walked along Fourth Street to the Fenton Building. On the third floor, Melissa led the way through her reception room to the inner office.

Jerry Young closed the door softly and stood there looking around at the bookshelves that lined the wall, while Melissa went to the roll-top desk by the window.

"It must be just as your uncle left it," Jerry Young said, still by the door. "I've heard about him. He must have been quite a guy."

"Yes," said Melissa. "Sit down, won't you?" He sat down. "And tell me what you came to see me about," she added.

Jerry Young looked thoughtful, as if he were mentally reshuffling the cards he had come to deal. "You know who Joshua Pierce is," he said.

"Yes," Melissa answered.

"He's quite interested in you," said Jerry Young.

Melissa didn't answer that. A shadow of a frown appeared on the young man's handsome face, then vanished in a smile. "Look," he said. "Why don't I just come to the point?"

"That would be fine," Melissa agreed.

"Mr. Pierce," he said, giving the words their proper weight, "wants you to come to Lawson City in November. As Attorney General of the State."

"Isn't Norberth running again?"

"Mr. Pierce wants Norberth for Lieutenant Governor," said Jerry Young. "That's the interesting thing about the job. It's on the way up."

"Why does Mr. Pierce want me?" Melissa asked.

"A WOMAN on the ticket would be a smart move," Jerry Young said. "Josh sent me down here to see what kind of D. A. you were. I can't help wishing he had come himself. That was a beautiful job you did. Beautiful and expert."

"Who would be the opposition?" Melissa asked.

"Fellow named Harold Jennings from up near Amesville. Good man in his way. A folksy character. Pipe smoker, tweedy, that sort of thing."

"I see," said Melissa.

Jerry Young chuckled. "My fondest dream at this

point," he said, "is to see you and Jennings on the same platform together. We'll have to arrange that. You'll demolish him before you even open your mouth."

"Of course," Melissa said thoughtfully, "if Mr. Pierce wanted me to win, I'd win."

"That's right," said Assemblyman Young. "But don't get Josh Pierce wrong. He isn't running a steam roller. He wants his candidates to win—and they almost always do—but he likes to back people who could win anyway."

"You mean I could announce myself as a candidate—and be elected?"

"With the right management," Jerry Young said. "The only thing is you're not set up for that, and we are. You've got what it takes to pull votes. You can have Descanes County without lifting a finger. All you'll have to do in the rest of the state is appear at the right places at the right times. We'll arrange that. We'll give you the right build-up. You can't miss."

"You're going back to Lawson City today?" She made it more a statement than a question.

"I'd planned to," Jerry Young said. "With your consent to run."

"I'll call you tonight," Melissa said. "I'll decide by then."

He took a card from a leather case. With a gold pencil he wrote a telephone number on it. "That's my phone at home," he said, giving it to her. "Call me when you make up your mind, even if it's three or four in the morning."

"I will," Melissa promised.

Jerry Young stood up. "Good-by," he said.

Melissa stood up, too, and they shook hands. At the door, he stopped.

"I hope you say yes," he said. "When I came down here I didn't care much one way or the other. But now—" For the first time, he seemed not to have words ready. "Well," he said, "now it seems like the most important thing in the world. You'll surely call me?" His voice was anxious.

"I will," Melissa said, and he went out.

Melissa left the office three hours later, at five-thirty. When she turned up the walk to the white frame house she felt a little inner stab. For a moment, it was almost as if she were ten years old again and her uncle were walking beside her, a big, gentle man whose hand was always there to slip your own into for reassurance, which was quite often necessary, the world being what it was.

Inside the house, reality in the form of Mrs. Knowlton, the housekeeper, took over solidly. She came into the hall and kissed Melissa on the cheek, a routine peck on the cheek, now, in deference to Melissa's maturity, but a symbol of what had always been between them. Mrs. Knowlton had been hired to look after things when Winthrop Jackson had adopted his dead brother's daughter seventeen years ago, and when Winthrop Jackson had died, she stayed on, because she knew things were going to have to be looked after more than ever.

"Well!" she said, after the kiss. "Thank fortune, *that's* over!"

"I'm glad it's over, too," Melissa said, and smiled.

Mrs. Knowlton said, "Dinner'll be on the table in five minutes."

Melissa followed her into the kitchen and started to wash her hands at the sink.

There was a rattling of pans at the stove, and then Mrs. Knowlton said, "I was in court every one of the three days. You really did very well, Melissa."

"Well, thank you," Melissa said.

"I was so *proud* of you," Mrs. Knowlton said. She was silent a moment, seeming to look at something far away. She said, "When I watched you standing up there making everybody in the courtroom jump when you snapped the whip, I couldn't help remembering the day you came here, seventeen years ago—all legs and big, scared blue eyes."

Melissa crossed the room and put her arms around Mrs. Knowlton's strong, spare shoulders. "I remember," she said. "You gave me the biggest, best lunch I'd ever eaten and told me I must always call you Martha."

Mrs. Knowlton gave Melissa a hug and drew back. "I hope it doesn't happen again," she said. "This dreadful murder trial. It took ten years off my life every time you went down to that horrible Railroad Avenue, looking at dead bodies—" She broke off with a shudder.

"Only the victim," Melissa said. "It wasn't fun," she admitted. "But maybe I won't have to do it any more." She told Mrs. Knowlton about Jerry Young's visit.

Mrs. Knowlton stared. "Attorney General," she said. "That's quite an honor, isn't it?"

Melissa agreed that it was.

"But it's politics," Mrs. Knowlton said. "Don't take it, honey. Politics aren't right for a woman." As the corners of Melissa's mouth went down in disagreement, she added quickly, "Not for you. You're twenty-seven. You ought to be taking care of a husband and raising a family."

Melissa opened her mouth to answer.

"I know—I know," Mrs. Knowlton forestalled her, as if they had been over the same ground before. "There isn't anybody in Descanes you want to marry."

"Maybe you think I ought to leave Descanes—" Melissa began innocently.

"Don't try your lawyer's traps on me," Mrs. Knowlton interrupted. "I can't tell you what to do about getting a husband, but I can tell you *one* thing: You scare men. You're too pretty—and you know too much."

"What would you suggest?" asked Melissa.

"I just want some nice man to know you as you really are," Mrs. Knowlton said. "That won't happen in Lawson City." She returned to the job of getting dinner on the table. "And another thing," she went on. "Your uncle wouldn't have liked it, either. That Joshua Pierce offered him no end of jobs, but he always said they were dishonest up there, and he wouldn't have anything to do with them."

Melissa didn't answer that. She knew one thing no one else had ever suspected: Every time Joshua Pierce dangled

NEXT MONTH'S SHORT NOVEL

This Must Be Love

by

ALEC RACKOWE

Debra married too early to recognize the pitfalls of romance

COMPLETE IN THE NOVEMBER AMERICAN MAGAZINE

The Month's AMERICAN
Short Novel
begins on page 58

the bait of political power in front of Winthrop Jackson, Winthrop Jackson would have liked to take it. He would have liked the prestige that went with it; he would have welcomed the opportunity to do some of the things he felt needed doing in the world. But he always refused.

"I'd be no match for Josh Pierce and his gang," he used to tell Melissa. "They'd take me apart before I knew what was happening, and then they'd try to put me together again the wrong way. It just wouldn't work."

He didn't have enough confidence in his own strength, so the world was prevented from knowing what a great man he was.

THINKING of her uncle crystallized the decision that had been forming in Melissa's mind all afternoon. She had acquired the drive and single-mindedness he had been too easygoing to learn, himself. Within her reach now was the power he had never got.

After a rather silent dinner she went upstairs and called Jerry Young. She told him she would accept the party's candidacy for Attorney General.

When she came down to breakfast next morning, a newspaper was by her place at the table, folded open to the editorial page. The paper was the *Amesville Dispatch*. Her uncle had subscribed to it for seven years, and she had kept it up. It was a good paper.

She read the title of the lead editorial, *Joshua Pierce and Glamour*, and the paragraph below it.

"Josh Pierce," it began, "sent one of his hired men down to Descanes a couple of days ago to have a look at the District Attorney of Descanes County, Miss Melissa Jackson. The rumor is that Miss Jackson is to be offered the Attorney-Generalship at the next election—"

Melissa looked back to her plate as Mrs. Knowlton came in with coffee.

"Your uncle always said that man wrote the smartest editorials in the state," Mrs. Knowlton said, as she went back to the kitchen.

"—the niece of Winthrop Jackson—" The words jumped out of the page at Melissa. "Winthrop Jackson was an honest man. Pierce offered him the Attorney-Generalship several times and always had it thrown back in his face—"

Melissa found herself obscurely angry at the words about her uncle. Unreasonable anger, of course, because they were complimentary.

"Does Pierce think Mr. Jackson neglected the education of his niece? By what effrontery does he assume that this capable young lady is a thief? The very suggestion that he wants her on his side is an insult. The people of this state have grown used to the obscene puppet show Pierce has staged for so many years in Lawson City, but we doubt that they will tolerate this proposal to attach his dirty strings to a lady. We hope devoutly that when she throws his offer back in his face, her aim is as true as Winthrop Jackson's used to be, and her arm as strong."

Melissa got up. It was a warm day; there was no point in adding the heat of anger to it. But the timing was almost unbearable, to have this cool assumption that she would refuse the candidacy come the morning after she had accepted it.

And yet, she told herself, this man Fowler—she had found the editor's name on the masthead—wasn't against *her*. If he knew her, knew what kind of person she was, he'd be a valuable ally. It was worth a few hours to set him straight.

She called her office to say she wouldn't be in that day, and caught the train north.

At Amesville, she took a cab to the *Dispatch* office. The door marked EDITOR was on the second floor of an old building.

She walked in purposefully—and stopped. She had expected at least a small anteroom, but she found herself ten feet away from a large, untidy desk, on the far side of which a man was tilted back precariously in a swivel chair. He was staring out of the window.

When he turned his head and saw her, he extricated, with one quick movement, a tall, solid frame from the tangle of chair, open desk drawers, and drifted papers. He walked around the desk.

He couldn't have been more than thirty-one. Melissa had vaguely supposed he would be of her uncle's generation, not her own. He was smiling, and she realized belatedly that she was standing there, returning the smile. She caught herself and launched determinedly into the first part of the scene she had sketched out on the train.

She dimmed her smile and said, "I hope you'll forgive my walking in like this without an appointment, Mr. Fowler—" She stopped short. There had been no name on the door. Maybe he wasn't Mr. Fowler.

He said, "That's all right."

The scene suddenly lost some of its planned effectiveness. But she went on. "From the way you wrote about me," she said, "I wasn't sure you'd give me one. I'm Melissa Jackson."

"Melissa Jackson—" His momentary puzzlement vanished. "Oh, yes," he said. "How do you do?" He looked at his watch. "It's almost twelve," he said. "Will you have lunch with me?"

LUNCH was not part of the scene she had planned. She had visualized a brief, decisive interview in the office.

He was saying, "We could make it a sort of celebration in honor of my most successful editorial." Then, as she hesitated, "It must have been *pretty* good, or you wouldn't be here."

She laughed and said, "I think lunch would be very nice."

They walked three blocks along tree-shaded sidewalks, Pete Fowler chatting innocently about the town. Melissa was irritated with herself for letting him stage the scene, but it was hard to be angry while his voice rambled on lazily like that. An unfamiliar sensation of peace, oddly coupled with a kind of excitement, kept her listening to it, rather liking it.

Then they were seated in the dining room of the town's "good" hotel, The Wilson, and they had ordered lunch.

"I'm glad you came," Pete said. "But I can't think what it was I wrote that seems to have got you so excited."

"I decided last night," she said, "that I would accept the candidacy for Attorney General."

Pete looked at her. "Oh," he said, the word barely audible. "I see."

A waiter set a glass of tomato juice in front of her. She took a sip of it, and suddenly felt let down. She was reacting like a schoolgirl wanting to convince the principal that she'd had good reason to break the rules.

Pete said, "Is your decision final?"

"Yes," she said, "it is."

Pete leaned forward. "Don't do it, Miss Jackson," he said. "Change your mind. I don't know why Pierce has picked you for this job. But I'm sure the selection is meant to be to his advantage. You're a woman—you have no way of understanding how low Pierce's gang really is. They're cutthroats who have good tailors and filthy souls."

"I'm interested in *my* job," said Melissa. "*My* future. My record's clear. Does that make *me* a monster?"

PETE waited while the half-finished tomato juice was removed and a plate of chicken salad set in its place. Then he said, "It doesn't make any difference now, if you go through with it, what you are—whether you're the angel you look like or a monster. In Lawson City, you'll be just another oily piece of machinery."

"Pierce isn't all-powerful," she said. "He's only human—"

"The last is debatable," Pete said.

"He's not a superman, at any rate," she went on tightly. "The Attorney General has powers under the constitution. If I am in office, nothing in the world can prevent my exercising those powers."

Pete looked out of the window by the table. A wasp flew in the window and then out again. Pete watched it intently.

"Well," Melissa insisted angrily, "does that make me a thief? Does that make me some sort of power-mad female?"

"Not necessarily," Pete said. "If you really mean what you say, it just makes you childish."

At that moment, it was a choice between leaving the table or exploding at it.

"I've got to be getting back to Descanes," Melissa said. She pushed back her chair abruptly.

She was at the hotel entrance before Pete, delayed by getting money out of his pocket to leave for the check, caught up with her. She turned, with a poised smile. "I've interrupted your busy day too long already, Mr. Fowler," she said. "Thank you. I enjoyed the lunch—"

"No, you didn't," Pete said. "I'll see you to the train. You'll be able to get the 1:24."

Short of breaking into a run, there was no way of escape.

At the station there was no breeze at all. The station platform was about the temperature of a griddle. There was only one bench.

Pete led her to it. As she started to sit

down, he grabbed her arm. "Watch it!" he exclaimed.

She looked down. The remains of a vanilla ice-cream cone oozed over part of the chipped green surface. She sat at the other end. This left no room for Pete. He remained standing at her side.

Melissa tried to think of something to say, then wondered why she should bother. She felt lightheaded in the heat. A wasp circled aimlessly near her. She wondered if it was the same one that had visited them at lunch. Pete's pet wasp, no doubt.

Pete said, "You'd be a lot more comfortable with your jacket off. I'll hold it for you."

MELISSA winced inwardly. She was wearing only a dickey under the jacket of her gray suit, a fruitless gesture toward keeping cool. She stood up. "I'll keep it on, thanks," she said.

Pete said gravely, "I wouldn't tell anybody."

She maintained a dignified silence—briefly. Then she gasped. The wasp had landed on her neck. Her hand lifted to brush it away.

Pete caught her wrist. "Don't move!" he warned. "If you don't move, they won't sting you."

She stood rigid. The wasp stung her thoroughly, and departed.

"You must have moved," Pete said.

Finally the train came. Melissa managed a passable "good-by" and got on. Minutes dragged by. Then the train groaned cheerlessly and started. Melissa, determined not to look out toward Pete, looked out toward Pete. He was still standing there. He smiled broadly and waved, his brown hair almost red in the sunlight. . . .

With the announcement of Melissa's candidacy, the campaign got under way. Papers through the state friendly to the Pierce organization observed the fact favorably in the editorial as well as their news columns. The *Amesville Dispatch* remained consistently corrosive in its comment.

Melissa began to have speaking engagements made for her. She spoke at barbecues, picnics, rallies. Jerry Young appointed himself her unofficial manager, and somehow that made everything easier. She got so she depended on him.

At the end of July, he called her from Lawson City and told her arrangements had been made for her to appear on the same platform with her opponent, Harold Jennings, in Amesville. She flatly refused.

Jerry laughed. "It's enemy territory," he said. "It'll be the most important speech so far. If you refuse, that character on the *Dispatch*'ll crucify you."

Melissa couldn't say that the character on the *Dispatch* was exactly the reason why she didn't want to appear in Amesville. Reluctantly, she agreed.

"It's politics, honey," Jerry said, and hung up. . . .

August 5th, the day of the Amesville meeting, Melissa worked a little later than usual. To each matter that claimed her time, she gave the full power of her well-disciplined brain, but she had had a hard time swallowing her dinner.

She wondered, as she ate, how her uncle would have felt about her tonight. She would see that he would have been proud of her, happy that she was his family, an extension of himself and all he'd taught her but had failed to use for his own advantage in the world.

On the train, Melissa read industriously and refused to think of her last trip to Amesville or of the evening before her. She was prepared and she would do her best. Pete Fowler was, after all, just a small-town editor.

Jerry Young met her on the platform at Amesville. She was grateful to have him there—Jerry was always at the right place at the right time. His quick smile showed his delight in her appearance. In the soft twilight she was a classic model of loveliness, fashioned in gold and draped in a gown of soft, blue silk, a white faille coat over her shoulders.

Jerry took her hands and looked at her a moment in silence. Then he said, "You won't have to say a word tonight if you don't want to. Nobody would even notice."

They went down the platform to Jerry's yellow convertible. As they drove through the streets toward the high school, whose auditorium the Women's Club had borrowed for the evening, Melissa decided that this time she could handle Amesville—and Pete.

Mrs. Gaylord, Chairman of the Amesville Women's Club, was waiting for them outside the auditorium. She was a tiny woman, and she hurried up to Melissa making tiny gestures of excitement and pleasure.

"My dear—you'll cause a sensation"—the words were tiny sounds—"the town has turned out for us—you've inspired our young people, too—we're to have dancing for them afterward—

"—I wonder if you'd mind—our Mr. Fowler—editor of *Dispatch*, you know—suggested time for a question period after the speeches—like a press conference—" The simile delighted her. "Mr. Jennings has agreed—he's such a lovely person—we do so hope you will—"

Jerry shook his head behind Mrs. Gaylord's back and mouthed the word, "NO."

Melissa said, matching Mrs. Gaylord's charm, "I think that's a wonderful idea."

Then she was on the platform, and Mrs. Gaylord was finishing her introductions: "—and of course we all know that a lady always has the last word anyway, so Mr. Jennings has graciously consented to address us first. Mr. Jennings!"

HAROLD JENNINGS was a big man with a kind face and the quick, magnetic smile of a politician who knows his business. The outline of his figure, the way his gray-touched hair swept back from his wide forehead made Melissa think of her uncle.

Mr. Jennings spoke easily, without notes. His voice filled the hall.

Melissa couldn't keep her eyes from the audience, and suddenly she ceased to hear the speaker. Pete Fowler was in the front row, intent on the proceedings. His eyes, quite properly, were on the speaker.

Anger rose swiftly in Melissa. She shifted her glance to the other side of the brightly lighted auditorium, where Jerry somehow managed to lounge in his stiff chair. One of his eyes closed, then opened again. Apparently, he had recovered from his concern about the question period.

Mr. Jennings ended his speech. Applause rang out, died slowly. Mrs. Gaylord introduced Melissa. There was more applause.

Melissa walked slowly to the lectern.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said, "I have my speech here." She held the typed pages up in her left hand. "It's a pretty good speech," she said. She lowered her voice to an extravagantly confidential tone: "I didn't write it myself," she said.

Laughter trickled through the hall. Melissa held her hand up quickly.

"It's a good speech," she repeated admonishingly. "I ought to know—I've read it." The trickle started again, then stopped as she went on. "It tells exactly where I stand in this campaign," she said impressively. "In it, I place myself fearlessly on record as being against sin. I come out solidly and with no equivocation whatever in favor of American motherhood!"

The laughter was a wave, surprised and delighted. During it, Melissa held up her speech and tore it to shreds. Applause contended with the laughter.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," Melissa said, with her own natural smile, "I'd like to tell you in my own words how glad I am to be here, how honored I am to have been invited to speak from the same platform with your fellow townsman, Mr. Jennings." Her voice be-

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came confiding again: "Even if I didn't have the nerve to read my speech after hearing his. Now," she said, "I think I heard Mrs. Gaylord say something about a question-and-answer period."

She turned, and Mrs. Gaylord came to the front of the platform.

"Goodness!" she said. "I hardly know who I'll vote for myself." She beamed at a trickle of laughter just for her. "Now," she said, "we're going to have our question-and-answer period. It's going to be like a press conference. And we have a real member of the press right here in the hall. . . . Mr. Fowler, won't you start us off?"

Melissa felt wonderful. She would love a question from Pete—now, while she had the audience in her hand.

Pete said, "I'm going to have to think of one, Mrs. Gaylord. Later."

He sat down. Melissa was furious; she felt cheated. Pete, she decided, had a mean nature.

After a few seconds a lady stood up, straightened her pink sailor hat self-consciously. "Miss Jackson," she called out, more loudly than necessary, "do you think that women are temperamentally as well equipped to deal with criminals as men are?"

Melissa sighed imperceptibly, but she answered the question with apparent bright interest, straight off the top of her mind. Pete listened with interest.

The meeting went on in the same vein for about thirty-five minutes. Melissa answered more questions, all of them uncontroversial, and Mr. Jennings did the same. Pete Fowler never said a word.

Finally, Mrs. Gaylord intervened. She pointed out that "all good things must come to an end," and wouldn't everyone please come into the gym and have some refreshments, and dance if they cared to.

Jerry reached the platform quickly. After a decent interval he extricated Melissa from the crowd and he piloted her down the steps.

"That was beautiful!" he said out of the side of his mouth. "Most professional thing I ever saw. Wait till Josh hears about it."

"Where are we going?" Melissa said suddenly, stopping short.

"To dance—"

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "I can't."

"You can for a half-hour," Jerry said. "You won a lot of votes tonight. The ladies would never forgive you if you ran out on them now."

At the entrance to the gym she stopped again. Against a wall was a three-piece band, and on the other side of the room a long table was piled with sandwiches.

Mrs. Gaylord's voice chirruped from behind Melissa: "*Here* you are, Miss Jackson—everyone is dying to meet you—"

Pete Fowler appeared from nowhere. "Excuse me, Mrs. Gaylord—" His manner was grave but firm. "Miss Jackson has promised to dance with me first."

Melissa had time to see the frown on Jerry's face before Pete led her out onto the floor. Then Pete caught the rhythm of the music, and they swung into motion.

Neither spoke for a moment. Melissa wondered if he were thinking about the same thing she was. She glanced up at him quickly for a clue.

"You're quite welcome," he said. The corners of his mouth belied the gravity of his eyes.

"Mrs. Gaylord is a bit overpowering, isn't she?" Melissa said. "For such a tiny woman. I am grateful—"

"My motives were purely selfish," he told her. "By the way, that was a good stunt you pulled. Corny—but good."

She looked at him, not answering.

"It's supposed to be a compliment," he said. "You were pretty professional."

"Thank you," she said.

They danced. Melissa felt almost lighthearted as Pete guided her effortlessly through the crowd.

Her increasing sense of well-being finally overcame an instinctive caution. "I kept expecting a question from you tonight," she said. "During Mrs. Gaylord's press conference."

He said, "It seemed to go along all right without me."

She ignored an inner voice that warned her to drop the subject there. "You must have had something in mind," she said. "Mrs. Gaylord told me the question period was your idea. Didn't you have a question?"

For a moment he was silent, his face troubled. Then he smiled. "I decline to answer," he said, "without advice of counsel." There was no reason to be angry, she told herself. But it was more than anger. It was a draining away of all lightness and happiness.

Jerry came through the crowd, stopped, and touched Pete's shoulder. Pete stopped dancing and bowed. He said, "Thank you," and walked away.

Jerry danced a few steps, looking down at her. She kept her eyes on his shoulder. "I've got an idea," he said, and led her to the refreshment table.

Mrs. Gaylord was still the center of a group of club members. She turned toward Jerry and Melissa and her mouth opened, but Jerry forestalled her.

"I've finally put my foot down," he said. "Miss Jackson wants to stay and chat with you ladies, but I've persuaded her that she has to get some rest. Will you forgive me if I steal her away now?" He included them all in a boyish smile.

"Oh, dear—" Mrs. Gaylord was devastated. "We had so looked forward—"

"I'm driving her back to Descanes," Jerry said. "It's too nice a night for the train, don't you think?"

"Oh, *yes!*" Mrs. Gaylord beamed at the scent of romance. "Such a lovely night— Do be careful driving, Mr. Young—and we'll see you again, I hope—"

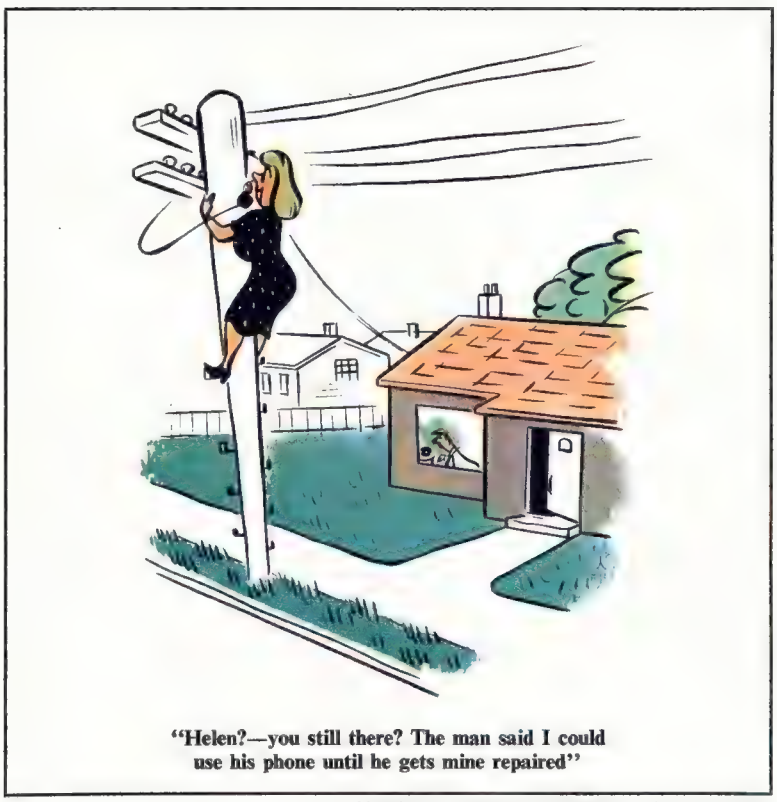
Outside, Melissa said, "It'll be two hundred miles out of your way—"

"Look at that moon," Jerry said, pointing to the crescent above them.

"The train will be fine," Melissa said. "Really. I'll probably fall asleep."

"You can fall asleep on my shoulder," Jerry said. He took her arm firmly and headed for his car.

He left the top down and turned on the radio, then he leaned over and kissed her briefly on the forehead and started the car.



"Helen?—you still there? The man said I could use his phone until he gets mine repaired"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY JACK MARKOW

Melissa sank back and watched the sky. The dark pattern of the countryside slid swiftly past them.

They reached Descanes at 1:30. Jerry brought the car to a stop in front of the house. He turned to her, and his hand went out as if to push back a strand of hair that had blown half across her face. He didn't complete the motion. He looked at her a moment longer, then opened the door on his side, and got out.

On the porch, she turned to thank him, but he spoke first.

He said, "Thank you, Melissa," and stopped. He seemed at a loss for his next words. "Not just for tonight," he said finally, "letting me bring you home. That was wonderful, but I mean for every time I've seen you this summer. It's meant—a lot. It's made me feel as if I could really be important." He smiled at his own awkwardness. "We make a good team," he said.

He turned and ran down the steps. After she had gone inside she heard the car drive away. . . .

A week later there was a dinner meeting of the Descanes County Bar Association. It was the first function Melissa had attended since the campaign began where she didn't have to speak.

As she came out of the banquet room of the Descanes Hotel with several of her colleagues, she saw a figure she recognized come toward her. It was Pete Fowler.

He said, "I'd like to speak to you if I may." She hesitated, and he added, "I've got my car here. I'll take you home afterward."

"All right," she said to Pete, and nodded good-by to the other men.

Pete started with her toward the door to the grillroom.

"How did you know I was here?" she asked.

"I called your house. Mrs. Knowlton said you were here." He didn't wait for a comment on that. "Do you remember," he went on, "the other night in Amesville you wondered why I hadn't asked you a question at the meeting? I'd meant to, but it was a question designed to put you on a spot. When I saw you standing up there on the platform I couldn't do it. I tried to figure out why, and I realized it was because what I really wanted to do was tell you something."

He stopped by a booth in the grillroom. A man who had been sitting on one side of it was getting up.

"This is Mr. Lawlor," Pete said.

Mr. Lawlor bowed and his smile made his heavily lined face almost handsome. "We were having coffee," he said to Melissa. "Can you face another cup?"

Melissa said she could, and Mr. Lawlor gave the waiter the order.

"When I finally knew what it was I wanted to tell you," Pete said, continuing his thought, "I knew Dave here could tell you better than I could."

"Pete and I are old friends, Miss Jackson," Lawlor said.

"I grew up next door to him in Lawson City," said Pete. "The first day I met you, I made you angry because I told you you didn't understand what went on in that town. What I didn't tell you was that I *do*. Dave and I lived in one of Josh Pierce's strongholds. I saw the kind of thing Pierce and his organization did. There was a time when I thought I'd get into politics and take a crack at him. Dave was the one who steered me over to newspaper work."

He stopped, and looked at Lawlor.

"I didn't have sense enough to follow my own advice," Lawlor said. "Ten years ago I was one of Josh Pierce's bright young men. Assistant Attorney General."

He stopped as the waiter brought Pete and Melissa coffee. "I wasn't much older than you are now," he said, when the waiter had gone. "Not thirty yet. For a while everything was fine. Then there was a case involving a Ray Smith—"

He looked at her questioningly. She shook her head.

"It didn't cause a great stir," Lawlor said. "But it was my case. Smith was a small-time gambler on the way up. One day I heard he was going to take over Lottstown. Pete gave me the tip."

He glanced at Pete, smiling at the memory. Pete nodded. He didn't smile.

"I remember the day the Lottstown Chief of Police came up to Lawson City to see Smith," Lawlor went on. "As I'm sure you know, any time the gamblers want to organize a town they buy the Chief of Police first—if they can. I went after an indictment against Smith."

"Did you get it?" Melissa asked.

"I got it, all right," he nodded. "But what I didn't know was that when the Lottstown Police Chief came to see Ray Smith, he also saw Josh Pierce. I didn't find out till some time afterward, till one day when the word came to me to lay off Smith."

"What happened?" Melissa asked.

"I didn't lay off," Lawlor said. "As I saw it, Josh Pierce didn't give me my powers—the people did. So I went ahead. When we got to court, everything stopped. It's a long story," he said; "not particularly interesting. Smith finally pleaded guilty on an unimportant count. They imposed a nominal fine and let him go—" He snubbed his cigarette out in the ash tray. "Pete wanted me to tell you the story," he said, "because of what happened afterward. They began giving me cases that shouldn't have been brought to trial. I was forced to go into court time after time before I was ready. It was part of a definite plan. I began to realize that finally, but there was nothing I could do. And then, one day, I was out of a job, fired for incompetence."

He leaned forward against the table, his eyes suddenly pleading. "Don't do it, Miss Jackson!" he said. "Back out while there's time. If you fight them, if you step out of line just once, you're through. I went back into private practice, but they had pinned the label of incompetent on me. The only cases I get now are the ones no other lawyer will handle."

Melissa, not knowing quite what to say, took refuge in a lawyer's comment. She said, "I suppose you found cluttered court calendars being cleared for you."

"Just when I didn't want them to be," he said. "Just when I would be trying to plug the biggest holes in a case."

"And unfriendly judges who refused to grant continuances."

"Exactly that." He seemed grateful that she understood.

"It helps to be warned," Melissa said.

Lawlor met her eyes. He knew then what was in her mind. "I find I'm quite tired," he said, looking from her to Pete. "I wonder if you'll excuse me."

"Sure, Dave," Pete said. "Go ahead. I'll be along up in a while."

Lawlor stood up hastily. "Good-by, Miss Jackson," he said, and was gone before she could answer.

Pete said, "Well, what do you think?"

"It's a tragic story," Melissa said slowly. "I wonder if maybe he didn't give up too soon."

"He didn't give *up*," Pete said. "He had no choice. He didn't have the kind of proof he could take to the governor. And he just couldn't handle Pierce and his gang. Any more than you can handle them."

"I didn't say I could handle them," Melissa replied. "I have no intention of handling them—them or anybody else. I'm going to do my job."

"They won't let you."

"We'll see about that," she said. "The point is that nobody can corrupt me. Even if they were as corrupt as you say—"

"They are," Pete interrupted. "Everybody knows it."

She made an impatient gesture. "Everybody knows it," she repeated. "What does that mean? It's not evidence. At best, it's what we call in court hearsay."

Pete frowned. "It's late," he said. "I'd better be getting you home."

They went out and got into his car. She told him how to start toward her house.

Pete said, "It took a lot of guts for him to tell you that."

She didn't answer, and he drove a few moments in silence.

"He wouldn't have told you at all," he said, "except that he's such an old friend of mine."

"Turn left at the next street," Melissa said. "I know," she added, answering him.

The next street was Elm. Melissa told Pete where to stop, and they got out. At the foot of the porch steps Pete said, "Is that all you've got to say?"

"He was weak," Melissa said. It wasn't really an answer to Pete's question. It was a statement to herself, of what she wouldn't be.

"*Weak?*" Pete's voice was unbelieving. "Are you serious?"

Melissa hadn't meant to say that, but now that she had, she stood by it. "He went into it assuming that Pierce couldn't be beaten," she said; "if Pierce is the one *to* be beaten. You said, yourself—"

"I never said he couldn't be beaten," Pete interrupted indignantly. "What do you think I spend all my time trying to do?"

"You certainly told *me* he couldn't be beaten. You said that if I went up to Lawson City I'd be just another piece of machinery. An 'oily' piece, you said."

"I told you," Pete said, summoning

his patience, "that if you got into his organization—"

"If I remember correctly," Melissa broke in with dignity, "you also said I was childish."

"Listen," Pete said. "Stop being a woman for a minute, will you?"

Melissa stood pointedly silent.

THE moon was nearer full than it had been a week ago. It turned her hair a silvery gold, half shadowed her face.

"You can't mean you're going through with it," Pete said.

"Of course I mean it." Her tone was amused.

"By heaven!" He bit the words off. "I'm sorry now," he said between his teeth, "I didn't ask you the question I had in mind that night."

"I'm sorry too," she said. "I'm sure it would have been more interesting than the ones that *were* asked."

"I sat down there like a sap not wanting to make you look silly—"

"Was that the reason?" Melissa said.

"That was the reason. When I saw you standing on that platform alone—"

"Or could it have been that you were afraid?" Melissa broke in.

"Afraid!" Pete echoed, outraged.

"Yes," she repeated. "A coward always rationalizes his cowardice—"

She was stopped by a wordless sound from Pete. There was a blow in the small of her back that swept her forward. There was another blow on her mouth.

It was an instant before she realized she was being kissed. She struggled. The vise holding her tightened. Panic swept over her. She wasn't breathing.

Pete stepped back. He looked at her a moment.

"Good night," he said. His voice was barely audible. He turned, walked to his car, drove away. . . .

Early in November, Melissa was elected Attorney General by a comfortable margin. It was as well that she didn't take office till January; she needed the time to get used to the almost overpowering idea of going up to Lawson City to be the chief legal counsel for the whole state.

On the way up in the train with Mrs. Knowlton, she watched the snowy countryside flashing by and thought about her uncle. She uttered a little prayer to herself that she would make him proud of her.

Once the train pulled into the big terminal at Lawson City, there was no time to think. Jerry met them. He had found a furnished apartment not too far from the capitol. It was larger than she and Mrs. Knowlton needed, but the rent was so reasonable it would have been pointless to look for anything else.

The next day Jerry went with her to the State House for the swearing-in ceremonies and afterward while she met her official family: her two confidential secretaries, her two investigators, and her fifteen deputies.

She waited until she was alone before she even sat down at her own desk. Its shiny oak surface seemed about a half acre in area; the high-backed leather chair engulfed her. She felt as if the life-sized portrait of the Governor on the wall was looking critically over her shoulder.

Melissa's formula for most formidable situations was hard work, and she proceeded to apply it this time. One secretary had prepared a file of cases pending, and Melissa made appointments to talk about each with the deputy handling it.

There was a stack of applications for the deputy post, since it was accepted practice to change the occupants of all such posts with a change of incumbents; but Melissa had no one she felt obligated to, so she decided to keep her staff as it was until she found reason to change.

Her investigators were a couple of ex-cops, Hansen and Delahanty, middle-aged men cut from the same pattern: big, quiet, with an air of competence about them.

At the end of her first talk with Hansen, he said, "What do you want me to do about Borno and Rose?"

"I'm afraid I'm something of a stranger in these parts," Melissa told him. "Who are they?"

"Chappy Borno and Mike Rose," Hansen said. "Gamblers. They run a policy racket down in the West End."

"Isn't that the D. A.'s jurisdiction?" Melissa asked.

Hansen looked uncomfortable. "The D. A. hasn't been too—" He stopped. "He hasn't been able to get the goods on them so far."

"What about the police down there?"

HANSEN looked even more uncomfortable. "It's not up to me to say anything," he said. "But you know how cops are sometimes. They get bad eyesight. There's nothing I can prove," he added hastily. "The only reason I asked was that I'd talked to Mr. Norberth. The campaign came along before he could get anything started."

"You think you could get something on these two?" Melissa asked.

"I'll say!" Hansen looked wistful.

"Well," Melissa told him, "if you can get something we can go to the Grand Jury with, I'll back you up." She looked at him gravely. "I think this office ought to help the D. A.'s whenever possible, don't you?"

"Yes, Miss Jackson." Hansen grinned. He went out like a dog that had slipped his leash.

Melissa had a queer feeling, one morning a week later, when she saw her name in headlines on the front page of the *Lawson City Post:*

BORNO AND ROSE INDICTED
Attorney General Jackson Puts Heat on Local Gamblers

The account that followed was quite flattering.

THE next morning, at ten, one of her secretaries buzzed the office intercom to say there was an editor outside to see her.

"Always be nice to the press," Melissa said. "Send him in."

The door opened immediately. "Hello," said Pete Fowler.

Melissa replied after only the briefest pause, "Good morning."

Pete closed the door and looked around the enormous office, his face without expression.

"Can I do anything for you?" Melissa inquired finally.

Pete crossed to the desk. "I came about my editorial this morning," he said. He had a copy of the *Dispatch* in his hand. He put it on the desk.

"I didn't happen to see it," Melissa said, leaving it there.

"It was about this Borno and Rose business," Pete said. "I'm afraid it was pretty rough."

Several rejoinders to this flashed through Melissa's mind. She rejected them all and said nothing.

"Borno and Rose are small-timers," Pete said. "What I wrote in there was that it was a phony build-up, a publicity send-off for your first week in office."

"I see," said Melissa.

"They'll get nominal fines," Pete said, "and a month or so at the Honor Farm. They'll be in charge of recording the daily growth of potato plants."

Melissa said nothing.

"When you read that," Pete said, motioning toward the *Dispatch*, "you'll see I mentioned a guy named Sonny Carradine. He owns a night spot. The Castaway Club up on the North Side. Night club—and the busiest gambling layout in the state."

He stopped, and Melissa felt she might reasonably say something. She said, "Oh?"

"I went to grammar school with Sonny," Pete said. "I've watched him grow up—and go up. He's the big shot in Lawson City. You don't stop gambling around here until you stop him."

"Strictly speaking," Melissa said, "he's Lawson County's problem."

"So were Borno and Rose," Pete said. "Strictly speaking. You know as well as I do that Lawson County's not going to do anything about Carradine. That's the point. You know it, and I'm afraid you might try to." He hesitated, and then he said, "The editorial sounds as if I were trying to goad you. I wasn't. There was nothing personal in it."

"I think," said Melissa coolly, "that

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BY BILL YATES

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What President?

By Dr. Charles Frederick McKivergan

ONCE again it is open season for guessing the next President. If you're a typical American you have your own favorite candidate. But how many of our *past* Presidents can you name from the following 20 clues? Give yourself 5 points for each correct answer. A score of 85, or higher, labels you definitely Presidential-wise; 70, is passing; under 60, means that maybe you don't know our Presidents as well as you should. Answers appear on page 80.

1. He was the only President who did not live in the White House.
2. He served the shortest term of all the Presidents—one month.
3. He was the youngest man ever to reach the Presidential office.
4. He is our only living ex-President.
5. The scrupulously planned home of this President is Monticello, a popular national shrine in Virginia.
6. As President, he set forth a doctrine toward foreign interference in American affairs that bears his name and has guided our statesmen to this day.
7. Name two of the three Presidents who were assassinated while in office.
8. Our fiery seventh President, he was nicknamed "Old Hickory."
9. He was the first President to speak over the radio.
10. He and President Polk have the shortest last names of all our Presidents.
11. He was the first President to call for a draft of manpower.
12. Name one of the two Presidents who were born in States west of the Mississippi River.
13. He vetoed more bills than any other President.
14. Celebrated for his silence, he refused a possible re-election with the simple statement, "I do not choose to run."
15. He has been the only West Point graduate to become President.
16. He was the only President to face impeachment proceedings.
17. He revived the habit of George Washington of speaking in person to Congress instead of sending messages.
18. He lived long enough after his own term in the Presidency to see his son become President.
19. The only President to serve two separate disconnected terms, his last name is the same as that of a large American city.
20. He was the first President to veto a tax-reduction bill passed by Congress.

I'll try to discharge the duties of my office without goading."

"I know," Pete said seriously. "You're honest. But don't try to start something you can't finish. Carradine's tied in with Pierce. But Pierce can't hurt you if you stay out of his way. What I'm afraid is that you'll get your back up about something and try to buck that guy. It can't be done. It's been tried."

"I won't have to buck Pierce," Melissa said, with an air of repeating a lesson patiently to a backward child. "I'm going to be busy with my job. I know there's crime in this state. I know there's corruption, but you can't convict Pierce of either just on the strength of appearances. Pierce is a professional politician; he probably does a lot of favors, and he certainly sees that voters get to the polls to vote for his candidates. But if he were as bad as you try to make him out to be, somebody could have proved it by now. He'd have records—records that could be subpoenaed or stolen, depending on who was after them."

"That," said Pete, "is what I am trying to get across. There *have* been people who tried to get hold of the records of what Pierce had on them. His safe's been cracked, his files torn apart. They never found anything, and usually whoever tried it got into trouble." He went on before Melissa had a chance to interrupt: "I'm worried because now I know you. Eventually something'll happen, and you'll try to lick this organization single-handed."

"Well," said Melissa with a gentle smile, "if I get into trouble, it won't be because you haven't warned me."

Pete looked at her, and she realized she was bracing herself against the back of the chair. "Some women—" he said. He stopped. "Thanks for seeing me," he said suddenly, and went out.

Melissa removed the copy of the *Dispatch* from the desk and dropped it into the wastebasket. She removed it from the basket, opened it to the editorial page, and read what Pete had written. It was rough, all right. . . .

THAT night she had dinner with Jerry. She was finding that when things bothered her, Jerry could make the problems seem lighter.

By coffee, she felt better after what had turned out to be an inexplicably troublesome day. "Do you know Sonny Carradine?" she asked.

"Sure," he said. "How did we start talking about Sonny?"

"I heard somebody talking about a night club he owns," she said. "I thought it sounded interesting."

"The Castaway Club," Jerry said. "As soon as you'd got shaken down on the job, I was going to see if I could get you to go out there with me. It's a nice place, good food, good music—"

"It sounds wonderful," Melissa said. "I wish we could go tonight."

"Why don't we?" Jerry said. "I love to do things on the spur of the moment."

On the way out, Melissa said, "Is the Castaway a gambling casino?"

Jerry turned and said, "Where on earth did you get that idea?"

"He's a gambler, isn't he?" she said.

Jerry laughed. "I'll say he is," he said. "If I had just half of what Sonny Carradine loses on the horses every year, I'd retire. But I guess that's anybody's privilege, isn't it?" . . .

The Castaway Club was set unobtrusively at the edge of Lawson City's best residential section, so unobtrusively that there wasn't even a sign outside or a doorman. A line of three cabs was the only evidence that it wasn't a small, very expensive apartment house.

Jerry drove into the driveway beside the building and left the car spanning the sidewalk. An attendant took charge of it immediately.

In the lobby, a man in dinner jacket came up when Jerry was checking his coat. He said, "Good evening, Mr. Young."

"Hello, Frank," Jerry said. "This is Miss Jackson."

Frank bowed. "Just dinner tonight?" he asked.

"We've had dinner," Jerry told him. "I just wanted to show Miss Jackson this place. She's our new Attorney General, you know."

Frank looked at him, silenced for a moment as if by surprise. "Yes!" he said finally. "Of course. This is an honor, Miss Jackson."

She and Jerry went down a hall that led directly to the bar. To the left, a wide arch led to three curved steps and the main room of the club. The dance floor was well filled and there wasn't much room between the tables, but the effect was one of spaciousness.

After the captain had settled them at a table and they had ordered, they danced. Melissa was able to look at the room more carefully. She located the door to the kitchen by watching the waiters. Aside from the way she and Jerry had come in, there was no other way out of the big room.

Back at their table, she said, "I had no idea this was going to be so nice. I'm sorry now I didn't dress." She added, "I do feel a little frayed. I'm going to see if I can do something about it."

A FEW minutes later, when she left the powder room, which opened off the hall near the lobby, she went into the bar and walked the length of it. There was no door at the other end. She went back to the hall leading to the lobby. She could see the man Jerry had introduced as Frank talking to a couple of patrons.

She went into the powder room again and sat down in a big chair, breathing hard.

The maid looked at her with concern. "What's the matter, honey?" she said.

Melissa looked at her for a moment of rueful silence. "I'm embarrassed," she said. "I seem to be lost."

"Where you lost from?" The maid seemed to see nothing unusual in the situation.

"Well—" Melissa found this was requiring a little effort. "I've never been here before. The Castaway Club, I mean."

"You mean you're lost *here?*"

Melissa hesitated. But the worst the maid could think, if all this came to nothing, was that she was an idiot.

"I came with a friend," she said. "He's in the Assembly. He brought me here to —to lose a little money, he said." She glanced at the maid. The maid nodded and smiled. "We went in there—*you* know," Melissa said, "and then I came out here and now I can't remember the way back."

"You better hurry," the maid said. "I just got the word they're closin' up. You can go this way." Melissa followed her into an anteroom. There was a door in the wall opposite the door from the powder room. The maid opened it. "They should've sent you this way in the first place," she said.

Melissa gave her a dollar. "Are you sure you won't get into trouble?" she said.

"Don't you worry," the maid said. She laughed. "Everybody knows this place. They got to have secret doors and quick clearin' out and like that once in a while, because folks love a little feelin' of secrecy—that's all."

Melissa stepped into a long hall. It had thick carpet on the floor and tapestry-like curtains covering the walls. Her

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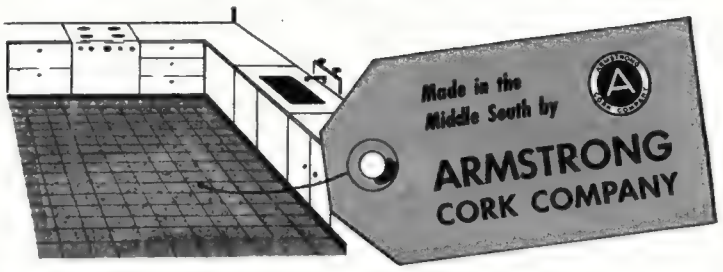

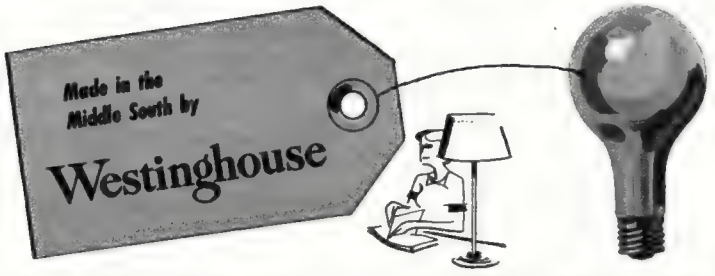

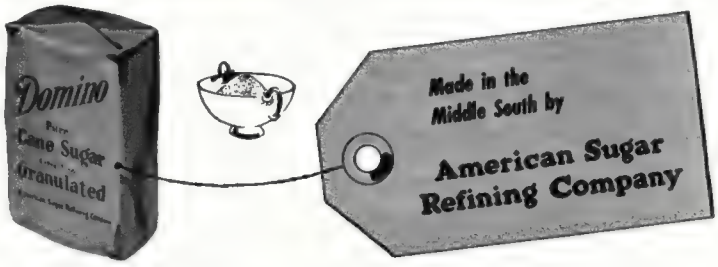

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heart was pounding. Two thirds along the length of the hall she came to a door on her left. It was leather-covered and padded. It opened easily.

The room was large and empty. But it hadn't been empty long. There was the memory of tobacco smoke in the air, the conglomerate scent of many perfumes, the scent of people.

The light was dim, but there was a switch by the door. Melissa flipped it on. The whole room exploded into brilliance.

A door opened suddenly to her right. She had a glimpse of a small office, well furnished; then the man walking toward her said, "Hello. I'm Mr. Carradine. Can I be of any help?"

Melissa felt suddenly foolish. But she smiled. "I must have got mixed up," she said.

"That's easy to do," he said. He was a tall, slightly built man, with an incongruously boyish face. "I'll show you the way back," he said, and opened the door.

He went down the narrow hall with her. He stopped and touched a button under the hangings. There was a click. He pulled the hangings aside in time for her to see a section of the wall slide back.

"Thank you," she said.

He said, "That's all right," and she stepped through the opening into the hall between the lobby and the bar. The wall closed behind her.

She turned toward the lobby. The man, Frank, spoke to her, and she said she was going out for a breath of air.

It was cold outside, a clear, frosty winter night. The sidewalk at the end of the line of cabs was dark. She walked to a point beyond the last cab where the driver of it couldn't see her.

In a moment a truck came out of the driveway. It wasn't a big truck, but it was large enough to hold the collapsible tables and other paraphernalia of a medium-sized gambling room. It turned into the street and set off in the direction away from her.

She got into the last cab. "Just drive straight ahead," she said to the driver. "I'll tell you when to turn."

The truck was traveling only about twenty-five miles an hour. It wasn't hard to keep in sight. When it turned, she waited till the cab came to the same corner, then told her driver to turn, too.

In about five minutes the truck turned into a big all-night garage.

"Go into the garage," Melissa said to her driver.

The driver turned into the wide entrance. Just inside, he stopped. A man was blocking the way.

Another man stepped to the driver's side. "Out!" he said in a low voice.

His hat was pulled low, shading his face. Melissa leaned toward the door. Then she saw the gun in his hand.

The door on her left opened. A man she hadn't seen started to get in. Melissa shrank back, turned toward the other door. That was opening, too. A third man got in. He had a gun in his hand.

It all happened in a matter of seconds. The man who had ousted the driver slid behind the wheel. The cab backed into the street, turned, whined swiftly into high, and took off down the street.

That was when Melissa's mind went instinctively to the only weapon she had. She opened her mouth.

"Don't scream, miss," the man on her right said. "It won't do any good."

She closed her mouth and looked at him. The gun rested easily on his lap, in his right hand.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

No one answered. The cab was going very fast. They were still in the city but getting close to the outskirts.

"You'd be wise to let me out," she said. "Now—before you go any farther."

This didn't bring any answer, either.

"I'm Melissa Jackson," she said. She was about to add that she was Attorney General, but the obvious pointlessness of it silenced her.

Nobody spoke. The cab was on the open road now, doing about sixty. The man on Melissa's left had his right hand in his coat pocket. She couldn't see their faces clearly. Their clothes were unidentifiable.

In ten minutes they were on a deserted stretch of road. They had not passed another car in either direction for five miles. Melissa saw highway signs, but could make out only the highway numbers. Whenever they came to one giving distances to other towns, the man on her right leaned forward so she wouldn't see it.

The cab stopped. The man on her left got out. He took his hand from his pocket. There was a gun in it. "Okay," he said. She didn't move.

Hands grabbed her under the arms, ungentle hands. The man outside reached in for her feet.

"All right," she said, getting out.

"Turn around," the first man said. He pointed with his gun toward the back of the car. Melissa turned. "Start walkin'," he said.

She stood there. There was a chance, a chance in a million, that headlights might appear in either direction in time.

"It's up to you," the first man said. He stepped toward her.

Melissa started walking.

The road stretched before her, dark and straight and empty. She could feel the presence of the man behind her, the presence of his gun. She took ten steps, and they were endless.

The cab door slammed behind her. She whirled. The cab was pulling away. She watched till it vanished over a rise. Then she realized how cold she was. She turned up the collar of her suit jacket, huddling into it, but it didn't help.

Headlights bloomed far away and she heard the shrill sound of a car. The driver had his foot flat on the floor.

When she was in range of the headlights, she stepped to the edge of the road and waved her arms. The shrill sound stopped abruptly. There was the screech of tires as the brakes went on.

Jerry was out of the car almost before it stopped. She heard him call, "Melissa!" Then his arms were tight around her and she clung to him, knowing fully for the first time how terrified she had been.

"Darling—darling—" His voice had terror in it, too. "What in the world happened to you? I was scared to death!"

She didn't say anything. She couldn't.

"Come on; get in the car," he said. "You must be nearly frozen."

The car was warm, and he had her coat. He turned back toward town. The car settled into an easy pace, easy and soothing. He put his arm around her.

"Don't try to tell me now," he said. "I

"Five perfectly good school days in the week—and they have to pick Saturday"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY CORKA

got worried when you didn't come back. Frank said you had gone out for some air. One of the cabbies said you had got in a cab. I thought maybe you'd gone home, for some reason. Just by chance I happened to see your cab drive away from that garage. I got caught in traffic and lost you in town. And I guess I took the wrong road at the Bellfield cut-off. I realized that when I didn't catch you in a couple of miles. I was doing about ninety—"

Melissa didn't say anything until they were almost home. Then she told him what had happened.

"There *is* a gambling casino there, Jerry," she said. "I saw the room. That's why they did what they did. They wanted to scare me off."

"Maybe," Jerry said grimly. "But it was the wrong way to do it, I promise you. Don't think about it now. Just thank heaven you're safe."

She went to bed hurriedly. But when she got there, she couldn't sleep. She wished she were in her bed at home. In her own bed and ten years old again, so she could get up and find her uncle, and climb up on his big lap, and have his arms around her, and cry.

She found she was crying anyway. . . .

The telephone rang next morning while she was eating breakfast. Melissa answered, and a man's voice said, "This is Joshua Pierce." It was a pleasant voice —masculine and strong and controlled. He said, "This is awfully short notice, but I'd be grateful to you if you'd come to dinner tonight. Can you possibly make it?"

Melissa said she could.

"It'll be just the three of us," Pierce said. "I'll ask Jerry to call for you. I wanted to do this a long time ago, because I'm eager to know you, but, well, I guess I've let things pile on me that shouldn't. Am I forgiven?"

Melissa said he was, if there was anything to be forgiven for, and that was the end of the conversation. She saw to it that she was too busy all day to think about the evening to come or the night before. Jerry didn't mention either on their way to Pierce's house.

It was a big white house, set back behind a comfortable lawn and guarded by neat shrubbery and vigilant, broad-trunked trees. Jerry swung into a curving driveway and stopped in front of the Georgian-style front porch.

As they went up the steps the door opened. The man who opened it was a large man, solidly built, with quick eyes. He rather suggested one of the vigilant trees on the lawn.

Jerry said, "Hiya, Al!"

And when Al said, "Mr. Young—" it was, in a way, as incongruous as if one of those trees had spoken. There was something incongruous about all of Al. His mess jacket was the final touch.

"This is Miss Jackson," Jerry said.

Melissa murmured, "How do you do?" and Al bowed gracefully.

"Al," said Jerry, "is one of Lawson City's most important citizens. A good man to know." Al bowed again, took their coats, and went away.

Another man was coming down the hall, hands outstretched.

"Well, isn't this wonderful!" he said. His dark eyes met Melissa's and she had a fleeting sensation of being photographed and tagged. He took both her hands. "My dear," he said, "this is even a greater pleasure than I had imagined, I guess"—and now his smile included Jerry—"even a politician has his day."

They went down the hall.

"I'm always more comfortable in my study," Pierce confided to Melissa. "I reserve the living room for the stuffed shirts, people I *have* to entertain."

His study was not large and not small. The walls were paneled in walnut, broken by bookshelves and photographs—striking photographs of people done skillfully in the candid-portrait manner. "I can't think of you as Miss Jackson," Pierce said to Melissa.

"I hope you won't," Melissa smiled.

"Melissa is just right for you," Pierce said. He looked at her thoughtfully. "Just right," he added.

Melissa sat in a chair by the fireplace. She knew this was an important occasion, perhaps very important, but the crackling fire at her side, the friendliness of the room lulled her, and she realized that she was almost enjoying herself.

Joshua Pierce said musingly, "You know, you *are* just a little bit incredible." He was standing in the middle of the

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room, looking down at her. "You're a picture," he said. "I hadn't expected you to be so—lovely."

Melissa looked at him, smiling. He was a straight, slim man; one would have guessed his age at about fifty, but there was only a hint of gray in his dark-brown hair. He wouldn't have been called handsome, but there was strength in his face that held the attention more than good looks. It was hard to think of him as the evil genius unfriendly legend had painted him.

THEN he said, "You know, I've been thinking all afternoon about Winthrop Jackson. I always wanted him to come up here to the capital, but he never had the time to give us."

"Now we know why," Jerry put in. "He was raising our girl—"

Pierce raised one hand in a half gesture, dismissing the digression. "He just never had time," he said.

Melissa continued to smile, but it was an effort now. "Did you know my uncle?" she said.

"Yes." Pierce nodded, remembering the past. "He was a great man."

Melissa nodded, but her mind was working again. That was Pierce's mistake—those words. Winthrop Jackson wasn't to be dismissed with an easy phrase by someone who hadn't really known him. She was alert now, waiting.

It came after dinner, when they were back in the study for coffee. Pierce sat in a big chair, half facing Melissa.

He said, "I was distressed to hear about your experience last night, my dear." Melissa didn't say anything.

"Do you think it was wise?" he went on. "To take such chances?"

"I'm afraid it wasn't," she said.

"It relieves me to hear you say that," he said. "You know—" he was looking at her now, and his eyes carried the impact she had felt in them at first—"Your future can be just about anything you want to make it." He stopped and exhaled a cloud of smoke from his cigarette slowly toward the ceiling. "We've never had a woman as governor of this state," he said.

"Is it likely that you would?" Melissa said.

"Very likely indeed—now," Pierce said. He looked at her again. "I've followed your career for a long time, Melissa. I know your background thoroughly. You're one of the most amazing natural political personalities I've ever met." His smile came again. "I've met a great many," he added.

"I've never thought of myself just that way," said Melissa.

"You *must* think of yourself that way," Pierce said. "I wonder if you understand exactly why last night upset me so. It wasn't that you tried singlehanded to get evidence of something you thought to be a crime. It was that you failed."

"I can understand that," Melissa agreed slowly.

"One thing the public can never forgive in its servants is failure," Pierce said. "You can take that as a political axiom. You were lucky last night. If the papers had got hold of that story, we'd have had a difficult time keeping them from making you look ridiculous."

"That wouldn't have been much help, would it?" Melissa said.

Pierce leaned forward. "You aren't angry with me for this little lecture?"

"Not at all," Melissa said. "I won't be so foolish again."

"Good!" Pierce stood up. "Just do your own job, and nothing can stop you. I'm convinced of it. That's another good rule to follow. These men"—he gestured at the photographs on the walls—"are some of the greatest names in our state's history. They accomplished what they did by keeping everlastingly at their jobs, by doing their jobs and nothing else. I keep their pictures around me so that I'll never forget that rule."

Melissa stood up too. She understood that the occasion had ended.

"I hope," said Pierce, smiling, "that some day you'll let me take a portrait of you to add to my gallery."

"Good heavens!" Jerry exclaimed. "You didn't take all these yourself?"

"Sure, I did," Pierce smiled.

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" Jerry was impressed. "I've seen these things a hundred times and I never knew that."

"I've been admiring them all evening," Melissa said.

Pierce was pleased. "I used to make quite a thing of it," he said. "Did the whole works myself. These prints are mine. I finally found that I was spending about a third of my time in the darkroom." He sighed. "I don't have time for hobbies any more."

Al brought their coats. Pierce walked out to the front-porch steps with them.

"I don't often have this much fun," he said. "I'm really in your debt." He looked at them musingly a moment. Then he said, "You make a good team, you two." . . .

IN THE car nothing was said for a few moments.

Finally, after what seemed to be a couple of false starts, Jerry said, "I hope you don't think I put him up to that."

"Up to what?" Melissa had been thinking about the night before.

"What he said about us making a good team," Jerry said. "They were almost the same words *I* said that night I drove you home from Amesville. But I never told him about that."

Melissa laughed. "I should hope not."

"He liked you," Jerry said. "I could tell. He thought you were wonderful."

There was another silence. When he spoke again, he kept his eyes determinedly on the street ahead. "You know—" There was hesitation in his voice: "I never expected to say it like this, but—I'm really in love with you."

He looked at her. She met his eyes and smiled. "Are you, Jerry?" she said.

"Yes." He turned his eyes ahead again and nodded. "I am. Don't think you have to say anything," he added quickly. "I just thought you ought to know."

When they got to her apartment house he walked to the door with her. He seemed anxious. "You didn't mind my saying that?" he asked.

She smiled again and shook her head. "How could I mind?" she said. "It's just that it seems as if so much has happened—in such a short time."

"I know." He nodded understandingly. "You'll think about it, though?"

"Yes, Jerry," she said. "I will." . . .

THE phrase "part of a team" kept coming back to her mind; she wondered if that might not be what every woman really wanted to be. But she had no time to think of it in terms of her own life.

The next morning's mail brought two invitations to speak. Both were from women's clubs in Lawson City. She told one of her secretaries to accept both and to find out what they wanted her to speak about.

Then she sent for Hansen. "I haven't had a chance to thank you for the job you did on Borno and Rose," she told him.

"It was a pleasure," Hansen said, and he seemed to mean it.

"We'll see if we can't bring enough pressure for real convictions," Melissa said. "Now, what do you know about Sonny Carradine?"

Hansen blinked. "Carradine?" he said. "Not any more than anybody else, I guess. Is he up to something?"

"He's got a gambling layout at the Castaway Club," Melissa said. "I want you to get some evidence on it."

Hansen looked doubtful. "Okay," he said, "but—"

"Let's dispense with the 'but's,' shall we?" Melissa interrupted. "The evidence is there. I know it's there. And I want it."

"Okay," Hansen said again. He went out. . . .

Melissa's first speech was a week later, before the Women's Civic Club. She had been asked to speak on "The Citizen's Responsibility in Law Enforcement," and it went very well. It was followed by a question-and-answer session.

This was no repetition of Mrs. Gaylord's innocuous "press conference" at Amesville. These ladies knew what they were talking about and were armed.

The first one to stand up said, "Miss Jackson, I know you've studied, as we have, the report of the Senate's committee on organized crime. Lawson City wasn't included, although we have a large gambling element here. It must control huge sums of money every year. And I'm sure you know that this money is the instrument of the power gamblers hold. Crime of all kinds is on the increase in this state—undercover, but on the increase. We'd like to hear how you propose to stop it."

Melissa's heart sank, but she maintained an outward appearance of poise. "If I gave you a pat answer to that question," she said, "you wouldn't trust me. I wouldn't trust myself. But I can tell you this: Any organized crime in this state is in for a fight. I can't tell you the details now, because I haven't planned them yet myself. But it will be a fight to the death, and organized crime will lose!"

The applause swept up over the stage in a heartening way.

When it receded, Melissa said, "It may dim your enthusiasm somewhat when I tell you that I shall expect help from you ladies."

"What kind of help?" a voice called.

"I'll let you know in plenty of time," Melissa assured it.

It was a successful meeting indeed, and Melissa didn't sleep much that night. Those were big promises. But she needed evidence to fulfill them, and she had no evidence yet.

Hansen reported next morning, and his report added up to exactly nothing at all. "I've tried everything I know," he said, "and, as far as I can see, Carradine's club is on the level."

"All right," Melissa said. "Keep trying."

When Hansen had gone she felt very tired. The maid in the Castaway powder room had told her more than that. But you'd never get the maid to talk in court.

Joshua Pierce called a few minutes later. In person, this time. He seemed in high spirits. "That talk you gave the ladies last night was a corker," he said.

"I'm surprised you heard about it," Melissa said. "It wasn't published."

"There's not a great deal that goes on in these parts," he said, "that I *don't* hear about. It was great stuff. Do all of it you possibly have time for."

Melissa didn't answer. She felt a sinking sensation in the pit of her stomach.

"That isn't what I dropped in to see you about, though," Pierce said. "I wanted to ask you to save the state some money. You've got a chance to do it. In that suit we're defending against the Peerless Cab Company."

Melissa made a wry face. "I'd like to sue the Peerless Cab Company myself," she said. "It was in one of their cabs that my little misadventure took place the other night." Pierce ignored that.

"I've just been talking to Judge Brownall," he said. "He's got the case. He says we haven't got a chance in the world to win. They want a hundred and fifty thousand, but he thinks it's an even bet they'd settle for an even hundred. If we approached them right."

"Wetherton's handling the case," Melissa said. "I'll talk to him."

"Good!" Pierce approved. "I hope," he added tactfully, "you'll see your way clear to do it. Without too much publicity, you know."

Melissa sat tight-lipped at her desk for a few moments after he had gone. Then she sent for Wetherton. He was the youngest of her deputies, just three years beyond his bar exams.

"*I* don't see how we can win," he said. "They've got an airtight case, and we've got nothing. The Highway Department had an excavation about four miles out north on the state road. A cab ran into it one night. One passenger. He got shaken up. Peerless was insured for that, but the driver was hurt, too, and the company maintains its reputation suffered. There was no guard around the excavation and no light."

"You talked to the workmen who made the excavation, I suppose?" Melissa said.

"There was just one," Wetherton told her. "He went back home to Italy. One week after the accident."

"What about the passenger?"

"Internal injuries. Lost six weeks from work."

"Which was what?"

Wetherton shrugged. "He's supposed to run a newsstand. I think he's a runner for one of the policy rackets, myself. He was a tough witness. Their lawyer was all over him every time I asked a question, protecting him. I got a continuance till next month to see if I could dig up anything, but there's nothing."

"Get me a copy of the transcript so far," Melissa said. "Maybe I'll have an idea."

The transcript was disheartening. The state had nothing to fight with. The case had been dragging on for eight months already. It would be futile to try to learn anything from the scene of the accident at this late date.

And the only witness who might have been broken down in court had gone back to Italy.

She thought about it a long time, then she called Pierce on her private line. "I've been looking over the Peerless case," she told him. "I think we should settle."

"Good girl!" Pierce's voice applauded her. "Don't you call the man for the cab company, though," he said. "He ought

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BACK UP! WHOA! PUT IT DOWN! GET AWAY, HERBERT··· LOOK OUT! DON'T MOVE!
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to come to you. I'll see that he does."

Three days after that, Melissa came to her office, to find an envelope on her desk marked "Personal" and "Confidential." Inside was a clipping from the *Amesville Dispatch's* editorial page.

"The Attorney General," it began, "yesterday settled out of court a suit the Peerless Cab Company of Lawson City had brought against the state. For cold, blatant political cynicism, it would be difficult to find anything to exceed this. The case was settled for a hundred thousand dollars, fifty thousand less than the damages asked for. The sum can be chalked up as a gift from the taxpayers to the Peerless Cab Company. What makes the whole thing almost incredible is the insolent parallel with another case settled out of court eight years ago. That suit was brought by the Peerless Cab Company, also. And the sum settled for was a hundred thousand dollars. They don't even bother to vary the amount."

At the bottom of the editorial, in pencil, was the signature, "Fowler."

MELISSA crumpled the piece of paper angrily in her hand. She tried to remind herself that Pete didn't know the details of the case, that he couldn't know that she had no choice, that to fight a case that couldn't have been won would have cost the state a lot more than the hundred thousand.

She smoothed the editorial out again and sat looking at it thoughtfully. Finally, she tore it into small pieces.

She got up and went over to the Hall of Records. She asked for, and received, the original articles of incorporation of the Peerless Cab Company. They had been drawn up ten years ago.

The name of the President seemed to leap from the page at her:

CHARLES F. CARRADINE

Well, there it was. Pete had been right. Never again could she say, even to herself, that Pierce was just a political boss, unconnected with organized crime. But she still had no evidence she could give to a Grand Jury.

Back in her office, she thought about Winthrop Jackson, remembering his words: "—they'd take me apart and try to put me together again all wrong. It wouldn't work."

Winthrop Jackson had known his own strength and limitations. Maybe that knowledge about oneself was the essence of wisdom.

Then she remembered something else. "There's a time in every fight," he used to tell her in his deep, gentle voice, "when everything is wrong, when the only thing in the world you're sure of is that you can't win. That's the time to keep swinging. Sooner or later, something'll turn up you can land a punch on."

She drove herself back to the routine of her job, but part of her mind never left that problem of something connected with Pierce to land a punch on.

The following Sunday, Jerry called to ask her if she would go for a drive with him. It was like a heaven-sent deliverance from her own thoughts. There was something almost miraculous about the way Jerry kept coming to the rescue. It was early February now, one of those deceptively warm days that sometimes come far ahead of the real spring.

Jerry drove out through the broad, tree-lined streets of the North Side to where a road curved up a hill and the houses were less frequent. At the top, he eased the car over to the curb. "Let's get out a minute," he said. "I want to show you something."

He took her to a vacant half-acre at the very summit. Below them was the city and, beyond it, rolling farmland. "What do you think of it?" Jerry asked.

"I've never been up here before," Melissa said. "It's beautiful."

"I bought it," he said.

"This?" She looked at him, her eyes wide in astonishment. He nodded, pleased with the effect he had made. "Why, Jerry—" That was all she could say.

"I'm going to build a house on it," he said. "It's what I always wanted, I guess, but I never knew that myself, until the other night."

HE SHOWED her exactly where he planned to have the house. "It'll face out over the city," he said, pointing. "I want it to be big enough—" He broke off. "Do you like that Georgian type of thing Josh has," he asked, "or something informal and rambling?"

"I like the rambling kind," she said.

"Me too," he nodded promptly. "Do you play tennis?"

"When I have time for it," she said.

"I thought we'd have a tennis court back there, away from the wind." He gestured toward the rear of the lot. "There'd still be room for a swimming pool later, if it seems like a good idea."

"It sounds wonderful," Melissa said. "I didn't know you were a millionaire."

Jerry grinned. "Well," he said, "it's not supposed to be known yet, but Josh wouldn't mind my telling you. I'll be through with the Assembly next year. I'm moving up."

Melissa thought how far up a man would have to move to afford a house like the one Jerry was planning.

"Jerry," she said slowly, "do you think it's the best thing—going along with Pierce?"

"Josh gave me my start," Jerry said. "I owe him a great deal."

"Don't you think you might get to owe him too much?"

"You mean Josh Pierce owns me, don't you?" Jerry said slowly.

"No," she said. "I mean I'm afraid he might if you're not careful."

"You've got the wrong idea," Jerry said. "A lot of people have. Josh is all right. He's a practical politician. That's what this country grew on—practical politics."

"Well, partially—" Melissa said.

"He gives the people their money's worth," Jerry went on. "It's in the record. Better roads, better schools all over the state. If we help him do it, why shouldn't we be rewarded?"

Melissa drew her coat closer around her. A breeze had sprung up. There was a chill in it. . . .

At eleven, Monday morning, Pierce called on her private line. "Going to be in your office a while?" he asked. She said she would be. "In ten minutes," he said, "take a look out of the window behind your desk."

Melissa glanced at her clock as she hung up. After nine minutes she got up and went to the window.

"You do so let go of my hand every time she appears on the screen!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY CHARLES D. PEARSON

Exactly sixty seconds later, a shiny black convertible drew up in the street just below. The top was down, revealing dark-red upholstery. Pierce got out from behind the wheel, glanced up toward her window, and disappeared into the building.

She was at her desk again by the time he came into the office.

"Did you see it?" he asked.

She nodded. "Is it yours?"

"It's yours," he said. He smiled. "That is, I hope it will be," he added.

"It's for me?" There was astonishment in her voice, but she wasn't really surprised. Pierce nodded. "Thank you," she said, "but I couldn't accept—"

"Who said anything about accepting?" he interrupted. "I'm trying to *sell* it to you."

"Oh," she said, and was silent.

"I saw it downtown a half-hour ago," he said. "A friend of mine runs an agency. Some tycoon ordered that job and then didn't take delivery. It's got everything but hot and cold running water." He grinned. "And they can no doubt be installed at a slight additional charge. How am I doing as a car salesman?" he asked.

"You're doing very well." She made herself smile. "What makes you think I can afford a creation like that?" she said.

"Easy payments," he said. "Nothing down, and the balance spread over three years. I've got it all arranged."

"How much does it cost?" she asked.

"Thirty-five hundred," he said. "That includes fifteen gallons of gas now in the tank." He took papers from his pocket, spread them out before her. "The dotted line," he said, pointing, "is right here."

The papers were an application for a loan from the Lawson City Finance Company.

"These people are friends of mine," Pierce told her. He produced an envelope, from which he drew a neat packet of new bills. He put them on the desk, too. "They gave me the money to bring along just on my say-so," he said.

It was so obvious that Melissa was embarrassed. She kept her eyes on the application. She shook her head slightly.

"There's nothing in the world to worry about," Pierce said. "If anything happens, and you can't meet a payment now and then, I can fix that up, too."

This was getting more and more blatant. And yet, an instinct told her to go along with Pierce now. Stay with him. Stall for time. There was no other hope of ever finding what she wanted. She reached for her pen.

"While you're about it," Pierce said, "you'd better give me a receipt. So they won't think I've absconded with the money."

He had that prepared too: "Received from Joshua Pierce—$3,500," and the date. It took an effort to keep her hand steady as she signed. Her same instinct told her she ought to show more interest.

"I'm overcome," she said. She looked up and smiled. "I wasn't prepared for anything quite this exciting."

Pierce liked this awakening of enthusiasm. He put the receipt in his wallet.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I hope you don't pay this money back at

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all." His manner was suddenly different, still pleasant, but she was to have no more choices now about anything. "I hope," he went on, "that it will turn out to be a wedding present. Maybe Jerry's new house will, too."

He put the keys to the car on her desk and went out.

Melissa looked at the money, not touching it yet. This was it, the pay-off for her "co-operation" in settling with Peerless Cab. She could feel the trap closing around her, a trap of cobwebs, invisible, slimy, with a crawling life of their own.

Revulsion swept over her, and she tried desperately to picture what Pierce was doing at that instant, where he was going to put her receipt so he could always find it to use to hold her in line. She concentrated painfully, trying by sheer logic to reach an answer.

But she ended nowhere.

Finally, she went over to the Hall of Records again, and looked up the Lawson City Finance Company. It had begun operations twelve years before, and the lawyer who had drawn up the articles of incorporation was Joshua Pierce.

He was one of the original directors, too. The other officers were names she didn't recognize. Probably they were honest men, innocent fronts for dishonesty they never suspected. She couldn't remember that anybody, not even Pete Fowler, had ever said anything bad about the Lawson City Finance Company.

She spent the rest of that day and all the next grubbing through records. She found mortgages held by the Finance Company on property owned by public officials. She traced one involved transaction in which the Company bought a piece of land from Charles F. Carradine for $20,000 (she looked up the assessed value at the time: $2,500) and sold it to the state a month later for $50,000.

She knew a further search would reveal more of the same, but the picture was coming into focus. A finance company, dishonestly handled, provides a perfect instrument for pay-offs. Men in the public eye "borrow" the money they want. The gamblers and racketeers put money into the company through the back door so these "loans" can be marked paid, and the books are all in order.

She could get enough to start an investigation, but it would fizzle without Pierce's records. No one would talk. Potential witnesses, the only ones who could give the real facts, knew he had the records, and their very existence enforced silence. She could cut away some of the tangle of corruption perhaps, but the records were the roots. She always came back to the same dead end. . . .

Mrs. Knowlton had strong views about the car. "It was a very foolish thing to do," she said severely. "They've got you now. You're branded like all the rest."

"I'll meet the payments," Melissa said.

It was at breakfast, and Mrs. Knowlton set a cup of coffee on the table with an air of disdain.

"Don't you suppose others have thought of that?" she said. "They'll destroy the checks you send them and say they never got them at all," Mrs. Knowlton said.

"I'll have the checks photostated," Melissa said. "I'll have witnesses—"

"Witnesses!" Mrs. Knowlton's disdain increased. "Who can you trust around here?"

"All right," Melissa said stubbornly, "I'll send bank drafts. The bank'll keep records of them."

"They'll wait till the bank clears its records out," Mrs. Knowlton said. "Banks haven't room to keep those things forever."

"They have, these days," Melissa told her. "They put 'em on microfilm."

"Just the same—" Mrs. Knowlton stopped abruptly as Melissa's chair overturned. "What on earth!" she exclaimed. "Where are you going?"

"Out!" Melissa called back, running for the door. . . .

She opened the door marked Editor without knocking. Pete Fowler was staring at a blank sheet of paper in his typewriter. He looked around, stood up.

"Would you like to *do* something?" Melissa demanded. "Or do you just want to stay behind that desk all the time writing those editorials?"

He came around toward her. She took an involuntary step back, but he stopped. "I'm not behind my desk now," he said.

"I came to you," she said, "because there's no one else I can trust."

"Trust with what?"

"I think I've figured out where Pierce keeps his records."

"Where?" he said.

"On him."

"You mean in his pockets?" She nodded. Pete shook his head. "He couldn't," he said. "There'd be too many. He must have a bale of them."

"Microfilm," said Melissa.

"Micro—" Pete stopped dead. "Microfilm!" he exclaimed softly.

"He could carry all the records he's got in a couple of tubes no bigger than a pack of cigarettes."

"Yes." Pete looked at her, suddenly beaming. "Of course he could!"

"Pierce has always been an amateur photographer," she said. "Not everyone knows that. Still"—she frowned—"you'd think somebody would have thought of microfilm before."

"It's too obvious." Pete brushed the objection aside. "I've practically got brain fever trying to figure out where he keeps the stuff, and *I* never thought of it. It can't be anything *but* microfilm."

Melissa told him what she had found in the Hall of Records about the Lawson City Finance Company.

Pete nodded. "It'll make a lovely story—" he said thoughtfully.

"*If* it's microfilm," said Melissa. "And *if* someone could get it."

"Let me think about it," Pete said. "You go back to Lawson City. I'll call you." . . .

He called her the next night, at nine-thirty. "I want to talk to you," he said. "I'm at the corner of Dover and Ridge. Can you come out here right away? I've got my car."

Melissa got out of the cab twenty minutes later. The corner of Dover and Ridge was on the North Side, only vaguely familiar to her. But she did recognize Pete's old sedan.

Pete wasn't in it. The motor was running. She got in. Pete didn't appear. She didn't recognize the house the car was parked in front of. Then she saw a slip of paper on the driver's seat. She held it out where she could read it by the faint glow of a distant street lamp. It said, in heavy black pencil, "If I'm not here in fifteen minutes, don't wait."

She put the paper back on the seat. In a few minutes she heard feet running along the sidewalk. She turned. A tall figure was running hard under the shadows. Instinctively, she slid behind the wheel. An instant later Pete scrambled in. "Step on it!" he said tersely.

She put the car in gear and pulled away from the curb.

"Quick!" Pete exclaimed, as he cramped himself on the floor of the car.

Melissa settled into a conservative twenty miles an hour.

"Step on it, I tell you!" Pete said.

In the rear-view mirror Melissa saw lights wing out of a driveway behind them. Still at twenty miles an hour, she bore slowly toward the center of the street. She put out her left arm, flailing it up and down—an unmistakably feminine arm. Tires protested behind them; a horn blasted profanely at all women drivers. The car slewed around to their right and roared on.

Pete got up and stuck out his hand. In it were three small metal cylinders.

"You got them!" Melissa realized why the neighborhood had been familiar. "That was Pierce's street!"

"He had them in a money belt under his shirt," he said. "Probably even wore 'em to bed."

Melissa looked at him quickly. "He didn't just give them to you."

Pete shook his head. "I slugged him." He smiled a smile of blissful reminiscence. "I've been wanting to do that for years."

"What about the bodyguard—Al?"

"That was Al in the car behind us. I slammed the study door in his face and turned the key. He was breaking the lock when I left, through the windows." He chuckled. "Pierce thought I wanted to interview him." He looked at the three cylinders. "I'm holding the whole front page open for this story," he said. "We haven't much time. Want me to drive?"

"I'll drive," Melissa said. "How did you know I'd be there in time?"

"I waited till I saw your cab drive up before I went in," Pete said.

They drove for a moment in silence.

Pete said, "About this Jerry Young. Are you going to marry him?"

Melissa didn't answer right away. Then she said, "No."

"You don't sound so sure of it," Pete commented.

"I am sure of it," she returned with

asperity. She went on more calmly, "We don't look at things the same way. I thought we did, but I was wrong. I've been thinking," she said. "Jerry must have tipped off that man in the lobby when he introduced me. He made such a point of introducing me as the new Attorney General. That was the signal to clear out the gambling room. They couldn't run the risk of my seeing the equipment, either there or at the garage. It couldn't have been any other way."

"What are you talking about?" Pete demanded.

She told him what had happened at the Castaway Club, and afterward.

Suddenly she realized she felt better than she had in months. It was as if Jerry had vanished, and with him the invisible trap of cobwebs.

At the *Dispatch* building Melissa said, "What about Pierce? If he knows who you are, won't he have his thugs down here to smash your presses?"

Pete shook his head. "He knows he's licked—now," he said. "He won't make it worse by starting a war."

He took the microfilm into the composing room, and came back to the office, where Melissa was waiting.

"This story'll blast Pierce and his whole gang into the next state," he said. "You know, I've been thinking. I'm going to do some organizing, get some really good people lined up for the next election—"

"Would you really do that?" Melissa said.

"I'll get out from behind that desk," Pete nodded, "and stir up some action. We'll have the film duplicated, and I'll take the original up to the Governor tomorrow—"

"Better let me go to the Grand Jury with it," Melissa said.

"No," Pete said. "The Governor's an honest guy. He's just been helpless, that's all, for the same reason everybody else has been. No evidence—"

"But don't you think it's my place—?"

"I do not," Pete broke in. "You've done all an Attorney General could do. We'll let the Governor handle it. Everybody's going to be kicked out—there'll be appointments to be made—it'll take weeks. It'll be an awful mess. There's no point in your being in the middle of it. I don't want you up there in Lawson City anyway. You're too much woman just to sit behind a desk in the State House. I want you with me. Married—"

He stopped short, as if he were hearing his own words for the first time.

"I mean—that is, I—" he faltered. There was terror in his face.

"That's all right," Melissa said.

He walked over to her. She drew in her breath sharply, but she didn't move back. He looked down at her a moment. He put his arms around her, carefully, as if she might break under too rough treatment. Then he kissed her—deliberately, very, very gently.

There was enough time for Melissa to remember with part of her mind the other occasion. Could it be that Pete Fowler was a more varied character than he looked?

She dismissed the question. There would be plenty of time to find out.

THE END ★★

Grudge Game

(*Continued from page* 37)

equipment to stay there, but because he hadn't used that equipment right.

"Did you know him down there?" McGruffey asked.

"I went to New York for the wedding," I said. "Met him then. I never played against him."

"What kind of a guy is he?"

I shrugged. "You don't get to know a guy very well on his wedding day."

I'd thought, that day, that this handsome, fast-talking young guy was, well, sort of a wise guy. For instance, from the minute he found out that I was going to give Louise away at the wedding—our parents are dead—he called me Pop. He had the air of a guy who is sure he's on the threshold of great things, a brash, youthful sort of confidence. It only disappeared when he was talking directly to Louise, and that, to me, was his only saving grace.

The guests at the wedding were a few girls from the office where Louise had worked as a secretary, a few young pro football players, most of whom had been in college when I was big stuff in the pro leagues. They seemed to take Clint's brashness in good part. Perhaps I would have, too, if he'd been in any other business but my own. I'd been through the mill in pro football, all the way, and I just figured he was a little too cocky about his future. No matter how good he was, it couldn't be that much of a sure thing.

Watching him and Louise pressed close together in the crowded little apartment where we had the reception, him wisecracking, gesturing, talking big about the season coming up, I kept thinking that he might be a nice enough guy after someone had cut the legs out from under him a few dozen times. I didn't wish it maliciously, but I was sure he had it coming and that sometime he'd have an awful fall.

I was too right. Much too right. In November he was found at a party in a gambler's hotel apartment when the cops went to bring in this gambler for trying to bribe another football player. As a result, he was suspended from football for life. . . .

McGruffey had found a chair. He was talking. "I'm not trying to be nosy. If you don't want to talk, say so.

"It doesn't mean that much to me," I lied.

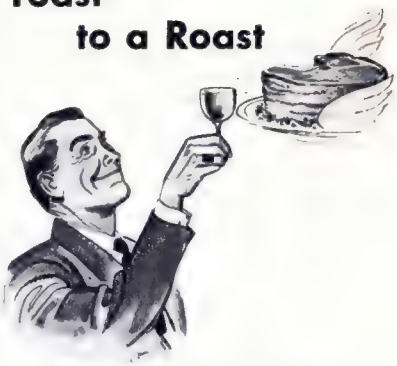
"Then stop walking around."

I stopped walking. I *had* been walking. "Like what?"

"Like the guy in the circus, just before he pokes a lion with a chair."

I went out in the kitchen and started the coffee. I got out the eggs and began

Toast to a Roast



And a toast to the *host* who companions steaks, chops and game with Taylor's New York State Burgundy. Dry and crisp, the mellow maturity, the clear tang of autumn is in every ruby, regal drop! Take *nothing* less than Taylor's Burgundy (or Claret) wherever fine wines are served or sold. The Taylor Wine Co., Vineyardists and Producers.

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to fry potatoes and put on a pan to heat for the steaks. McGruffey came out and started making toast and setting the table. McGruffey wasn't married, either. He lived in a room a couple of blocks away. He always ate with me on game days.

I thought of how it had gone. Louise had phoned me, even before it hit the papers. I could remember that conversation as if I had it engraved on the inside of my helmet. I'd just come home, about six, when the operator called and said New York had been trying to get me. In a few seconds Louise was on the phone. She told me what had happened.

I guess from the standpoint of future relations I got off on the wrong foot right at the start. "Leave the bum and come up here," I said. "I'll get you an apartment. Jobs are easy to find."

I knew from her hard gasp that she thought that had been the wrong thing to say. "Don't you understand?" she said, very calmly now. "It was an accident. That's what I phoned to tell you before you saw the papers. He just met this man in the lobby of the hotel and got asked up for a drink."

"I suppose he says he didn't know this guy was a gambler!" I guess I sounded a little scornful. The guy's name was well known, real poison.

"Yes, he knew him. But—"

"But it was all a coincidence, of course," I sneered.

"Yes! It was!"

"Baloney!" I said. "If he knew the guy was a gambler and still went up to his place, then he got everything that was coming to him. Of course he'll try to tell you he's clean! What else could he say? Don't be a—" I was going to say "dumb fool" but she hung up on me.

I hadn't heard from her since. I hadn't changed my mind, either. I had to be right. All logic said I was right. If I had a few pangs about how I flew off the handle, knowing she was as stubborn as me and would fly right back at me, I put them down. But I couldn't put down the other thoughts I'd had.

Everybody knows what happens to an athlete with that mark on him. Kids jeer on the street, and the butcher whispers to the next customer when the guy's wife is still only halfway out of the door. I've never been the lovey-dovey kind of brother, but I didn't want her to suffer just for some stupid idea of loyalty to a guy like that. I wrote a lot of that in a letter. She didn't even answer. At Christmas I sent her a check and told her to use it for train fare up here; the offer was still open. It came back with a scrawl across it in a man's hand: "I'll look after my own wife."

I told McGruffey some of it. "After that," I said, "I just let it slide. I figured if she wanted to be noble, okay. He'd make a mistake again sometime, and she'd see I was right."

After a while he said, "But he hasn't made a mistake and you haven't heard from her since."

"That's right." I felt suddenly angry as I said it. I've been alone a lot in my life—lots of friends, but no family except Louise. We were in our teens when Mother and Dad died.

"Your sister must be gone on the guy to stick with him," McGruffey said. "Ever think that maybe she'll really hate your guts if you work him over?"

I flipped the steaks abruptly in the red-hot frying pan and wheeled around and swore. "The guy deserves to be paid off! Look; he gets caught with a gambler. He gets suspended, and he deserves it. My sister gets dragged into it because she's his wife, and for that he deserves to lose her. But what happens? She sticks with him, and then he gets a job playing up here, probably for as much dough as he ever got down there. So I say the guy has never been paid off. And because he got my kid sister mixed up in it I'm going to see that he gets paid off. Now. Today."

He looked at me. "You're too much of a loner, Junior. You'd be better off with a sister close to you, instead of farther away."

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" I said.

He persisted: "What if he isn't the kind of a guy who gets paid off easily?"

I scoffed at him. "If he had any guts he wouldn't have got into that jam."

When we were having coffee, later, McGruffey said, "Too bad you couldn't have gone down there—"

"We were in the Eastern finals."

"I know."

But there was no use me snapping at McGruffey. He was my friend. "I did write to the League and ask for some details, even an opinion on what they thought," I said. "They wrote back and said they thought it was perfectly plain what they thought, or they wouldn't have suspended him. That was that."

McGruffey shrugged. We finished the coffee.

I was dressing, about eleven-thirty, when the phone rang in the bedroom.

"Hank?" It was Louise.

I couldn't answer for a few seconds. In those few seconds I forgot everything else, how right I was and how wrong she was, and realized how much I had missed even our casual letters, our casual visits, the comradeship of an adult brother and sister who liked each other.

"Hank?" she asked again.

"Hello, Pally," I said. When we were kids I called her "Pally" and she called me "Brother."

"How are you, Brother?" Her voice was slightly strained. I couldn't know why, but I wondered if this could be the gesture of peace.

"Things are fine with me," I said. "How's Montreal?"

I hoped she'd say it was bad, that I'd been right, that she wanted to quit him now. But she said, "It seems nice. We got a nice apartment."

No break yet. But I knew we were sparring. I could keep it up for a while. I wondered how long she could.

"The reporters met the team at the train last night, when we got in," she said. "They said how well liked you are around here. They said you're working here steadily in the off-season. An assistant sales manager, they said—"

"Fire extinguishers," I said. McGruffey came into the bedroom, saw I was still talking, and left again. "A good business."

"There are always fires," she said.

The conversation was running down and I could feel it. There was a silence on the phone, and I had a hopeless feeling, knowing that now there was only a short distance we could go without talking about the big trouble. We both spoke at once.

"Go ahead," she said.

"I was just going to ask if it had been very tough on you, the last year."

"It wasn't too bad."

"I can imagine how it was," I said, feeling the inevitability of what was to come, feeling like a man going down a dark chute. "You can't kid me."

"Well, we got through it." She spoke slowly. "We're making a new start."

I still believed everything I'd said before, every word of it, but suddenly I had a small weakness, a desire for it to be set right. "Louise," I said, "it's been a year. You've been loyal, all a man could hope for and more. But now, a year later, when you've watched him that much more, do you still believe that he was clean in that gambling thing?"

I heard her gasp. Without another word, then, the phone clicked.

I don't know how long I sat and stared at the receiver in my hand. I don't know what I had expected, but I had hoped and finally I had tried, and I'd been rebuffed. I'd forgotten how stubborn and strong-willed she was. I banged my phone back on the cradle and swore the lump out of my throat. I grabbed the sports pages, with Manahan's picture and mine, and threw them across the room. Okay, this was the answer.

McGruffey didn't mention the phone call. On the way up from the east end toward the stadium in his car he looked at me anxiously a couple of times, but we scarcely spoke. We were the first players to get to the park, but the program sellers and the old men with their baskets of bagged peanuts, the sharpies selling club colors, and a few other strays were beginning to gather on the street outside. They knew us. There is a sort of intimacy about football in Canada, because there are less than a dozen first-class clubs in the country and squads are small, seldom more than thirty men. So the football nuts have fewer people to keep track of.

"Hiya, Hank," one of the program boys called to me. "Murder 'em today. Even your brother-in-law."

Especially my brother-in-law, I thought.

Three nice-looking girls on a corner turned to watch us as we went by. I heard them say our names. The gatekeeper spoke to us. We walked under the stands to the edge of the field. The pennants waved bright against the high blue of the sky.

Despite Manahan, and Louise, and the fresh trouble this morning, I felt this game in me then as I always had. There was an old guy named Murphy who coached me when I was a kid and he told me once, "You're big enough and ugly enough to play this game well, but remember that you've only got so many

good sunny Saturday afternoons in your system. Use 'em right." I've always tried to use my Saturdays right. I'd never be quite that pious talking to anybody, but it was good to feel it myself. Maybe that was another reason why what Manahan had done made me feel this way.

I was relaxed now, and the steak and eggs and potatoes and toast and coffee that had been hard to eat, and had been a hard knot in my stomach, no longer bothered me. I thought, maybe this is the way a guy feels when he decides to do a murder; he's tense and nervous to a point, and then he relaxes, so he can do the job right.

WE LEFT the sunlight and I followed McGruffey down the short passage under the stands to the dressing-room. The room smelled clean, as it always did before a game. Old Simon, the trainer, was sitting on the rubbing table reading the morning paper. The water boy was wrapping an old half-gallon vinegar bottle in heavy black tape.

"Hiya, Mr. Fieldman," the boy said. "Hi, Mr. McGruffey."

"Hope you got all the vinegar out of that thing, kid," said McGruffey.

The boy grinned.

"Hey, Hank," the trainer said, "it says in the paper this Clint Manahan is your brother-in-law."

"Yeah."

I took off my jacket and sat on the bench in front of my locker and looked at my watch. Twelve-thirty. Game time at two. Bryan Bourke, the coach, came in. He's a Canadian, but played six years of big-league football in the United States. A lineman, like me. "Hank, how are you, boy?"

"Fine."

"Ever play against this brother-in-law of yours?"

That brother-in-law stuff sure had sunk in. "No," I said.

"Know anything about him?"

"Never saw him play."

The coach looked at me queerly. His eyes always looked small in his red, puffy face. He went into his office. McGruffey sat down on the bench beside me and stretched out his legs. For every game he had to be taped at both knees and one elbow.

"Get undressed and I'll tape ya now, Ted," the trainer called.

"I don't think I'll get taped today," McGruffey said. "I'll confound the enemy by having my joints bend both ways."

"Come on!" the trainer said.

"Just a minute." He started to undress.

While I changed, other players began to arrive, in twos and threes. Ike Poole, our quarterback, came in with the big Negro end, Caddy Heslop. Ike had been a star at Michigan State and Caddy was an old pro from Los Angeles. Granny Fox came in with two other backfielders. He was the best of all our Canadians. Just 20, he could run a hundred yards in ten seconds. He talked loudly and joked and once in a while he shivered. He was often sick before a game. By two o'clock he would jump three feet in the air if you said hello to him.

Gradually, the twenty-eight men who would be dressed checked in. By regulations in the League, to prevent the rich teams from importing too many stars, only eight could be Americans. We had the full quota. I sat quietly, thinking that with our first team we could give anybody in the world a fight, trying to keep my mind away from the noise a phone makes when it is hung up for keeps, trying to keep under control the grinding anger I was carrying into this game.

Granny Fox sat down beside me. "Is Manahan very fast?"

Somebody yelled, "I hear he got a two-year contract at ten G's a year. He must be awful fast."

I hadn't heard that. I got six thousand a year, which was about tops in our club. Ten—that was good.

"We'll stop talking about Manahan right now," Coach Bourke said sharply, coming out of his office. "He's just another football player. He can't be used to our rules yet. He'll have to think about them, once in a while, and that'll slow him up."

"The idea is," said McGruffey, from the rubbing table, "while he's thinking, we knock him on his chuff."

By one-thirty we were all dressed. The rumble in the dressing-room from the crowd overhead was steadily rising. We sat in clean uniforms and listened to the rumble. At halftime we would sit in torn uniforms and sweat and dirt and listen to the coach above the rumble. Only long after the game, when the last strained set of muscles had risen from the rubbing table and the last lean kid had told Simon to hurry with the tape because his girl was waiting, only then would the rumble fade and die. Somewhere in the rumble was my sister. Somewhere under it, in another dressing-room, was her husband. The coach called, "Let's go!"

Granny Fox almost knocked him down getting out of the door and never saw who he'd hit. Bourke grinned after him, shaking his head. McGruffey and I trotted out at the end of the line. There was an expectant roar when we showed on the field.

McGruffey passed the ball out to Ike Poole for kicking practice. I took my turn running down under the punts. Jogging back once, I saw the Panthers come to the field and heard the cheer for them. Manahan ran in an easy lope and passed with a smooth, easy motion and kicked in long spirals. He looked like a sure, relaxed football player.

A FEW minutes before game time I saw Louise. Manahan went to the side lines by the boxes at midfield and she came down to him. I was sure she looked thinner. Her dark hair was cut short and she was wearing a swingy suit and low shoes, but even from this distance she looked to me like a woman, not a girl, a woman who had gone too far in a year toward the place where women go from girlhood. She looked my way only once, a quick glance.

"Hank," Bourke said behind me.

"Yeah?" I watched them part.

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Manahan trotted with the Panthers to the dressing-room for a final word from their coach. We stayed on the field.

"If we win the toss," Bourke said, "let's give them the wind. It isn't strong, and if it rises later we'll have it for the fourth quarter."

"Okay," I said.

Louise walked back to her seat.

Bourke had been talking again. "Sorry, Coach," I said. "I didn't hear you."

He had seen me watching Manahan and Louise. Maybe he guessed. "Don't kill yourself on that guy, Hank," he said.

The Panthers came back on the field and the whistle blew. I trotted to midfield to toss with the Panther captain.

It was Manahan. The referee, between us, held the coin. Manahan met my eyes with a closed-in watchfulness.

"Call," I said.

"Heads." Nothing very cocky about him now.

It was tails. "We'll receive," I said. "You take the wind."

WHEN the ball soared over me from the kick-off Poole made a running catch on the ten and hit the twenty before he ran into the first tacklers. Granny Fox was coming up hard behind and to the side, and Poole passed back to him. Granny caught it and sprinted across the field at an angle, then reversed his field, but Manahan got him at the forty. The kid double-shifted, but Manahan refused to bite and brought him down.

Ike Poole called a short pass. McGruffey and I piled up the middle of their line. I got through. Caddy Heslop was reaching for the ball, but Manahan leaped to intercept. Just as he got the ball I hit him as hard as I've ever hit a man, slapping at the ball to try and make him fumble, but he held it. Our faces were inches apart on the ground.

I got up fast. As the Panthers went into their huddle McGruffey stood in front of our line looking us over, and then took up his position at center secondary.

I saw Manahan look us over before he went into the huddle, and wondered how well he had taken in the differences between Canadian and American rules. He hadn't had long, but it didn't take long. The three downs, instead of four, to make ten yards made it tougher. But the fact that the backfield could be in motion before the ball was snapped increased deception. The twelfth man on the team, a backfielder, the flying wing, was an extra blocker, and the bigger field, 110 by 65, gave a fast man more room to navigate.

The thing that would bother him most, because it was hard for us all to remember, was that in Canada a lineman could block ten yards, and a backfielder only one yard, past the line of scrimmage; and on kickoffs only back to the point of kickoff. For Americans these blocking rules always seemed the toughest of all.

Manahan ran from the huddle to crouch behind the center. He took the handout and faded, and McGruffey yelled "Pass!" I smashed through the line and half missed a block and got Manahan from behind. He was relaxed, looking for a receiver, and he went down hard under me but held the ball. I got up fast again and ran back into position, and Poole and McGruffey yelled at me, grinning. I looked at the markers. They'd lost seven yards on that play, and now the Panthers were swearing at one another for letting me through.

"He'll run the end, try to spread us," I told myself. "He'll give the ball to somebody else because I've got him twice and he knows now I'll get him again and again." But he called a quarterback sneak and came straight at the center of our line himself. When I hit him that time I felt good, real good, because I'd hit him hard again, stopped him cold.

When he got up, his fullback spoke to him, and he said so I could hear him, "Yeah, and nobody can hate like a big, dumb lineman."

He got his kick away just as I got through and almost blocked it, and when we lined up away downfield he yelled at the other Panthers, "Can't one of you stop that guy? Just because he's my brother-in-law I don't want to shake hands with him every play."

We huddled. The play was for me to pull out of the line and lead the blocking while Granny Fox ran the wide end to the left. We made seven. I hit Manahan so hard his helmet bounced off, and on the next play McGruffey caught him with a ferocious block. A couple of plays later, when we kicked, McGruffey and I and Caddy Heslop all hit him together before he'd gone five steps after taking the kick on the run. He couldn't keep on getting up forever.

In the first quarter I was either on him or close every time he handled the ball. I was feeling better all the time. My face was bleeding, and one thigh was throbbing from cleats crashing there. My knuckles were bleeding. On our plays I was used a lot on blocking, pulling out of the line as the ball was snapped. Always, when I skirted the end, I was watching for the big, loping figure. Because he was faster than the others and smarter and figured out plays better, almost always he was there and almost always I got him. When I didn't, McGruffey did.

WE BOTH played the full first half without relief. Manahan's team picked him up and my team picked me up, and on both sides of the line men mumbled encouragement to him and to me. I remembered Louise in the stands, fleetingly, wondering if she could see what both teams seem to have realized early, that there were only the two of us out here. I wondered if she realized that here was the old scene, the brother smacking the guy who had hurt his kid sister.

We scored two touchdowns in the first half, and converted them both. In Canada, the touchdown is worth five points, the convert one, so we led them 12–0.

On the last play of the half, from their forty, Manahan called a long pass, and we were expecting it. I clawed my way through the line and he couldn't find a receiver, then he did. His left hand was stretched sideways as he poised for the pass, and I thought he had me beaten. I dived desperately for the tackle. His arm must have been stiff in the instant of passing, because my helmet jolted hard on the outstretched hand and I was down short of my tackle. His pass went into the ground.

When I got up he was walking in quick circles, carrying his arm in a queer, arrested position across his abdomen. I thought I'd broken his hand, but I wasn't happy about it. I didn't want him to have such a good excuse to quit.

At the side lines, as we left the field, I saw Louise come out of the crowd beside him. I was no more than twenty feet from her and she must have known I was there, but she didn't look at me. She walked beside Manahan and held the dirt and sweat and mess of his good arm close against her.

I was the last of our team into the dressing-room. McGruffey was stretched out on the bench, his eyes open but not meeting mine.

The coach said only, "If you keep on that way you'll beat them."

He and Poole, the quarterback, talked in a corner. I took an orange from the tub of halves on the rubbing table. I sucked it, and pictured Louise holding Manahan's arm.

When we went out for the second half the Panthers were already on the field. Their second-string quarterback was out there, conspicuous in his clean uniform. Manahan was late in coming from the dressing-room. His left hand was taped heavily, and he was carrying it in front of him like a man with his arm in a sling, except that he wore no sling.

"What happened to Manahan's hand?" I asked the guy across the line from me. "Broken?"

He just glared at me.

Their second-string quarter had been first-string before Manahan came, but

WHAT PRESIDENT?

Answers to quiz on page 68

1. George Washington
2. William Henry Harrison
3. Theodore Roosevelt (age 42, when inaugurated)
4. Herbert C. Hoover
5. Thomas Jefferson
6. James Monroe ("Monroe Doctrine")
7. Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, William McKinley
8. Andrew Jackson
9. Warren G. Harding (broadcast address on the World Court, June 21, 1923)
10. William Howard Taft
11. Abraham Lincoln
12. Herbert C. Hoover (Iowa) or Harry S. Truman (Missouri)
13. Franklin D. Roosevelt (he vetoed 631 bills)
14. Calvin Coolidge
15. Ulysses S. Grant
16. Andrew Johnson
17. Woodrow Wilson
18. John Adams (2nd President), father of John Quincy Adams (6th President)
19. Grover Cleveland
20. Harry S. Truman

the Panthers had used the single-wing last year and this was this boy's first year working from the T. The intricate timing of the T, with the quarter handling the ball on every play, needs a sure hand. This kid didn't have it. It was like playing against another team. On the second play after the kickoff the kid fumbled on a hand-off. Heslop dove on it for us, and in three plays we had our third touchdown. Poole converted. 18–0.

Then Manahan came back into the game. "Good," I thought. "It's not broken. He's back."

The Panthers, surprised, grouped around him, looking at his hand, asking questions. Then they got down, and for the first time in the game they outcharged our line. Their fullback crashed through for seven, and McGruffey and I were at the bottom of the pile-up.

"Charge your batteries, Junior," he said. "There's your playmate again."

Manahan handled the ball with his one good hand, and the timing in their backfield was back again. A fast man took a flat lateral, made a first down around the right end. And I didn't get through their line. They'd shifted old Rosy Bernstein from the other side of the line to face me, and as he rolled off me he growled, "If you go for the kid's broken hand I'll kick your face in."

It *was* broken!

I SAID nothing. On the next play I charged past Bernstein into their backfield, but Manahan had failed to find a receiver and he was running with the ball, holding it out from his side in his right hand, pulling away from me easily. He made twenty yards on that play, and when he was brought down, the other Panthers helped him to his feet as if he were made of glass.

"You got one football player with guts in your family, anyway, Fieldman," Bernstein said across the line when we lined up. "And guts is better than a grudge any time, when you're making up a football player."

I almost got through the line on the next play, but Bernstein grabbed my foot and the officials didn't see it. Manahan made a good pass. On the next play, the last in the third quarter, they scored their first touchdown, on another pass. Manahan converted. That made it 18–6.

I crouched at the line and listened to Rosy Bernstein revile me. I tried to find my steam again, but it wouldn't come. I turned to McGruffey after one play and gasped, "I'm lousy!" And he reeled past me on his flat feet and said, "Junior, you couldn't keep that up forever. Even if you wanted to."

The words stuck with me. "Even if I wanted to—" What's he mean? I got down and drove for Manahan, and failed. We were no longer the only two players on the field. There were eleven other players with him on the other side of the line, and he was playing with a broken hand. And because he used it and got paler and paler, and because he wouldn't stay on the bench and watch somebody louse up the position he could play so well, the other eleven were playing the game of their lives.

They beat us slowly back. In the first

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Great Britain.....83% voted (1951)

Sweden.....80% voted (1950)

Western Germany....75% voted (1949)

Canada.....74% voted (1949)

Israel.....72% voted (1951)

United States.....51% voted (1948)

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halt they'd been a half-step behind us on every play, and now they were a half-step ahead and it was enough. Midway in the fourth quarter they scored again and converted. 18–12. I was glad now that we had the wind, because it was stronger now and it helped. They were one touchdown away.

With less than two minutes to go in the fourth quarter, Manahan threw a forty-yard pass, and their end outjumped Granny Fox for it and was down on our four-yard line. Granny was knocked out making the tackle. Time was called. Our trainer ran onto the field.

"Quit stalling, you bums!" Rosy Bernstein yelled. "We got you!"

MANAHAN lay flat on his back in the sun, with his hurt left hand across his stomach and told their water boy to pour water on his face. I flopped down, and I could hear single voices in the crowd. I could see the blue bowl of the sky with the pigeons wheeling in it, and I could see my sister holding Manahan's arm. I thought of her sitting up there in the first half watching how I got him, hard, every time he got the ball.

I remembered the time I broke a leg in a game in Green Bay and that Louise cried on the phone when she heard it. I rolled on my side and saw them at their wedding, and I saw them in scenes that I had never seen—in their own apartment, eating breakfast together, reading together in bed, going to shows together, making love. My face was bleeding and my brain was tired, and I thought of the times I had smashed Manahan down today and the times he had got up. I'd broken his hand and he still wouldn't quit, and I thought that if I looked at it fairly, he had used this good, sunny Saturday afternoon as well as I had, and maybe a little better.

And perhaps then I knew where my steam had gone.

Our trainer was still working on Granny, getting breath back into him. I got up and walked slowly over to where Manahan lay. I knelt on the turf beside him. His eyes were closed and his mouth shut tight with pain. The hand that lay across his stomach was badly swollen from the forearm down. The fingers sticking out of the tape looked like wieners tight in their jackets.

"Manahan," I said, "will you tell me straight—am I right or wrong?"

He opened his eyes at my first word and lay motionless and listened.

A few Panther players raised their heads suspiciously, but gradually their heads went down again. I had a pain in my throat again, like when I talked to Louise this morning.

Our eyes met and I dug my fingers into the turf.

"Are you figuring on believing me?" he asked.

I nodded.

"I never had anything from that guy but that one big hello," he said. "I know how bad it looked, but I was never any worse than dumb. Cocky and dumb. I'm as straight a guy as you are." He paused, then said wearily, "And I take it you're an awful straight guy."

I had trouble getting to my feet again. Granny was up, waving his replacement back to the side lines. The referee blew his whistle, and McGruffey stood in front of our line, looking at our defensive setup, and waved one man a few feet this way and another a few feet that way.

I said, "There's nobody going over this line, through me."

McGruffey's dirty face grinned down at me, a question in his eyes. The Panthers came out of their huddle to the ball, four yards from a touchdown.

Bernstein knelt on the turf. "Touchdown and convert to tie it up," he said hoarsely. Maybe he thought he was giving them the old pep talk, but his voice was so tired I could hardly hear him. "Murder 'em, Clint, boy," he said.

On the first play, Manahan took the snap and stepped back, and handed off to a man driving hard at the line. He hurdled. Ted and I sprang at him in mid-air; the three of us crashed down exactly on the line of scrimmage. On the second play, Manahan passed long and into the flat, and Poole knocked it down. On the third play, last down, Manahan lateraled to start an end run to the wide left. We were sucked over. Manahan skirted the short right end himself and was all alone in the end zone, Heslop trying desperately to get to him, when the man who had gone to the left turned and threw a long pass all the way back across the field. Manahan caught it with both hands for the touchdown. Then he walked in circles again, nursing his bad arm.

18–17. They were one point behind. The clock was seconds from full time, so there was only the one play left in the game, the try for the convert. As we lined up, McGruffey said, "What were you and Manahan talking about?"

"I asked him about that gambling thing. He said he wasn't in it." I kept my eyes down. I could hardly say it, but it felt good when I did. "After what I've done today and what he's done, I believe him."

McGruffey wiped sweat and dirt from his face and said, "A fine, bloody time to decide that."

WE WON 18–17 because I blocked the kick for the extra point. I spread-eagled into the rising ball and crashed into Manahan, and we went to the ground together. McGruffey rolled me over and pumped my legs to get my wind back. Manahan was still down. We helped him up. The crowd swept to the field and engulfed us, and the McGruffey fans pulled him off into the crowd, and right there was a sort of a funny scene.

I suppose it could have been a chance for some real memorable statements, but maybe I am just a big, dumb lineman, after all, and maybe this Manahan isn't so much smarter, even if he works in the backfield. Anyway, when Louise came running through the crowd to where she could see her husband's head above the rest, I was right beside him. She put the back of her hand against her mouth and stared at us, standing there together, and nobody said a thing. I grinned at her and Manahan grinned at her, and she ran to us with tears in her eyes.

THE END★★

They Solved Their In-Law Problem

(*Continued from page* 22)

through an unusual letter that Jane's mother, Mrs. Smith, had written to this magazine in response to a request for information about families who had solved in-law problems. It was the first letter she had ever written to any publication, and she sent it off without telling the rest of the family, not even her husband. Written in a strong hand with blue ink, it read:

"Dear Sir:

"May I please nominate my daughter's family as one which has solved the problem of dependent parents. They insisted that we come to live with them after my husband had to retire, a year ago, due to illness. We have no income at all, because my husband is not old enough for social security, and his illness ate up our savings. We are totally dependent upon them.

"Each of us has a strong personality, and I won't be naïve enough to pretend we don't have problems, because we do. But we try to be intelligent about them and to think with our heads instead of our emotions. It is not always easy, but we try hard, and the results are good. I will say in closing that they all make us feel loved and wanted."

Since the in-law problem is one faced by almost every family at one time or another, I jumped into my car and drove to Tenafly to see Mrs. Smith.

It was early afternoon when I arrived, and I found the elderly lady sitting under a shade tree on the Oliphants' front lawn at 95 Engle Street.

She was watching her newest grandchild, George, splash in a little blue plastic pool.

"I'm very nervous," she confessed, as she arose to greet me. "I've never talked with a reporter before."

Mrs. Smith, I learned, had not told her daughter or son-in-law about the letter she had written until I called to say I was coming to see her. Then she had shown them a copy.

"What did they say?" I asked.

"They were pleased—pleased and surprised. They said they were glad to know that was the way I felt."

Mrs. Smith stood very straight in a simple, blue cotton dress, and she held her gray head with pride. Her face looked tired, with more than a hint of sadness,

but her pale-blue eyes were alert and warm. She came directly to the point:

"Two years ago my husband and I were living in Niles, Michigan. He was a white-collar man, an office manager for a wire-goods company. A year ago he suffered a stroke, which made him a permanent invalid. He is able to be up and around, but little more than that. After the stroke, my daughter came and got us and drove us here from Michigan. We arrived last July. Since my husband can't climb stairs, the first thing we had to do was oust Peter from his downstairs room. You see, there was not enough room for us in the house. That was the first problem. My daughter and son-in-law tried to find a larger house, but couldn't swing it financially."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"We all decided we'd make the present house serve—by building an addition. My son-in-law, Bill, got a loan from the bank, and we all went to work. That is, all except my husband. It took us five months, but we added a living room, a playroom in the basement, two bedrooms, and a bath. My part was to cook the meals and do the dishes. We let out contracts for the rough work, but Bill and Jane put on blue jeans and hung paper, helped lay the floor, shingled the exterior, and did the painting. Amy has a lot of boy-friends from high school, and she asked them over. They were paid a dollar an hour, plus their food. And how those boys could eat!

"We also knocked down the kitchen wall to enlarge that room. For months we lived plaster, breathed plaster, and slept in plaster. But the results were worth it. Would you like to look around?"

As we went through the house, Mrs. Smith was proud of what had been accomplished. The kitchen was large and cheerful, painted blue. This was her bailiwick, and she knew it best. There was a big electric stove, an electric refrigerator (9 cubic feet), and a second-hand electric dishwasher that had been picked up for $50. On the blue formica table-top sat two blueberry pies, just out of the oven.

"Would you like a piece?" she asked.

A few minutes later I had finished two pieces. As far as I was concerned, the mother-in-law problem had been solved. Nevertheless, we continued the tour.

The living room was large, and painted a blue-green. One of the bedrooms was blue. Blue, obviously, was a favorite color in the Oliphant house. The calm, cool tones seemed to contribute to the harmony of the household.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith had their own room—a large one with two beds and a television set. Mr. Smith, whose physical activity is limited to a bit of gentle gardening from time to time, spends long hours watching television. He watched while Mrs. Smith and I talked in the front garden.

It was important, she said, to have enough room so that people were not underfoot all the time. But even more important was to be frank with one another:

"When differences come up, we try not to discuss them in the heat of the mo-

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ment, but talk them over later. We don't bicker. Once you start a cycle of bickering, it's hard to stop." Then she looked at me tentatively as though wondering whether to go on. Finally, she added, "Of course, I have my secret, too."

"Secret?"

"Yes, I haven't even told my daughter about it, but perhaps I *should* mention it. It may help others to solve their problems. I don't know."

I didn't urge her to tell me her secret, and for a while she talked of other things —her life in the Middle West, where she had always lived, the friends she had had to leave behind in Michigan.

Eventually, without urging, she got back to her "secret."

"I write letters!" she explained. "I have a brother-in-law in Michigan. After a bad night sometimes I wake up in the morning unfit to talk to. Then I sit down and write a long letter to him. I get all the meanness out of my system and onto the paper. After I have addressed the envelope, I stamp it but don't seal it. I don't mail it immediately. Instead, I put it in a secret place in my bureau drawer. You know, the other day I looked in that drawer and saw a whole stack of those letters. I've never yet mailed one! And when I read them over, they seem so silly."

As she spoke I noticed she wore no jewelry, real or false, save a slender wedding band. Her hands moved eloquently when she talked, and the band flashed from time to time as the sunlight filtered through the trees.

After a while, Jane drove up in the family sedan. It was Wednesday, and Jane, I learned, always spent most of that day as a voluntary worker in the local hospital.

It seemed incredible to me that Jane—with no servants, with a husband, four children in the house, and a mother and invalid father to look after—should take time out to serve the community, but she made so light of it that we never discussed it again. Perhaps this attitude was one of the things that had helped her solve her in-law problem.

I was not surprised to find Jane wearing blue. She was an attractive woman who looked exactly her age, and she was also the sort of woman you wouldn't want to look a day younger. Pretty, brown-haired, alert, with fair skin and high cheekbones, she had wonderful blue eyes that narrowed to complete slits when she smiled. She smiled often.

"I'm sure you'll want to talk to my daughter alone," said Mrs. Smith and, before we could protest, she had left us.

Jane had her secrets, too. Lots of them. Her emotions, however, did not seem so near the surface as her mother's, but she was equally strong-willed.

"I like my privacy," she confessed. "I've always needed periods of solitude during the day when the reservoirs, so to speak, could be filled up and I could cope with things again. I've found that the secret of all living together is not so much in working *together* as in working *separately*. The great tendency in a situation like this is to say, 'Oh, I'll help you on this and you can help me on that.' That doesn't work. There's always one who does more than the other, and resentment builds up. And so we divided up the work carefully. Mother likes to cook. I don't. She does that, along with the dishes, and I do the cleaning and the basic laundry. We never interfere."

I learned from Jane that the Oliphants and the Smiths got along so well because they had learned to respect each other's little phobias and idiosyncrasies.

"My mother, for example," said Jane, "has never minded if her house was a little cluttered. I like an orderly house. We discussed this frankly, and solved the problem by having our so-called 'public rooms'—the living room, dining room, and kitchen, which we all use—completely in order at all times. In our own bedrooms we maintain whatever kind of order we want. It works out fine."

This division of sovereignty extended even into the garden. Bill likes to garden. So does Mr. Smith. Although other families might have tried to prove their harmony to neighbors or themselves by all working jointly, not so this family. Mr. Smith was assigned the front garden, Bill the back. Each planted exactly what he wanted, weeded when he wanted, and neither would pick a single blossom from the other's territory without permission.

Only when there is not an open discussion about the rights of others, declared Jane, is there any flashing of danger signals.

There was a problem, for example, over the dinner hour.

Bill, worn by the daily stresses of his job as a junior executive in a paper mill supply company, likes to relax with his wife alone over a cocktail or highball when he comes home from work. He talks, she listens, and he unwinds. Sometimes the cocktail hour would be extended to an hour or more, while Mrs. Smith—and the dinner—quietly burned in the kitchen. At such times it seemed to Mrs. Smith that she was in the kitchen all the time, like a hired girl. She resented it. At last, she brought the whole thing to her daughter's and son-in-law's attention.

"Mother certainly was right," said Jane. "Now, Bill and I limit our cocktail period to thirty minutes, which is enough. Then we join Mother, Dad, and the kids for dinner."

The more I talked with this Tenafly household, the more convinced I was that the unspoken password to in-law success is Respect—Respect for each other's privacy, respect for each other's personality, respect for each other's foibles and whims, however curious.

Take the case of the door knockers.

It was Bill who thought up the idea. Everyone's bedroom must be his castle, and no one could intrude without being asked. To this end, he installed a brass knocker on each bedroom door. No one enters without first knocking and asking permission. "It always *is* all right," said Jane, "but we insist on this rule."

The matter of room temperature might easily have been a cause for contention. Older people generally like warmer rooms than young people, and Mr. Smith, with his illness, seemed to feel the cold more than his wife. This problem was solved by a compromise. Mr. Smith has a warm sweater which he dons when the house feels chilly. On the other hand, the Oliphants keep the house a little warmer than they normally would. Everybody is satisfied.

Not all these solutions were worked out overnight, of course, and there were many crises. Some of them I discovered on my first visit. Others I learned about on subsequent visits when I got to know the rest of the family, including:

Bill, the tall, slender, prematurely gray "breadwinner," who worked his way through Yale by slinging hash and working in the university bookstore. He left college in his junior year to take a job in his uncle's paper company in the midst of the depression. He has worked there ever since, commuting to Manhattan daily in a car pool. He thinks that his contribution toward solving the in-law problem has been the least of anybody's. "As I see it," he said, "it was primarily a job of integrating the lives of two women, each of whom had had her own household."

Mr. Smith, now a chronic invalid, but once an active businessman. At the moment, he can do nothing more exciting than baby-sit or watch television.

Amy, whose curly brown hair, widely spaced blue eyes, perfectly arched eyebrows, and glowing skin make her the classic picture of "sweet sixteen." She is far from shy, but there is nothing familiar in her manner. Her maturity and candor are almost frightening.

Alison, tall, slender, and green-eyed, who has an addiction for joke books, which she likes to read aloud. She is bouncing and boisterous in the early teen-age manner, and likes people in every age group. At the moment she wants to be something terribly glamorous, like a model or a movie star.

Peter, a lively, brown-eyed youngster with big ears, a bigger vocabulary, and

Successful Living for the Family

Any one of the millions of American families with in-law problems will find helpful solutions in the story of the Oliphant family, beginning on page 22. This is just one of the many outstanding articles and features appearing from month to month in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE in fulfillment of our announced editorial policy—to be the magazine of, and for, successful living for the American family.

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a yearning to be a baseball player when he grows up.

Jigger, the cat, whom Peter won at a party. Jigger has been a hard-luck cat since maturity, and is the only member of the family who is maladjusted. Given to fighting, rather than talking things over like the rest of the family, he usually emerges from his scraps with infected paws. He has been hospitalized three times, forced to wear aureomycin boots, and subjected to massive doses of penicillin. Each of his illnesses has cost the tight Oliphant budget about $20. "He's a sad sack of a cat," said Bill, "but we have to keep him because we have such a huge investment in him."

I saw the family during picnics, during drives to the Hudson River, during dinners cooked by Mrs. Smith, and at plain, ordinary get-togethers in the living room. Each time, I learned how they'd licked another in-law problem.

One of the most serious had been the matter of parental discipline.

Grandparents, in general, are notorious for spoiling their grandchildren, and the Smiths are no exception. In a household where it was necessary to establish the authority of a new husband—a delicate adjustment at best—Mrs. Smith had a tendency to complicate the machinery by indulging her grandchildren. The youngsters attempted to play one adult off against the other.

Because of Amy's and Alison's friendly natures, the Oliphants' basement playroom is virtually the teen-age center of Tenafly. It is the rule for whoever has used the playroom last to clean it up, putting back the records, taking away the pop bottles, emptying the ash trays, and the like. Once, after entertaining her friends, Alison found that she had so much homework to do, she couldn't conveniently straighten up the room. Her grandmother wanted to do it for her. Jane disagreed. "We have a rule," she said. "Alison must keep to it."

"But why can't she do it tomorrow?" protested the grandmother.

"Yes, why not?" echoed Alison.

Jane looked defeated. She knew her mother had gone through a lot, but she couldn't allow her own authority over her children to be challenged. She looked steadily at her mother, and said, "I think, Alison, you had better clean it up."

Alison did. Mrs. Smith retreated to her room, fumed as she thought it over, but finally realized that Jane was right.

A SIMILAR incident occurred soon after. It was more serious because it touched the older woman's pride more deeply.

Until Mr. Smith became ill, Mrs. Smith had bought her grandchildren any presents she wished and sent them on. But her husband's illness had eaten up all their savings, and by the time they moved into the Oliphants' they had no money at all. Mr. Smith does not get social security benefits until next year. Jane and Bill have taken care of Mr. Smith's doctors'-bills since he has been in Tenafly, and have seen to it that the older couple has had all the necessities. But, beyond that, there has not been much money around. Bill earns a good salary, but it goes rapidly in providing for a household of eight persons, as well as paying alimony to his first wife. It is perhaps natural, however, that Mrs. Smith, not having the financial independence she once had in buying gifts, should smart under her new and forced dependence.

One day last spring Mrs. Smith had a birthday. Some of her friends back in Niles, Michigan, had sent her a check. It so happened that, a few days before this, Amy had mentioned seeing a red skirt downtown that she wanted. It gave Mrs. Smith an idea. She saw the perfect way to spend her birthday check, and told her daughter what she planned to do.

Jane was strongly opposed. "You know you don't have much money to spend," she said, "and you're not supposed to spend it on us."

The grandmother was hurt. She chafed under her dependence more than ever. She retired to her room, "fit to be tied," as she put it. It was her money. She didn't see why she couldn't do with it what she wanted.

In retrospect, she recalls that little incident as the most serious of her entire stay with the Oliphants. That afternoon she wrote an especially long letter to her brother-in-law in Michigan, addressed it, stamped it, and put it in the usual secret place.

What she did not immediately realize

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was that Jane and Bill had set up a certain standard for the children, moneywise. The children were not allowed to go wild in buying things. Amy had mentioned the skirt once before to her mother and had been told it was not in the budget.

The exchange between Jane and her mother that afternoon had made the atmosphere in the house electric. But the next day, when each had had a good night's sleep, Jane went to her mother and said, "Can we talk now?"

"Yes," said the older woman.

"Mother, you know I don't want to hurt you," began Jane, "but Amy doesn't *need* that skirt. She only *wants* it." The two women talked for a half-hour, and emerged with a fresh understanding of the other's point of view. "It made me think things through," said Mrs. Smith to me later. "In the past, I had acted entirely on impulse without thinking too much of the consequences. I think Jane was right."

Every time I was with the Oliphants or the Smiths I was struck by their consideration for other members of the family. Any time anyone entered a room where others were talking—even teenagers—they always asked, "Am I intruding?"

In the matter of entertaining, this sense of consideration helped to solve a problem that has been a source of conflict in many a family. In the Tenafly household no one tries to monopolize or move in on the other's guests.

When visitors arrive, both the Smiths and the Oliphants spend a few minutes with them, or, as Jane puts it, "enough time to be diplomatic." If the visitors are friends of the younger couple, the older ones then retire to their rooms or to their various activities. If the visitors are guests of the older couple, the younger ones do likewise. No one tries to attach himself to any and all visitors.

"It has to be this way," commented Mrs. Smith. "If you don't see the other person's point of view, there's no solution to the problem."

I was interested in the way Jane spoke to her children. She always addressed them as equals, never talking down to them. One evening, when Bill was away on a business trip, we all sat down to dinner. Peter, as is the custom, took his stepfather's place at the head of the table. Jane suggested he ask the blessing, and he did so with the utmost gravity. The Oliphants, incidentally, are Episcopalians; the Smiths, Presbyterians. Both are regular churchgoers. On Sundays, the Oliphants go to the 8 A.M. service. Each member of the family reads a small portion of the Scriptures every morning. In the words of Mrs. Smith: "You can't rub shoulders with the Bible every day without rubbing some good off it."

Living in the shadow of sudden illness has given the children, as well as the adults, a deeper awareness of the complexity of life than perhaps most youngsters have. Since it is important for Mr. Smith to be given a hypodermic when an attack comes on, the whole family, except for Peter and George, of course, has learned how to do this. "One evening," said Jane, "we all sat around giving each other hypos, like dope fiends."

One evening too, an icy, stormy evening last February, when Mr. Smith suffered a heart attack while Bill was away, the family discovered that the oxygen tank, which must always be kept in readiness, had leaked. It was only half full. Jane had to drive to a neighboring town for another. Since oxygen tanks must be transported cautiously and not dropped for fear of exploding, Amy had to go along to keep her feet on the tank and see that it rode steadily. It was a harrowing ride along the icy roads of New Jersey in the middle of the night, but Jane and Amy got back before the half-tank had been used up by Mr. Smith.

The next day, when the doctor arrived, he was pleased to find that Mr. Smith had come out of his attack successfully.

Both the Oliphants and the Smiths feel that they have not only solved the problem of living together, but have actually profited by the arrangement. "As far as we're concerned," said Bill, "it's a permanent arrangement."

The geriatrician who attends Mr. Smith feels that contact with younger, more vital people has been of real benefit to his patient's morale. And Mrs. Smith feels that living with her daughter and son-in-law has given her the strength to cope with her husband's illness. She has also learned the lesson of self-control, something she admits she always lacked before. In fact, Mrs. Smith has learned so much in solving her difficulties that she wishes she could share her knowledge with other people. She hopes they will write her about their problems.

For Jane, the whole thing has meant one thing: a deepened love for her husband. His tact and understanding under all conditions have served to enhance her feeling of admiration for him. And one day, lunching alone with Bill in New York, I learned that he had independently come to exactly the same conclusion about his wife.

As for the children, they seem to have learned consideration for others at an earlier age than most people. Perhaps this accounted for their air of maturity.

In sum, everybody seems to have contributed something and received something in return. But little did I know until the last time I saw the Oliphants that I was to contribute something, too.

Just before I drove back to New York, Jane stood by the side of the car and said, "I'm glad you came to see us. I hadn't thought much about what we've done, but now, in talking about it, I've decided we did a pretty good job, after all. . . . Yes, I'm glad we talked about it. It gives us a sense of satisfaction."

I carried Jane's words all the way back to the city, surprised and pleased that I could have contributed anything to this family. But I also carried back a few other thoughts—and plans. On the way, I stopped off at a hardware store and bought a few brass door knockers.

I have, you see, a few in-law problems myself.

THE END ★★

The Kids Are Campaigning, Too!

(*Continued from page* 31)

and neighbors vote, even if they have to haul them to the polls.

In hundreds of communities all across America—in towns such as Carlsbad, N. Mex.; Owensboro, Ky.; Grand Island, Nebr.; Euclid, Ohio; Troy, Mo.; Lexington, Ky.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Bend, Ore.; and Bloomington, Ill.—teen-agers are plunging into politics. In Leonia, N. J., they did such a slam-bang job of getting out the voters this spring that a faction of old-guard politicians—taken by surprise—howled in protest to the Board of Education. Later, when they got control of their tempers, they admitted the kids had done an excellent job that badly needed doing.

This "youth movement" in politics, which began as a mere trickle, has already reached such proportions that people watching it believe it may have an important effect on getting out the so-called independent vote for years to come.

These kids, however, are not merely getting out the vote. They are becoming better voters for the future, as they, themselves, help make democracy work. When these squadrons of politically conscious youths reach voting age, they are certain to broaden the base of our active citizenry.

To GIVE you an idea what to expect, here are a few of the strategies the kids have used in various local campaigns during the last few months, to warm up for the big push in November:

—In Pittsburgh, Pa., high-school youngsters left cards at the front door of every house in their neighborhood on Election Eve, reminding residents to vote. By taking a before-and-after cross-section survey of 581 homes, they found that 128 people voted this spring who hadn't bothered to vote for years!

—In Monmouth, Ill., before this spring's primary, youngsters passed out hundreds of slips reading: "ARRESTED: Your attention is arrested to remind you to vote." On Election Day they appealed to the voters with sound trucks and sandwich men. Two boys constructed a huge vote-reminding sign and hung it from the courthouse tower. Other students stayed on the phone all day reminding voters that an election was in progress. As a result, Monmouth had the highest primary vote in its history.

—In Oklahoma City, Okla., the youngsters formed a Future Voters of America organization. Its members have been swarming over the city like commandos, getting adults to go to precinct meetings. To build up further interest in the election, they staged mock national conventions, complete with keynote speakers and backstage politicking.

—In Pearl River, N. Y., enterprising youngsters checked high-school records for the names of all alumni who had turned 21 years of age during the past year. Then they called on each of these alumni and reminded them that they now had the privilege of voting—and should do so.

These high-school youngsters, and thousands like them, are working not only to get out a big vote, but also an intelligent vote.

In Marion, Ohio, they interviewed all candidates for local office, got written statements from each, prepared and distributed a booklet describing what each candidate stands for. . . . In Asheville, N. C., they issued a *Handbook for Voters*, packed with information about registration and voting procedures. . . . And in Freeport, Ill., they passed out a pre-election map showing voters where their polling places are located.

All over the country youngsters have also been working hard to get people to register, because, in most states, if you are not registered you cannot vote.

During the Republican and Democratic state conventions in Connecticut this summer, more than 80 high-school students from different towns attended, mingled with the delegates, and learned at firsthand how the processes of democracy operate.

In more than 400 communities from coast to coast, high-school students are learning good citizenship by actually working on community projects.

ONE community where youngsters are doing a particularly spectacular job of plunging into politics is Passaic, N. J. (pop. 58,000), a mill town with a long record of poor voting. All that has been changed since Passaic High School's history students went on the warpath. Right now these supercharged youngsters are busy in every Passaic ward and district.

On Election Day they will work as runners and watchers at the polls for their favorite candidates. Others will go out, knocking again at doors to make sure the residents who said they plan to vote actually do so. If necessary, they will sit with sick relatives so that voters can leave the home. Any local resident who hopes to avoid voting November 4 will have to hide in his cellar or get out of town.

These Passaic youngsters have been rocking the town with their learn-by-doing projects. They are largely credited by townspeople for the fact that Passaic now has a "reform" administration. They have persuaded hundreds of local aliens to study to become U. S. citizens (and voters!). And they have helped make it possible for the city to rebuild "blighted" sections with new homes.

But all these are side efforts. The big aim of the kids themselves is to become better citizens for the future, and it looks as though they will. Delinquency and crime among Passaic's teen-agers has dropped off to the lowest point in ten years. Passaic's youngsters today are proud of their town. As City Commissioner Julius Cinamon says: "They are better-informed than a lot of their elders."

It struck me that Passaic might be a fine place to find out what the teen-age ruckus is all about. So I went there and

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watched politically-minded boys and girls in action.

When I first approached Passaic I was skeptical. I knew kids. I knew they will do *anything* to get out of going to classes. It was only when I discovered that they've been doing all their projects *on their own time* after school hours that my skepticism turned to admiration.

Passaic, I should mention, is highly industrialized. Its population includes many first- and second-generation families from Poland, Russia, Italy, Hungary, Germany, and Ireland. The Erie Railroad runs right through the main street, at grade level.

As I got off that train and walked down Main Avenue to get my bearings I soon came to a sidewalk table decorated with red-white-and-blue bunting. Behind it sat a winsome, wind-blown, dark-haired girl. A slim boy in shirt sleeves who was standing beside her hailed me.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "but have you registered yet?"

I told him I was a stranger but confessed that I hadn't registered in my own Connecticut town. He urged me to do so. We introduced ourselves. His name was Allan Rachles, 18. And the girl was Barbara Krieger, 17. They showed me the mimeographed literature they were passing out. It gave the location of polling places in Passaic and the names of all candidates for local, state, and national office this fall.

"Some of us are working for specific candidates," Allan said. "Several are licking envelopes and passing out handbills for Gordon Canfield. He's our Congressman, a Republican. Others are working for John Winberry, a Democrat, who is running against Canfield."

Barbara pointed far up the street. "There are Laurele Simon and Marty Cohen now, putting up posters for Winberry," she said.

I could vaguely see two youngsters struggling against a breeze to attach a big poster to the side of a building.

ALLAN told me he had wangled tickets from local politicos and had gone to Chicago this last summer to attend the GOP and Democratic National Conventions. What impressed him most, aside from the excitement, was the way some of the bosses seemed to make deals with little regard to the views of rank-and-file voters.

"Most of us kids," Allan said, "are not so much Republican or Democratic as anti-machine. We want to get out the voters. As we see it, politics should be everybody's business, like it is in some New England places where they still have town meetings. A couple years ago we got to talking in history class about all the crookedness of officeholders that was being exposed. Everybody in the papers was moaning about the low state of public morality . . . about youth being corrupted . . . and why didn't somebody do something about it? We talked about it. The trouble, we figured, was that too many people were not doing their jobs as citizens. So here in Passaic we've been giving the citizens a jiggle."

Just then a husky lad in a passing car yelled to Allan, "Think I got a truck! Tell you about it later."

To me Allan explained, "We're trying to borrow a truck. We've lined up a real voting machine we can borrow. We want to put it on exhibit for people to practice on. But we have to figure some way to get it hauled here without paying cartage charges. They're terrific.

"Right now," he went on, "the big thing we're trying to do is get people registered, so they can vote in November. It's amazing the number of people who think they're registered when they're not! We're going from door to door all over town," he said as he checked a schedule on the table. "Some of the girls are working up in the Third Ward, Eighth District, right now. Would you like to watch them?"

I said I would.

He started to tell me how to get there, then interrupted himself: "There's Joanne! She has a car. Maybe she can take you."

STRIDING toward us came Joanne Bizub, a lovely teen-age girl of Austrian ancestry, the daughter of a local undertaker. She said she would be happy to take me.

As we left to find her convertible, Allan called, "We're going to have a good show across the street in half an hour. Try and get back."

Joanne and I cruised up tree-lined streets in the hilly part of Passaic. Soon Joanne said, "There are the Cashells now." Two cute blond girls, obviously twins, were about to go up the walk to the house of a local banker, John F. Sullivan. Joanne said, "Muriel is the one with her hair up. Helen has hers down. They've been working as models."

When Mrs. Sullivan, a trim, attractive woman, came to the door, Muriel said, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Sullivan. We're making a survey and would like to ask you a couple of questions. First, do you plan to vote in the November elections?"

"I certainly do," Mrs. Sullivan replied.

"Next question: Are you sure you are registered?"

"Gee, I'm afraid I'm not. But I'll certainly look into it. Thanks for reminding me!"

When the girls came up to us Muriel said, "Well, that's the twenty-seventh house we've covered today. Fourteen of 'em still hadn't registered."

As we rode back toward the center of town, Joanne explained what the "big show" Allan referred to was all about: "We've finally got the two top politicians in town to sit down together. It ought to be fun. Herman Schulting is the big Republican wheel and Joe McGuire heads up the Democrats."

She took me to Mr. Schulting's insurance office. Nearly a dozen teen-agers already were there. Mr. Schulting, a vigorous, polished man, was moving chairs around in a back room. Soon an amiable, shy, rather roundish man came in. He was Joe McGuire, by profession a title searcher. Republican Schulting and Democrat McGuire greeted each other like old friends.

Soon they were answering questions

by the youngsters about the local political setup. The kids wanted the straight dope. On the town map the men led the students into each ward and district and good-naturedly argued what the voting trend would be in each. Mr. Schulting conceded that "you fellows" (the Democrats) had the edge for the town as a whole. The answers were as frank as the questions.

Later, Allan said to me, "They've taken us pretty seriously since we pulled our big rally last year."

I asked him what rally he was talking about. Allan looked surprised. He seemed to think *everybody* had heard about the rally they staged just before the big city election a year ago in May.

It seems that 24 candidates were running for the five city-commissioner jobs. In Passaic the commissioners run the city. And, in the view of several citizens' groups, they had been running it badly. There were charges of favoritism and overloaded payrolls. All five incumbents were up for re-election in a contest that looked like a wild free-for-all.

The public was so confused by the multitude of names to choose from that a light vote was forecast. There were not even any party labels to guide the voters. Each man ran under his own name. And if the names are mostly unfamiliar, Passaic politicians have found, the people tend to vote for the names that sound like "their own." Poles vote for Polish names, Lithuanians for Lithuanian, and so on.

The youngsters determined to get out a big vote—and an enlightened vote. The Board of Education endorsed the project. The kids rang doorbells and plastered the town with get-out-and-vote signs. But, most important, they decided to conduct their own nonpartisan rally in the high-school auditorium.

All the candidates were invited to speak. Students went out to extend individual invitations. On the night of the rally 22 candidates showed up. Only two obscure ones were missing. And more than 1,000 curious townspeople turned out to jam the auditorium. It was the biggest rally of the year.

Allan recalled, "The candidates sat up there in a row like a bunch of schoolboys. They didn't dare leave, even though the session lasted three hours."

The students ran the show—and had a whale of a time doing it! They introduced each candidate and let him talk three minutes—while six students who knew shorthand took down every word and promise the candidates uttered. At the end of the three minutes, the students gonged the candidate down and began peppering him with questions. One student—earnest, bespectacled Bill Albert—told me, "Why, some of those men didn't even know how to speak in public. A lot of them obviously were just looking for jobs."

The students were given permission to pick the one candidate they most wanted to win, and to work for him as unpaid volunteers. Several dozen students were soon licking envelopes, passing out literature, hanging posters.

Election Day came—and when the returns from the record-smashing vote were announced, the three top winners were the candidates who had the most high-school volunteers working for them!

Among the incumbents who went down in defeat were the Public Safety Commissioner, the Commissioner of Finance, and the Mayor. The bulk of the old regime was out. . . .

The Passaic High School youngsters use their high-school paper to prod town officials and to print exclusive interviews with political leaders, including Governor Driscoll of New Jersey, California's Governor Earl Warren, and U. S. Senator Robert C. Hendrickson of New Jersey. Year after year their paper, *The Hilltop Star*, has won All-American honors among scholastic publications and has been cited for "its concern for community responsibility." Before every Election Day the *Star* reminds its youngster-readers to be sure that their parents vote!

Each spring the high school, in a fiercely conducted campaign, chooses students to serve in City Hall as "commissioners for the day" while the real commissioners watch. (This year Mike Martini, a solemn lad with a crew cut, got the highest vote and was named "mayor.") They dope out what they are going to do beforehand. But these kids don't need prompting.

This fascination with politics among Passaic's high-school kids is school-wide. The teacher who has done the most to encourage them to plunge into politics is Miss Marian Race, who heads a history department composed of eight teachers. Allan Rachles, one of the editors of the school paper, took me to meet Miss Race, whom he called his favorite teacher.

Her hair is iron-gray and she is plump and past middle age. At first glance she seemed stern. The sternness, it turns out, is just a front. She uses it when greeting strangers or putting the chill on pupils guilty of careless work. Most of the city's commissioners, it turned out, are former pupils of hers.

While we chatted, flying squadrons of breathless youngsters kept coming in to report progress in their "field work." One girl turned over a handful of different campaign buttons she had collected.

"The kids love to bring me stuff. We use it for exhibits in class," Miss Race said. She pointed to piles of sample ballots, posters, and clippings. "Sometimes I feel like the old lady in the shoe who has so much junk she doesn't know what to do." But she added, "We're awfully proud of some of it." She pointed to a large city election map on the wall. "Bob Martini coaxed that out of his dad." Bob's dad is city clerk.

A year or so ago the high school sent Miss Race and some of her students to a meeting in New York of the "Citizenship Education Project" sponsored by Columbia's Teachers College. They were pleased to find that this organization is trying to encourage on a nationwide basis

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LAVORIS
REG U S PAT OFF
MOUTHWASH AND GARGLE
YOUR MOUTH FEELS CLEAN BECAUSE IT IS CLEAN

what they had been doing in Passaic—that is, learning politics by doing.

Columbia has the aid of a $1,400,000 Carnegie Corporation grant in this program. More than 400 U. S. high schools are now turning their kids loose on their hometown politicians. A great many are working on projects designed to bring a record turnout to the polls this fall.

In making their door-to-door campaigns to get out the vote, some of Passaic's students returned to their classes with disturbing reports. In knocking at doors they found that many of the houses in town are occupied by aliens who can't vote even if they want to. Many of these non-voters had been in Passaic 10, 20, and 30 years. This, to the youngsters, was a challenge.

Something ought to be done, the students agreed, to convert these aliens into useful, participating American citizens, and fast! One of Miss Race's assistants, Joseph Marturano, began asking his classes if anyone would like to tutor an alien, after school hours. 140 students raised their hands.

And so the kids were off on another project to build up the voting populace of Passaic. First, they began putting together a booklet which each student would use as his "text" in tutoring, including the facts about U. S. history that immigrants must know in order to become citizens. They translated key parts of the booklet into Russian, Italian, and Polish.

The students all agreed that they wanted to teach the aliens *more* than just the legal requirements for citizenship. They wanted to help them become "American-minded" and get them excited about the possibility of voting. They decided to include in their tutoring material the rights and obligations that go with being an American citizen.

Each student, armed with an introduction, went to a foreign-born individual in his own neighborhood and asked if that person would like to be tutored on becoming an American. A few brushed the kids off. Ann Friedmann reported that the first man she approached, a Hungarian, was insulted by the suggestion. "What can a child teach me?" he snorted. So Ann gave her booklet to the man's 25-year-old daughter, and the daughter agreed to tutor her father. Most of the students, however, have received warm welcomes from the aliens. The tutoring courses usually last about a month.

Barbara Krieger invited me to go with her when she tutored her student couple, Alex and Marta Zmohoe. They are refugees from the Soviet Ukraine, where Alex was a farmer. My visit was an experience that I'm not likely to forget.

THE Zmohoes live on the third floor of a dingy tenement-type house on Washington Place. But their flat was light, clean, and pin-neat. They welcomed us warmly, in broken English. They escaped from the Ukraine in 1943, wandered homeless for several years, and reached Passaic—where Alex works for an electric company.

Barbara started out by reviewing. "What is the capital of New Jersey?" she asked.

"Tron-ton," Mrs. Zmohoe answered.

"Who was Abraham Lincoln?" Barbara asked next.

"Lincoln wonderful man," Mr. Zmohoe answered. "I heard of him—before coming America. He freed slaves."

After classwork was completed they began talking about life in Russia. They got excited, and sometimes both talked at once. Here are snatches I caught:

"Communist people no good. . . . Made voting a joke. . . . Sent many people to Siberia . . . die on snow" (including several members of their own families, I gathered). . . . "No churches in Siberia. . . . We had only small farm. . . . They took everything. . . . No use appeal. . . . Hitler and Stalin, they are two brothers!"

Near the end Mr. Zmohoe said, "I like my work here much—like Passaic—like America! When become citizens—and can vote—will be happiest day my life."

Passaic High School officials are pleased that hundreds of newcomers like the Zmohoes are being helped to become citizens and voters. But what really excites them is that hundreds of their students like Barbara are, by encouraging adults to become voters, becoming better future citizens themselves in the process.

Barbara explained it this way: "Like the Zmohoes, I certainly envy the people who can vote in November. I've learned what a privilege it is to vote, and you can bet I'll be there. No high-school kids are going to have to drag me. I can hardly wait!"

THE END ★★

Loneliest Man in Town!

(*Continued from page* 26)

all the necessary comforts, and also provided a college and post-graduate education for my only child, Billy Jr.

Most important of all, however, is the excitement baseball provides. As an umpire, I've had a raft of thrills watching colorful plays and, remember, I don't have to pay a nickel to get in. From my vantage point in the thick of the action, I saw pitcher Floyd Bevens of the New York Yankees in 1947 come within one out of becoming the only pitcher in history to hurl a no-hit game in a World Series. In the 1941 Series, I was on the field when catcher Mickey Owen dropped a ninth inning third strike, giving the Yankees a life and costing the Brooklyn Dodgers the World Championship.

I got a close-up of the great Babe Ruth smashing three tremendous home-run drives in one game for the Boston Braves just a few days before he quit playing for good. I'll never forget the look on the face of Pittsburgh pitcher Guy Bush when Ruth's third blast cleared the supposedly insurmountable right field wall. It was a look of admiration, not disgust. "And they've been saying no man alive could ever hit a ball clear over that wall," Bush murmured to me. I guess that was the only time in baseball that a home run meant more to the pitcher who served it up than to the man who hit it.

I was umpiring at the Polo Grounds a year ago when the Giants pulled off their "Little Miracle," coming from 13½ games behind to tie for the pennant on the last day of the season. They were behind 4–2 in the odd game of the play-offs, and there were two out and two on when Bobby Thomson came through with a home run and sudden-death victory.

The drama, tension, and thrill of being in the midst of contests such as this have more than made up for the loneliness.

My life in semi-hermitage has been made a lot easier, too, by an understanding wife. Until she suddenly passed away, two years ago, Gertrude Stewart was the most understanding and unselfish helpmeet a man could hope to find. She was my childhood sweetheart and we were married in 1919. In 31 years, she never once complained about my crazy-quilt, gypsy existence. She was a part-time winter widow as well as a spring and summer widow, because I refereed in the Canadian-American and National Hockey Leagues for 10 years.

I was also on the road frequently when I managed the Chicago Black Hawks hockey team from 1937–1939, and led them to a Stanley Cup championship.

She was both mother and father to Billy Jr. the greater part of each year.

Nothing ever seemed to ruffle Gertrude's saintlike calm. When I would come home raging about something that happened on the field, she would quietly permit me to blow my top, then say, "Baseball game's over now, Dad. Let's have dinner." She took Billy to many of the games in Boston and occasionally visited me in out-of-town parks when the boy was in camp. She often sat next to loud-mouths who called me every name in the book, but she never batted an eyelash.

By some fantastic quirk of circumstance, she always seemed to be on hand whenever a really violent rhubarb erupted around me. She was at York, Pennsylvania, one Sunday when some violent fans came very close to actually killing this umpire—yet she got through it without hysterics. At the time I was umpiring in the New York–Pennsylvania League, and that game gave me the worst half-hour in my life.

The storm was generated by an act of interference in the ninth inning of a game between York and Elmira, N. Y. With one out, and the score tied 1–1, the York team got runners on first and third. The next batter hit sharply to the shortstop, who threw to second to start a double play. As the second baseman whirled to throw to first, the York base runner in-

tentionally knocked the ball out of his hands. Chuck Soladare, who was umpiring on bases, signaled that the run was home and the game was over. The players were already trooping off the field when Eddie Eyer, who managed Elmira, collared me behind the plate.

"That was interference at second," he shouted. "That base runner should have been the third out." I knew Dyer was right, but I reminded him of the old baseball rule—one ump doesn't overrule another unless the latter admits he didn't see the play and asks for help. Dyer rushed over to Soladare and got him to admit he hadn't seen the play at second. That put it squarely up to me. I shouted, "Interference," canceled the tie-breaking run, and ordered the players back on the field. Hubie Fitzgerald, the York manager, rushed up to me and whispered, "You were right, Stewie, but what a town to call that in! They've already sent two umpires to the hospital this season."

The tied game dragged on to the 14th inning, and then Elmira pushed across the winning score. Instantly, debris came pouring down on me. Firecrackers exploded. Bottles whizzed past my ears and smashed into the sod. As I hurried toward my dressing room, a husky six-footer pounced on me under the stands. I threw an uppercut at him but he backed away. Then four men pinioned my arms behind me and a fifth kicked me in the groin. A glancing blow with a stone knocked me down and suddenly there seemed to be hundreds of people milling around and shouting, "Kill the bum!"

Fists smashed into my face. One fan grabbed me by the throat and tried to choke me, but I got a hand free and knocked him loose. Another fan took dead aim at my head with a rock. If my boxing training hadn't taught me how to feint my head from side to side, that rock might have finished me off. As it was, it crashed into my shoulder.

I was almost unconscious before my wife could call the police. They finally dispersed the mob with tear gas. The cops, by the way, were York fans to the end. They set off the first blast of gas right in my face! By odd coincidence, Bill Elmslie of the National League executive staff was in the park that day. He promptly wrote the president of the league that he was the proud discoverer of an umpire who had "all the guts in the world." And that's how I got promoted to the big leagues. Whenever I meet a timid umpire who asks me whether it's better at times to take the easy way out, I remind him of that York affair. I could have saved myself a frightful beating that day by not overruling the other umpire. That would have been the easy way out—and no doubt would have kept me in the bush leagues forever.

I certainly don't advocate strong-arm stuff on the diamond, yet every once in a while I find that a punch in the nose is the only way to preserve an umpire's discipline. If I had landed that first uppercut in York, I would have put the ringleader out of commission, and that probably would have kept the rest of the mob off me.

I didn't miss a few years later in a National League game between the St. Louis Cardinals and the Chicago Cubs. An unruly crowd got the game off to a lively start by peppering me with ice-cream boxes and tomatoes. That turned out to be simply a warm-up for the main event. In the eighth inning a Cardinal batter hit into a double-play. As I waved the second runner out, a fan jumped the rail and came running at me, brandishing a beer bottle. He swung the bottle at my head, but missed by a few inches. He started another swing but I lashed out with a left hook that caught him on the chin and knocked him flat. He was out so cold they had to carry him off the field in a stretcher. The players on the field stood in awe. Then Augie Galan, Cub outfielder, ran up to me and said admiringly, "That's the first time I ever saw a guy *bounce!*"

Of course, there was quite a to-do about it. I was called "punch-crazy Stewart," and Sam Breadon, the boss of the Cardinals, protested to Ford Frick, president of the National League. Frick ruled, however, that the fan had no place on the field, that I had acted in self-defense and would be neither fined nor suspended.

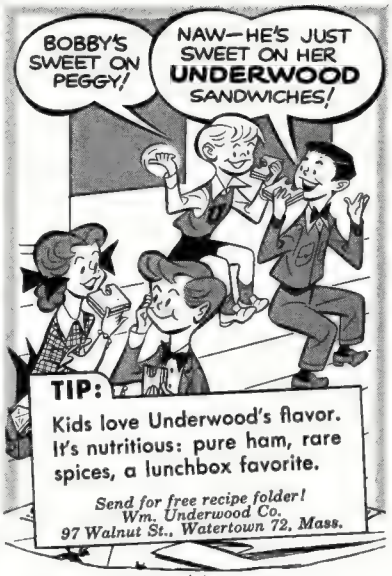
Beyond the technical skills required, the topflight official must have two assets: self-assurance and guts. Fortunately, I have both in quantity. I think the reason I'm so well blessed is that I was born a peewee and never grew taller than 5 feet 5½. Little guys make the best umpires. Don't look at me—look at such standouts as Artie Gore, Jocko Conlan, Babe Pinelli, and Bill Summers. Comparatively, they're all shrimps!

If a little guy has any backbone at all he will develop it early in life, because so many big guys will try to push him around. Once he finds he can handle the big ones, he'll become tough and cocky, the kind who won't take nonsense.

When I first went out for sandlot sports in Boston, I learned boxing and wrestling just to take care of the big fellows who wanted to use me as a doormat. I played football, hockey, and baseball for Roxbury High, won the 135-pound New England wrestling championship, and copped seven gold medals in Boston track meets. I broke into minor-league baseball as a pitcher and moved up to the Chicago White Sox in 1919. Later, I managed Waterbury in the Eastern League.

Does a cocky attitude on the part of an umpire incite brawls? Actually, it works the other way around, in the long run. Augie Galan, who had been something of a trouble-maker before my one-punch knockout blow in St. Louis, treated me with respect thereafter. When he was traded to Brooklyn he prevented a surly rookie from starting what might have been a real rhubarb. I called the rookie out on strikes and he turned on me in a towering rage. The crowd took up the beef, and the rookie made a motion as if to swing at me. Galan ran out and pushed the rookie away. "Better get out of here quick," he shouted. "This little Stewart can kill you!"

I have seen weak-kneed umpires suc-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cumb to pressure and change decisions on judgment plays (something no good ump will ever do), thus marking themselves as patsies always to be picked on.

There are little tricks of the trade which I use to help maintain an air of unbending authority. Before each game, for instance, I make it a point to dust off home plate in a brisk, businesslike way. When I call a third strike on a player to end an inning, I immediately walk away from the plate to get more balls from the bat boy. When a player or manager vehemently protests a decision on the bases, I turn my back and stalk off along the foul line so he can see he's just wasting breath.

Most players who beef about umpires' calls are "Alibi Ikes." They try to justify their own lack of ability by screaming at the man in blue and posing as innocent martyrs. The men we call the "real pros"—the Stan Musials, Enos Slaughters, and Ralph Kiners—don't argue. They're too busy playing ball.

If a player makes what he feels is a sincere protest, I don't discipline him, even if I know he's in the wrong. Generally, I thumb players or managers out of a game for one of four reasons:

(1) Using profanity which can be heard by the fans.

(2) Using gestures aimed at intimidating me or inciting the crowd. When Mickey Livingston was catching for Cincinnati and hurled his mask in the air to show his disgust in a game, I shouted, "If that mask comes down, you're out of the game."

The laws of gravity held and Livingston got an early shower.

I also dismissed pitcher Johnny Schmitz this past season for throwing a towel from the bench, outfielder Earl Torgeson for drop-kicking a glove across the diamond, and Jackie Robinson for making a choking gesture at his throat. In baseball, that gesture implies the umpire doesn't have the gumption to call a close one against the home team.

(3) Questioning an umpire's impartiality or integrity.

(4) Making the umpire or the game itself look ridiculous. When Charley Dressen, the Dodger manager, was in a hurry to have a game called because of threatening weather, he donned a groundkeeper's uniform and began plowing through imaginary puddles of water. This may have been a good gag, but Charley was trying to turn the game into a farce. Out!

Many baseball men start rhubarbs for reasons that aren't apparent to the spectators. Some know they're in the wrong but feel the pressure will scare the umpire into "evening up"—calling a close one their way the next time. That never works with me.

A manager like Charlie Grimm of the Boston Braves will often come out and howl just to give a relief pitcher more time to warm up in the bullpen.

Then you have players like Chris Van Cuyk and Don Newcombe of the Dodgers who don't start arguments when they're in the game, but who are the worst kind of bench jockeys. They get bored in the dugout, so they insult the ump, hoping to get kicked out and catch an early dinner.

Frankie Frisch, the scrappy second baseman of the Giants and later the Cardinals, was one of these strange baseball characters who made a lot of trouble for umpires, but only in two cities. When he was in the New York area, he seemed to sniff the scents from his garden in nearby New Rochelle and tried to get kicked out so he could plant his rosebushes. In Boston, he would develop an insatiable yearning to take off for a swim along Cape Cod. One afternoon the temperature hit 99 degrees at a Boston–Chicago game, and Frankie kept insulting me on almost every play. Finally I turned to him and said, "Look, Frankie; I've got to stay here and sweat, so you're gonna sweat right with me. There'll be no Cape for you today!" Frankie sighed, went back to his station, and found nothing to complain about the rest of the day.

There are a few managers and players who fight umpires simply because they have developed an unreasoning hatred for them. Leo Durocher, manager of the N. Y. Giants, is one. I must admit he's calmed down quite a bit since he married Laraine Day, but he suffered a relapse this past summer. During a game in Philadelphia, Don Mueller of the Giants hit a low line drive which Del Ennis, Philly outfielder, just managed to catch off his shoetops. Leo came out bellowing that Ennis had trapped the ball, not caught it. When I ruled the batter out, Leo began kicking up the dirt in front of me with his feet. Suddenly, one of his spikes gashed me in the shin. Of course, I sent Leo off the field in a hurry and he was suspended for four days. He insisted he hadn't meant to spike me. I'll be glad to take his word—providing he comes around some day to apologize like a gentleman. In the meantime, my shin is still marked with an ugly scar.

No matter how bad the abuse may get, however, an umpire finds it easier to adjust to it than the endless hours of loneliness. Ball teams travel in congenial groups, and the players are always being greeted and cheered by fans. Umpires travel strictly by their lonesome, never stop at the hotels frequented by the players, and don't hang out with baseball people off the field.

These customs are followed to prevent the slightest hint of collusion or fraternization. Umpires lean over so far backwards to be careful that we often stay in separate hotels and don't associate much with one another!

During the ball season I suffer grievously from lobby-itis, a disease of boredom that infects people who spend so much time in hotel lobbies. It's hard to resist being friendly to a stranger trying to make conversation, but I've got to exercise that old will power. You never know when that stranger may turn out to be a gambler, a fixer, or a generally shady character. And even if he's pure in heart, he may be a disgruntled fan trying to start a brawl.

On a rainy day, an umpire in an out-of-town park can really go daft with the time on his hands. I don't read or go to the movies too much, because excellent eyesight is indispensable to an umpire and I want to preserve mine.

Oddly enough, I saw my first movie in months in New York this past summer, and had to take a front-row seat because the house was crowded. Suddenly, I felt a ringing slap across my back. A fan in the row behind had recognized me. "I always knew you umpires couldn't see anything that wasn't five feet in front of you!" he cackled.

Even in my home town of Boston I sometimes have to behave like a recluse. When you live in a big-league city your neighbors expect you to give the local team the best of it. If you don't, they try to make your life miserable. During the 1948 World Series between the Boston Braves and the Cleveland Indians I had to call a play against the Braves which broke up a rally and sent them down to defeat in the final game. For weeks thereafter, I received poison-pen letters and threatening phone calls. My druggist and grocer who'd known me 20 years wouldn't talk to me!

The irony of this was that over in Cleveland they were still sore about a decision I made in the first game and were referring to me as "The villain of the Series." I suppose this serves to prove the thesis laid down by Charles Comiskey, the late owner of the Chicago White Sox. Comiskey was approached in front of his ball park one day by two men who wanted passes. "We're friends of 'Silk' O'Loughlin, the umpire," they said. "That's a lie on the face of it," Comiskey retorted. "No umpire ever had one friend, let alone two. Now beat it!"

Gertrude's passing has left a tremendous void in my life, but I am very close to my son, my daughter-in-law Helen, and my grandchildren, Patricia Ann, 7, and Billy 3rd, 2. They live near the family home which I share with my brother's widow. Billy, who coaches football, hockey, and baseball at Boston English High School, has teamed up with his wife to take over Gertrude's old role as the relaxing influence in the clan. They attend many of the local games when I umpire, and wag a cautioning finger whenever a rowdy player begins to excite my blood pressure.

The two youngsters, however, are more pugnacious in character, apparently being cast in the mold of their grandfather. When one of Patricia's schoolmates told her recently that her grandpa Bill was a bad man whom everybody was anxious to kill, Pat nearly clawed the poor girl's eyes out.

Will the day ever come when Grandpa Stewart and all the other umpires retire to the back porch and let ball teams carry on alone? I doubt it very much, because umpires are the backbone of baseball. Last year the Brooklyn Dodgers experimented with an electronic umpire in spring training, and there was some talk that this gadget may eventually replace the flesh-and-blood ump. I doubt that, too, and for one very good reason: Who would ever go to a ball game to throw a bottle at a hunk of electrons?

THE END★★

I'll Take Southern California

(*Continued from page* 35)

was primping for its annual Old Spanish Days fiesta when I drove in. It has become rich and fancy since Eastern millionaires discovered its salubrious climate and natural beauty, and built palaces on green mountains rising from the sea. But, for the fiesta, the plain citizens wore pioneer costumes and the streets were gaily decorated. I visited the historic Mission, where the sanctuary light has never gone out in almost two centuries. Along the shore I stood beside a tropical palm-fringed lagoon, to gaze up at the mansions and wonder what the rich were doing.

Southward, the highway came down to surfside. Breakers crashed at my elbow, sometimes so close the road was protected by a sea wall. Gulls and pelicans wheeled overhead, and three sea lions were silhouetted in a towering green wave. Oil derricks reared incongruously out of the ocean, fishing boats glided like lazy water bugs, and on the misty horizon loomed the peaks of mountainous islands.

That was a day of dramatic contrasts. At midmorning I was in Ventura, once a sleepy seaside cow-town, now rich with oil. At Oxnard, where I used to hunt ducks in a wild sea marsh, I found a smart new city. For 50 miles, as the highway swept up to a plateau from which the Pacific was a blue mirror broken by the spouts of distant whales, and down again to the thundering surf, I passed clusters of pastel cottages. At Malibu Beach, where movie stars seclude themselves in unpretentious houses which almost overlap, I got eyestrain looking for my secret passion, Dorothy Lamour, but instead caught a glimpse of Boris Karloff.

These simple pastimes exploded into a Coney Island effect at the tri-cities of Santa Monica, Ocean Park, and Venice, beach playground for teeming hordes from Los Angeles, 20 miles inland. Striped umbrellas were sprinkled for miles, bathers cavorted in the surf, and on one of the long piers, where fishermen were serenaded by the clangor of merry-go-rounds and rumble of roller coasters, a stoutish bald angler in skimpy bathing trunks assured me: "Fishin's fine; I got one yesterday." I got one on the same pier—at a lunch-stand, fried, for 80 cents.

Carnivals and fishermen persisted in varying degrees through a chain of "Southland" towns—Redondo, Hermosa, Manhattan, and others—until I rounded a bend and saw the smoky sweep of San Pedro, where the city limits at Los Angeles Harbor are 26 miles from Los Angeles' city hall. The harbor was made by extending stone breakwaters far out to sea and is one of the nation's busiest. What attracted me as I drove along the docks was a small boat advertising cruises to Santa Cata-

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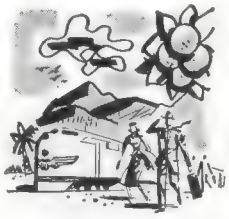

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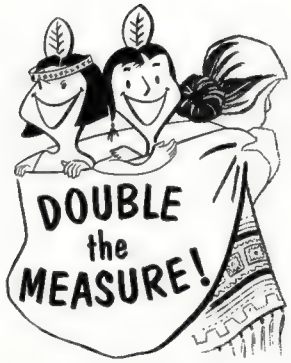

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lina Island some 30 miles offshore. A big steamer makes a daily round trip, but I settled for this water taxi.

The waves looked 29 feet high as we cleared the breakwater, but the skipper hardly glanced up from his comic book. Flying fish constantly skimmed off in all directions. In no time, it seemed, we reached the translucent bay of Avalon, the island's capital, a drowsy town at the foot of lofty green peaks.

I rode in a glass-bottomed boat from which a lissome lady diver slithered down to pluck shells from the ocean floor, while pink and golden fish nibbled at her piggies. I visited an enormous aviary to swap lies with a cocky black talking bird, a mynah. I took a speedboat ride along a rocky shore where thousands of sea lions brandished their flippers and honked indignantly, and to an isthmus where yachts were anchored in glassy, opalescent coves off a sandy shore dotted with palm-thatched cottages. Then the water taxi sped me back to San Pedro, and in a few minutes I was in neighboring Long Beach.

Long Beach, they say, is where good Midwesterners go when they reach the whittling age. It is also one of the nation's richest cities, with an oil income of some $20,000,000 annually. A few years ago, retired farmers had small homes on a conical peak, Signal Hill, at the edge of town. One night an oil well gushed in, opened the richest field then discovered in the world, transformed the farmers into millionaires, and made Long Beach the state's fifth largest city.

Mayor Burton W. Chace, ex-Nebraskan, told me, "We're not too rich to forget our visitors. We're still friendly." . . . That's for true. In its great natural parks—Bixby, Lincoln, Recreation—I found old-timers playing checkers and pitching horseshoes as though they hadn't a dime in the world.

After dark I reached Southern California's yachting capital, Newport-Balboa, on a long peninsula forming a bay. Red and green running lights twinkled, as small craft pulled in to join more than 4,500 which call this home port. On the shore I found a new type motor court, the Mo-Bo'Tel, with a parking place for automobiles on one side and a mooring for yachts on the other. I slept in a portholed room, with the lulling murmur of the tide in my ears.

LAGUNA BEACH, just southward, sparkled in crisp sunlight as I stopped for breakfast next day. Painters strolled past with easels and campstools. This lovely place, with green heights and a crescent shore, is a Happy Hunting Ground for artists, sculptors, potters, and craftsmen in copper and brass. Its pottery is celebrated; every store seems to have a private art exhibition. There were more painters, with a throng of camera bugs, down the road at venerable Mission San Juan Capistrano, where a twinkly padre assured me: "It's true; the swallows do come back each St. Joseph's Day." That's March 19. Like most of the other 20 Missions built at the time of the American Revolution along the seaside trail called *El Camino Real*, The King's Highway, Capistrano welcomes visitors—except ladies in shorts or bathing suits. So put your dress on, sister, before you go in.

San Clemente, the next stop, is the dream come true of an ex-mayor of Seattle, Wash., who visioned a tropical town where every building would be white stucco with a red roof. It's lovely. So are most of the other settlements down the road—Oceanside, where I detoured inland to quiet Pala Mission, which still serves descendants of its builders, shy Indians whose hogans dot the hills; Carlsbad, famous for country-

"How should I know where your gray suit is? That's your closet there"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY DON TOBIN

style chicken dinners served in a pioneer mansion; Encinitas, where I picked papayas from a spectral tree; Del Mar, where Bing Crosby built a race track, hoping one of his horses might accidentally win; Torrey Pines Park, beloved of snapshooters for unique gnarled conifers on a wind-swept palisade. Every mile is a joy and a picture.

And so is La Jolla, most mispronounced town in America and one of my favorites. Please call it: La Hoy'ya. When I become the world's oldest living white man, which won't be long at this rate, I am going to settle there in a hilltop villa under a banyan tree, with a spyglass glued to my eye, ogling La Jolla's dreamboats sun-bathing in coves sheltered by rocky cliffs honeycombed with blue sea grottoes.

THAT afternoon I checked in at a San Diego motor court which has floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the beach, and drove across the international border to Tijuana, Mexico, where my old *compañero* and pet chef, Nashio, wheeled his cart to my table and whipped up one of his incomparable salads.

Dave Thompson, San Diego's most ardent civic booster, asked next day why I was so crazy about his bailiwick. I told him because of its perpetual springtime climate, its friendly people, its proximity to Old Mexico, its close-coupled diversity of *divertissements*, and the fact that it has become a great city without becoming too citified.

You'd call me a California blowhard if I told you how sea breeze and sunshine create an all-year South Seas balminess. It's always shirt-sleeve weather, and San Diegans are shirt-sleeve people, no matter how rich or important. Consider, for example, the nation's only lady zookeeper, Belle Benchley.

Personally, I don't like to see living creatures in cages. But at San Diego's zoo in 1,400-acre subtropical Balboa Park I found few cages. Most of its denizens live in replicas of their native homes, confined only by moats. That was Belle Benchley's idea. Also, the boss of a big zoo doesn't have to handle animals; that is assistants' work. Yet Belle Benchley knows each animal by its first name, often sits up all night when one is ailing, and has personally midwifed 17 lesser pandas into the world, the only such creatures born in captivity.

Or consider bushy-browed Joe Dryer. I heard him on the radio offering $1,000,000 bonds to tourists, so I went around to get one. You never know when you might be able to use a $1,000,000 bond. I found him at his furniture store autographing bonds for tourists from Davenport, Iowa. He has given away 500,000 of them, each good for $1,000,000 worth of genuine San Diego sunshine. He told me he retired years ago at Minneapolis, Minn., moved to San Diego, fell in love with it, started a Heaven on Earth Club, dreamed up this Sunshine Bond whimsy, started giving away 10,000 poinsettia plants each Christmas, and finally opened a furniture store to occupy his spare time.

He runs the whole shebang himself, although he is extremely well-to-do.

I had a wonderful time in San Diego. One night I dined in stately magnificence at historic Del Coronado Hotel on moon-washed Silver Strand while a concert orchestra played Viennese waltzes on a balcony. Next day I drove 80 miles to Ensenada, Mexico, where I gnawed on a hunk of native goat cheese while strolling through quaint shops. Another day, I took a fishing boat to Los Coronados Island, caught whoppers too long for a gunnysack, and returned to 22-mile San Diego Bay in soft afternoon past flotillas of gray warships and fleets of tiny yachts with rainbow-hued sails. I drove inland to Mount Palomar to see the world's biggest telescope, but found I couldn't squint through it because it's actually a camera for taking pictures of distant universes.

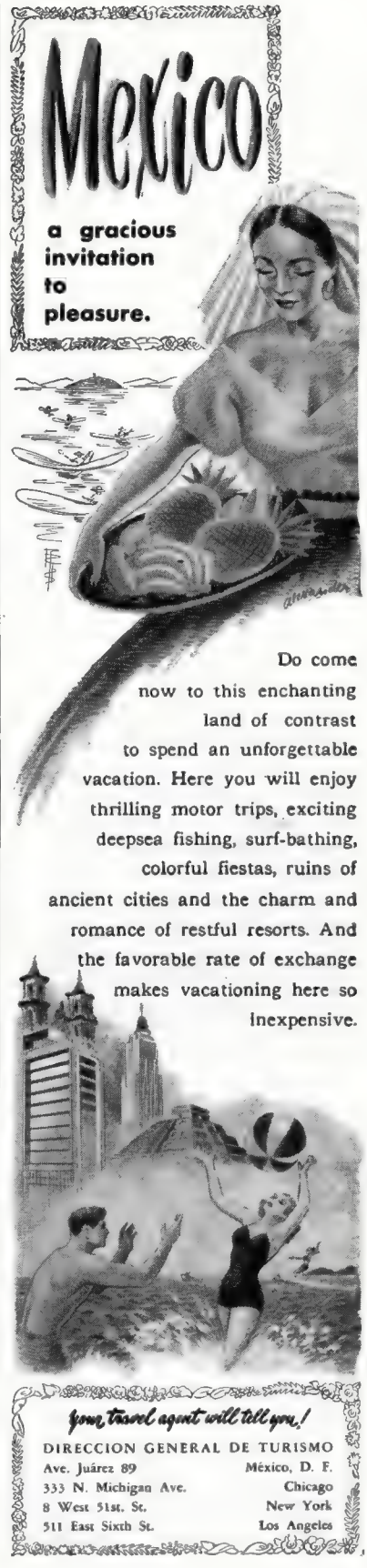
I spent a morning on Point Loma, mighty bastion bigger than Gibraltar, which guards San Diego from the sea. I explored an ancient lighthouse and admired 10,000 begonias at Rosecroft Gardens. That afternoon I strolled through a Portuguese fishing settlement where Old Country customs are preserved and a bridal party paraded the streets in native costumes. That evening I had *chorizo y frijoles*—Mexican sausage and beans—in a candle-lit adobe in Old Town, the first settlement in California, now a drowsy backwater surrounded by modern San Diego.

NEXT day I headed out of town, followed a circuitous route through orange and avocado groves near Escondido, passed two of the county's dozen mountain lakes where fishermen held up strings of black bass and crappie, climbed a long grade, and topped out on a hogback from which the view was awesome. Southward lay Old Mexico. Northward was the faraway shimmer of a date garden. Ahead and below, beyond a vast inland sea, rolling desert was centered by an enormous oasis. I twisted down the grade into Imperial Valley, where Californians by irrigation have transformed perdition into paradise, to begin a new phase of my gadding. . . .

U. S. 99, highway of the inland valleys, shimmered with mirages next day as I started north again. Downtown sidewalks at El Centro, Imperial, and Brawley were arcaded against the sun glare. Slowly the oasis green paled into desert tan as I crossed the last irrigation canal. At the lower end of the 30-mile-long lake I had seen from the hogback the previous day, the brackish Salton Sea, a valley playground 244 feet below sea level, I detoured to gawk at boiling mud geysers like miniature volcanoes.

At the upper end of the sea I found date palms growing in manicured ranks, their clustered fruit enclosed in netting to discourage bugs. I stopped at a roadside stand for a platter of date ice cream, washed it down with a date milk shake, and wound up by buying a small keg of brandied dates to munch on. They're sensational. Before noon I rattled into California's celebrated desert playground, Palm Springs.

Palm Springs is mildly overwhelming;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dude ranches along the highway look like hotels, hotels look like palaces, and all the people look like millionaire movie stars, which most of them are. I never saw so many Hawaiian shirts, multicolored cowboy boots, and glamorous ladies riding bicycles in practically their birthday suits. I was afraid to take a walk for fear of falling into somebody's swimming pool. Yet this whole thing was started by a plain pioneer mother, Mrs. Nellie Coffman, when she opened an isolated desert boardinghouse to support her children. It became the gracious Desert Inn, with flower-wreathed bungalows in parklike grounds, and everything in Palm Springs has grown up around it. So have several other nearby desert resorts, notably Twenty-Nine Palms and La Quinta.

That afternoon I left Highway 99 to loop through the fascinating Morongo Valley and marvel at grotesquely gnarled Joshua trees, 20 feet high. Then, for contrast, I drove up a back road into the neighboring San Bernardino Mountains and slept in a mile-high log cabin beside chilly Big Bear Lake.

From the Rim-of-the-World highway on the western edge of the San Bernardinos next day I gazed down at citrus groves and vineyards dotted with neat checkerboard towns—San Bernardino, founded by Mormons long ago; Riverside, where the first outdoor Easter sunrise service was held on Mount Rubidoux; Cucamonga, where wines are made in the world's largest vineyard; Redlands and Claremont, prosperous college centers, and scores more. Smack in the center of all this rose the smokestacks of Henry Kaiser's steel mill, one of Southern California's great industries. But the oranges don't seem to mind too much, and near Upland a rancher let me pick a sack from his trees for 50 cents. I worked industriously on them as I detoured Los Angeles and headed for Bakersfield, metropolis of the southern San Joaquin Valley.

THE first thing I saw in Bakersfield was the world's largest motor court, the Bakersfield Inn—325 rooms, 4 dining rooms, 6 banquet halls, complete hotel service, and a swimming pool a block long. A brisk clerk offered me anything from a 10-room suite to a single bed, said a fire would be laid in my private fireplace if the night grew chill, and assured me I need only call Room Service should I crave a lobster thermidor or royal brook trout Meunière. So I wasn't surprised to find this extraordinary hospice managed by H. L. Klingensmith, a famous coast boniface.

Kling told me what has happened to the lower San Joaquin. Once it was cattle country. It got rich from oil. It used its wealth to build an agricultural empire. Now it can't count all its money. I saw the evidences as I drove beside miles of prosperous farms watered by streams of melted snow from the Sierra Nevada, which forms its eastern boundary. At Delano, where burghers were raising whiskers for the annual Wine and Harvest Festival, a traffic cop bawled me out for making a U-turn, then told me the valley raised more cotton in 1950 than 8 cotton-growing states. Valleyites play as industriously as they work. Near Kernville, called Whiskey Flat in gold-rush days, I found log cabins and two ski lifts in a great mountain park, and fishermen were wading in every stream and pond.

When I had my fill of bucolic pleasures, I turned east from Bakersfield into the mountains. For 50 miles the road climbed steadily through a spectacular canyon beside the roaring Kern River, bored upward into high pine forests, crossed the lofty backbone of the Sierra Nevada at Walker Pass, and glided down the eastern slope into a rugged frontier land of cattle ranches, snow-clad peaks, and gaunt deserts, the Owens Valley, gateway to the wilderness playground of Southern California. . . .

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At Freeman, where I struck it, I turned north, with the Sierra at my elbow.

Darkness fell before I reached Lone Pine, a busy pack-train center, and quick cold swept down from the tallest mountain in the 48 states—Mount Whitney, rearing 14,495 feet above the town's main street. I bedded down early and was up before daylight, heading east into the desert on State 190.

False dawn tinted the horizon as I reached a high pass in the barren Panamint Mountains where I had first stood on a well-remembered morning with a campmate named Walter Scott, best known as Death Valley Scotty. Now, as then, I watched the fiery sun erupt to march dramatic black shadows across the tawny floor of Death Valley spread out eastward at my feet. Out in that immensity beyond Stovepipe Wells and Hell's Gate and Furnace Creek, where a

grand hotel now welcomes winter vacationists, lay the sinkhole called Bad Water, 280 feet below sea level, lowest land point in the United States. And out in that 5,000 square miles of barren, blistering gauntness under the Funeral Mountains lie, also, the bleached bones of countless pioneers.

I turned to face west. Beyond the desert I had crossed in predawn dark, sunlight and shadow were etching epic pictures on the mighty face of the Sierras, whose snow-crowned minarets sawed the blue sky. Whitney's granite façade climbed to a sharp point, glaciers and snow fields glistening pink and white in the early light. So there they were, the acme of Southern California contrasts, the highest and lowest points within the States, spread out on a titanic living mural wrought by an Almighty Hand. That's what I had come to see.

I SPENT almost a week in the Alpine country of Mono and Inyo Counties. One afternoon I drove to a high point on U. S. 395 to watch sunset gild the minarets which form the back wall of Yosemite Valley far across the impassable heights, and found a road winding down to a rushing mountain stream across which rises a curious volcanic formation, the Devil's Postpile, which looks exactly like split logs stacked on end. On impulse, I camped in a mountain meadow beside the stream—and darned near froze to death. But at dawn I was able to creak down to a pool under a nearby rainbow falls and catch trout as fast as I could yank 'em out. I kept four and broiled them over a little fire for breakfast.

Another day I drove to Bodie, once a wild and woolly gold camp which boasted "a dead man for breakfast every day." Now it's a ghost town, but its legends still live. Bodie and nearby Virginia City were bitter rivals in boom times. The Virginia City editor, reporting the departure of a family, said that the last words of the little daughter were: "Good-by, God! I'm going to Bodie." The Bodie editor retorted that the comma had been misplaced. What the little darling really said, he alleged, was: "Good, by God! I'm going to Bodie." Bodie is still fascinating, though spooky. I didn't see a soul. I peered into abandoned gold mines, hopefully explored a house made entirely of bottles but found them all empty, and copied some unprintable epitaphs from ancient tombstones on Boot Hill, where every occupant died violently.

There were still dozens of roads I wanted to drive, scores of trails I wanted to ride, hundreds of streams and lakes I wanted to fish, but I'm a working stiff and must keep moving. So one morning I cranked up the heap and barreled 400 miles down the highway, past sprawling, half-secret military installations far out on the desert, to keep a rendezvous with a fascinating glamour gal I once knew very well, indeed—Southern California's incredible metropolis, Los Angeles. Although I couldn't foresee it, I also had a blind date with an earthquake. . . .

You need no map to find Los Angeles; all Southwestern roads lead there sooner or later. Sprawled over 453 square miles, inhabited by 1,957,692 people at the 1950 census and unquestionably more today, it is the nation's largest city in area, exceeded in population only by New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. I drove in at dark through the San Fernando Valley, a 10-mile-long suburb in which 10,000 homes were built in recent months and towns are so thick you can't tell where they begin and end. Rushing traffic swept me into one of those whirligig freeways and erupted me into the heart of Hollywood almost before I knew where I was headed.

It was a relief to pull into a picturesque bungalow hotel, the Garden of Allah, an oasis of serenity in the bustling city, built in Spanish-Moorish style.

I roamed Los Angeles for the next few weeks, and to this moment I wouldn't know how to organize an all-embracing sight-seeing tour. That's because Los Angeles is anything you want it to be. It was originally a lot of separate communities—"seven suburbs in search of a city." They grew together willy-nilly, too rapidly for anybody to make a plan. Each community retains some of its original flavor, so Los Angeles today is a mildly frenetic hodgepodge of everything under the sun.

I made the rounds of the standard tourist attractions: new Chinatown, where I flipped pennies into a wishing well and was offered a Mandarin dinner that would go on all night; 4,000-acre Griffith Park, the nation's largest municipal playground, where I took an exciting rocket trip to the moon without leaving my seat in the great planetarium; radio and television studios which originate more national entertainment than any city except New York; fabulous Farmer's Market, a chaotic collection of 150 booths where independent homespun shopkeepers offer everything, from Mexican *espadrilles* to pumpkin ice cream, to 35,000 customers every day but Sunday.

I VISITED the La Brea tar pits, a prehistoric ooze loaded with skeletons of monsters bogged there in primeval times; admired priceless statuary and art treasures in, of all places, a cemetery which will cheerfully marry you or bury you at the drop of a kopeck; panned gold, toured a ghost town, watched a miniature volcano erupt, and gorged on country fried chicken, all for the one price, at unique Knott's Berry Farm at suburban Buena Park; daringly risked $2 on a blue-nosed bangtail at Hollywood Park, a race track which splits a six-month season with Santa Anita; watched a rodeo with 105,000 other customers at immense Memorial Coliseum, where the Olympic Games were held in 1932; drove past the Pasadena Rose Bowl to reach statuesque Huntington Art Gallery and Library, which has books 475 years old.

In lighter vein, I fed an orange to an ostrich just to watch the big lug force it down its scrawny neck. I visited alligator farms, lion farms, monkey farms, bird farms, and at a trout farm with tile-bordered pools an attendant handed

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me a fishing rod, baited my hook, took off the fish, and packed them in ice and cellophane. I thought that was plushy until I discovered a fashionable restaurant, Sportsman's Lodge, where they do all that and also cook your fish to your own specifications and serve it in complete magnificence.

ALL THESE were fun, but I wanted to know what had happened to the other Los Angeles. Hungry for hominess, I drove one day through the southwestern residential district where, on thousands of blocks, retired Midwesterners had built modest bungalows. Just as I remembered, *hausfraus* were still rocking serenely on their shady porches, arguing good-naturedly over bridge tables, or sending Junior to the corner for ice cream. I went to the corner myself and had a swell time sitting on a wire stool at an old-fashioned soda fountain swapping small talk with the druggist.

When I felt flossier, I went visiting in the San Fernando Valley, built in recent years mostly by ambitious young people and running strongly to small, ranch-type homes, station wagons, and energetic citizens in blue jeans and loud plaid shirts. The hills above Hollywood are like that, too, except for a sort of competition to see who can build the goofiest house on the steepest precipice. I had dinner with one character whose home has eight rooms, each on a separate floor. The garage is on the roof, which is the street level, and the kitchen is in the cellar. All the windows are in front, overlooking miles of metropolis which sparkles at night like a neon fairyland.

One day I bought a guide map to the homes of movie stars from one of the innumerable hawkers along the boulevards, and followed the dotted line through the millionaire movie districts: Brentwood, where butlers peeked reprovingly from mullioned windows as I clattered along; Bel Air, where the butlers are too snooty even to peek; Beverly Hills, so rich it has refused to be assimilated, and retains its exclusive city government, an island surrounded by Los Angeles; Westwood, sparkling red-and-white home of the University of Southern California at Los Angeles. I wound up at the old Will Rogers ranch in Santa Monica canyon, now become a public shrine.

I encountered Los Angeles' notorious smog, without which radio comedians would starve to death. As I started downtown from Hollywood one morning, it looked like a gauzy curtain hanging from the sky. I sniffled and wept as I drove into it. It smells like a blend of natural fog and factory fumes. Most Angelenos shrug it off as a penalty for becoming third in number of factories, exceeded only by New York and Chicago. Lou Schwartz, one time of Atlanta, Ga., a haberdasher who sold me a necktie, explained nonchalantly: "So we wanted industry. So we got industry. So we got smog. So nobody's dead yet. So what?" An official commission has been solemnly investigating smog for years, but nothing seems to happen. Except more smog.

I felt sort of historical that day, so I went to the Old Plaza, where the city began in 1781 when a *paisano* named Felipe de Neve christened it *El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles* —the City of Our Lady the Queen of The Angels.

I heard more Spanish than English as I hobbled over the cobbles of nearby Olvera Street, where believers have re-

"Aw, c'mon, Rosie, it's good. Here, watch Daddy take some"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY JIMMY QUINN

created early-day atmosphere for the entertainment of visitors. A candlemaker nodded in the sun outside his shop. A glassblower blew me a tiny green horse. Strings of painted gourds and red peppers decorated the veranda of an ancient adobe, the city's oldest house. Two guitarists in a patch of shade rehearsed softly for the fiesta which begins on the street each sundown. Four eager brown-eyed boys importuned me to buy jumping beans and cactus candy. A black-shawled crone knelt at a worn stone grinding bowl outside a small café, crushing corn into the meal from which is made *masa*, the mushy foundation of many Mexican border foods. I loved the street. I also love good Mexican cooking.

Southern California restaurant food, incidentally, has improved in recent years. At Restaurant Row on La Cienega Boulevard I dined in a roast-beef palace where five roasts were wheeled to my table for selection. At a fish house I had lobster taken from the sea that morning off Maine and flown nonstop across the continent. At a Swedish café I counted 67 different dainties on a *smörgåsbord* table.

As for hamburgers—well, I thought I'd had 'em in every conceivable form. But in Los Angeles I found cheeseburgers, chiliburgers, nutburgers, eggburgers, beanburgers, fishburgers, riceburgers, shrimpburgers, berryburgers, even dateburgers. Each with a pickle on top, yet. One day, looking for a drive-in which used small trains instead of pretty girl carhops, I was seduced by a Broil-O-Burger place. It turned out to be the brain babe of Herbert Chambers, a reformed tool- and die-maker from St. Louis, Mo., who contrived a monstrous robot which, without the aid of human hands, turns out hamburgers with holes in the middle, like doughnuts, only much smaller. They are swell; I had four.

Mention Hollywood to the average American and he thinks of the movie studios, his favorite actors, and thousands of gaudily costumed extra players. But I was poking around as a typical tourist, and for that guy the movie lots barely exist. Too tough to get into in these days of sound, unless you've come West with an introduction from a theater big shot. But if you have the time and money to hang around the restaurants and night spots the stars patronize, you'll see celluloid kings and queens by the dozens.

Hollywood boulevard was my only real disappointment. It used to be sparkly and ultrasmart. I had hoped the movie people would stage one of their grandiose world premières while I was there, with the British Navy or at least the Foreign Legion parading along the car tracks, but these extravaganzas seem to have gone out of style since television. A new bank, however, brought back an hour of bygone revelry when it opened on the site of the first movie studio. Jack Benny drove up in his Maxwell, a stagecoach loaded with movie cuties fought off an Indian attack to deliver sacks of gold, Lassie strolled in to deposit a bone, and a free-for-all cocktail party was held in the vault. I went in to fill my fountain pen, but somebody had drunk the ink.

One night I saw giant searchlights stabbing the sky, and raced up to the Boulevard, to find them in front of a small shop advertising a bankrupt sale of ladies' lingerie. That's the way the grand old street is nowadays. Grauman's ornate Chinese theater still has its concrete hand- and foot-prints of the stars, but otherwise it is mostly little stores with big agony sales. I walked the length of it, from La Brea to Vine Street, remembering its glory days when you'd see Wally Beery strolling with Gloria Swanson, or Valentino with Pola Negri, or Chaplin with his current fireball, and finally I went home to bed feeling older than Methuselah.

And that was the night of the earthquake. I couldn't sleep that night. Finally I turned on the light and started to read. I was still reading in the predawn darkness when the bed quivered slightly, as though something had brushed against it. I looked around for my terrier, Taffy, and saw her on her blanket looking at me, and then the bed quivered again, a little harder. Having lived through hundreds of earthquakes, I knew what it was. So I kept on reading. But not for long.

The next one was a dilly. The springs shimmied, the bed lamp slid across the glass table-top, and the closet door swung shut majestically, as though an invisible hand had pushed it. The book fell out of my hand. And I fell out of bed. Rapidly.

When I got up it felt like the floor was undulating like the deck of a skiff in a lively ripple. I wasn't quite sure of my footing. I put a hand to the wall to steady myself. The wall was trembling. A picture swung slowly back and forth, pendulum-wise, making a rasping sound against the plaster. A floor lamp rocked. And Taffy was watching me with wide-eyed wonder.

We got to the front door and stood under the arch. That's about as safe a place as you can get in a quake. The whole thing took perhaps a minute, maybe a little longer. There was one more good jolt, and then it began to subside. After a time I made an inspection tour. Nothing was damaged. There wasn't even a crack in the plaster. So I went back to bed and to sleep.

That's what a good, solid earthquake is like if its center is 100 miles or more distant. This one centered in the desert east of Bakersfield, where I had been not long before, and caused damage and some loss of life. Seismologists rated it one of the most severe in recorded California history. . . .

So there it is: Southern California, for better or for worse. I know plenty of people who profess to dislike it intensely. They've always been a mystery to me. When you can go there with chips on your shoulders, as I did, and come away doing nip-ups about it, it must have something pretty special. Don't ask me to analyze it. I don't know any answers. I just have fun.

THE END★★

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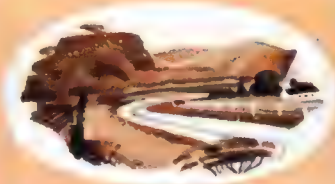

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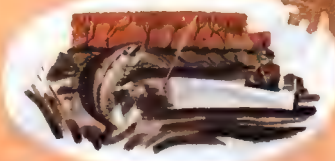

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I'm Glad I'm Not Running This Time

(*Continued from page* 19)

But I believe that they have usually a fundamental decency about listening to advocates of all sorts of causes, however unpopular. I've been arrested in labor and civil-liberties struggles, run out of Jersey City by former Democratic boss Frank Hague's cops, and egged by his mob in Newark. I have been threatened by the Ku Klux Klan in Tampa, Fla., and driven out of the hamlet of Bird Song, Ark., by armed plantation bosses.

But these were not incidents in Presidential campaigns; they were part of the fight for the right to free speech and peaceful organization, which in the end we won. As a presumably unpopular Socialist candidate, I attracted fewer eggs and ripe vegetables in all my national campaigns than Wendell Willkie did in his one race as a Republican in 1940. Yet I have held forth in every part of the country, talking in all sorts of halls, from train platforms and on street corners. I have addressed unsegregated audiences in the South with impunity.

Indeed, I can remember only one missile hurled in my general direction during a Presidential campaign, and that was by a scared hoodlum in Akron, Ohio, in 1940. His aim was bad but his speed in retreat was good.

I learned that Presidential candidates who do not deliberately look for trouble will rarely find it. For example, in Austin, Texas, in 1948, I appeared, without interference and without guards, to address a mixed audience of Negroes and Whites. The question of segregation was never raised against me, this although I spoke earnestly in behalf of civil rights. Yet in the same state the appearances of Henry Wallace, the Progressive candidate that year, were greeted by fusilades of vegetables and by small riots and scuffles. One difference was that the Wallace backers had belligerently challenged anyone to try to stop them from campaigning before nonsegregated audiences. People responded like children who are warned by their mother, before she leaves home, not to put beans up their noses.

On the whole, Americans are polite to political speakers—sometimes politer than they deserve. Yet any candidate for office must learn how to handle hecklers.

My most determined opponents were the Communists, who in earlier campaigns did some heckling, but later confined themselves to distributing denunciatory leaflets in front of a few of our meetings. In 1944 they accused me of being unpatriotic because of my criticism of some of the policies of our ally, Stalin, and my refusal to accept his demands as the basis for a sound peace. In Seattle, an article in their local paper called for mob action to stop our meeting, but nothing came of it.

An experienced speaker on the platform has the advantage over single hecklers. I remember proof of that at a meeting I addressed in a town in Massachusetts in 1932. I was warned when I got to the platform that a young woman leader of the local communists was expected to make trouble. Sure enough, I hadn't been speaking long when she got up to ask an accusatory question. I said that I would answer questions later, and asked her to sit down. She refused, and kept repeating her remarks, until a policeman walked down the aisle to put her out.

I realized that it would be highly undesirable to have a story in the press the next day reporting, "Police Eject Woman Heckler at Socialist Campaign Meeting." So I asked the officer to let her alone.

I jumped off the platform, went up the aisle near which she was standing, and said, "You can raise your question later, but now you will sit down."

She yelled, "I won't sit down! I won't sit down!"

I looked her in the eye and quietly insisted, "You *will* sit down." Rapidly her cries grew fainter and she sat. She never knew how scared I was that she wouldn't.

Mayor Hague's boys in New Jersey could have given her lessons in the organization of successful disturbances. But although they twice broke up my meetings—not in a Presidential campaign—Hague learned later that such tactics are poor public policy. They cost him an adverse decision from the Supreme Court, and eventually helped lose him his political control of the state.

One of the strangest of my platform experiences was in the huge Cleveland Civic Auditorium during the Roosevelt–Landon campaign of 1936. Dr. Francis Townsend, originator of the famous old-age pension scheme, had invited all Presidential candidates to address his enormous Townsend Plan Convention. I alone accepted. I got to the auditorium on a terribly hot day. Hundreds of old people were in the hall eating box lunches, and when the afternoon session started there were thousands more. I found myself on the platform with Dr. Townsend and a number of characters of the sort Teddy Roosevelt described as men with "hard faces and soft hands."

The Townsend Plan then called for a $200 monthly pension for all citizens over 60, to be spent within a fixed period, with payment financed by a gross transactions tax. I sympathized with the old folks, and had been, as a Socialist, something of a pioneer for old-age assistance. My opening remarks were well received. But when I said that I was skeptical of this particular plan, there was a great chorus of boos.

Dr. Townsend, as chairman, was a straight shooter. He said that as I was the only one of the Presidential candidates to accept his invitation, I should be heard. Between us we worked out this arrangement with the audience: I would speak a short paragraph, and then the vast assemblage would yell "Boo!" It was a strange antiphonal choir. A good time was had by all, and I'm still won-

dering how much of a fool I was to make that speech. Most advisers will tell a Presidential candidate to choose his spots carefully, but I'm not sure I made a mistake by speaking anywhere I was invited. People usually listened, even though they might not have agreed.

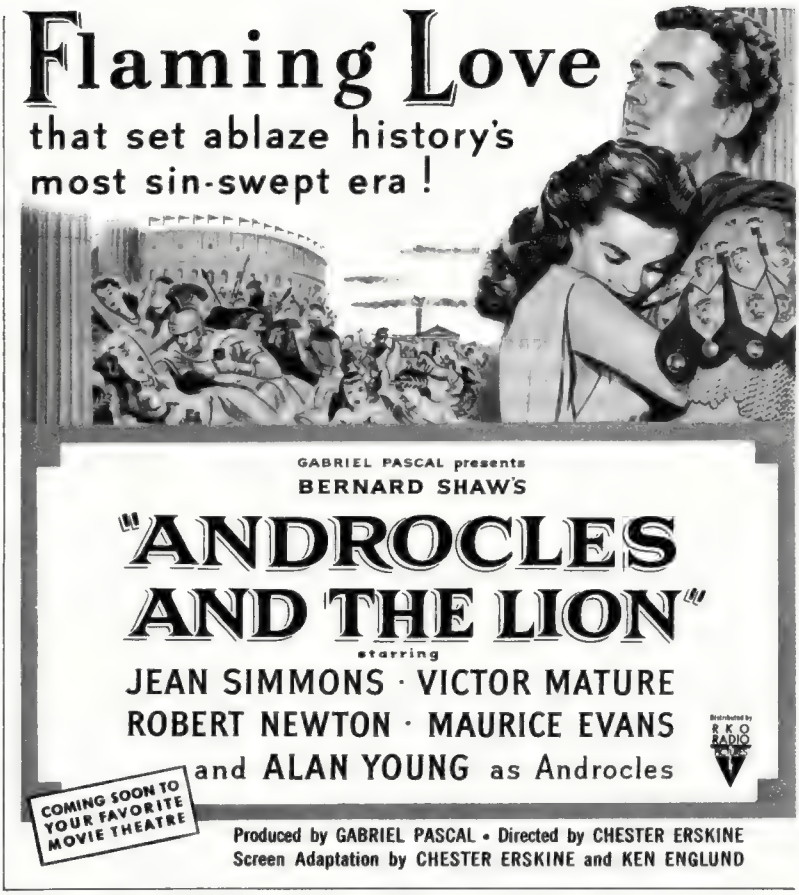
When it gets down to election time, party poll watchers become important cogs in the political machinery. I know that our vote would have been larger if we had had more of them. My greatest total was in the campaign of 1932, when neither of the older parties had developed any program to meet the depression. Officially, it was a little less than 1,000,000. It was later estimated by political commentators that probably twice as many votes were cast for me as were ever counted, largely because in many election districts there were no Socialist poll watchers to check the tally. In many districts we had evidence of actual and deliberate fraud.

In succeeding campaigns the audiences as well as the votes fell off. It was a grim fact that in many cities I could get larger audiences when I wasn't speaking as a Presidential candidate. After one election a friend said to me, "You haven't seen much of me lately, have you? I stayed away from your meetings because I'd decided how I was going to vote, and I didn't want you to worry me."

The decline in size of my campaign meetings was primarily due to the lessened strength of the Socialist Party after Roosevelt's New Deal got fairly under way. But there is another thing which every candidate must keep in mind: The most popular political speaker, except on very special occasions, can't attract a mass meeting by the mere magic of his name. There has to be solid and intelligent organization—as General Eisenhower probably learned last August, when he saw how he failed to fill the Los Angeles Colosseum at his first public appearance after his nomination. More and more, party rallies for gubernatorial, congressional, and even Presidential candidates depend on Hollywood stars or other extraneous attractions to help draw the crowd.

Gone are the days when speakers like William Jennings Bryan, Democratic Presidential aspirant, 1896 and 1900, or the elder Robert M. LaFollette, Republican and Progressive candidate who campaigned in 1924, or the Socialist leader, Eugene Debs, could hold an audience for an hour or two by a serious discussion of political issues. Yes, gone are the days when all we Socialists needed was a box and a leather-lunged orator to hold a street-corner crowd until one or two in the morning.

A big part of the reason, of course, is the coming of radio and television. In general, they are useful servants to our democracy. Nevertheless, their emphasis on brevity contributed to the growing impatience of audiences with lengthy and closely reasoned speeches. One reason for Governor Stevenson's huge success with his two speeches at the Democratic Convention this past summer was the fact that he recognized the importance of brevity, as most political orators have not. This is something all candidates will have to accustom themselves to, or lose the attention of listeners and viewers who need only turn a dial to find entertainment.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I welcome television, but its added expense creates enormous difficulties, especially for minority parties. Even for big parties the question of rising expense is very serious. In 1948, when television first became important, I appeared on many programs which were conducted as forums, or which preceded the final nominating conventions, after which commercial charges for radio and television went into effect. We Socialists never could afford television in the campaign proper.

I'm pretty firmly convinced that radio and television stations, which are granted valuable licenses to operate on the limited number of broadcasting channels available, should be obliged to give a certain amount of time, free of charge, to candidates of all parties during campaigns. It would no longer mean that only the political views supported by big bankrolls could be heard in the land.

The candidates in current and future elections will have to learn how to use television effectively, as Governor Dewey of New York learned between his ineffectual appearances in the Presidential campaign of 1948, and his slick, well-rehearsed performances as gubernatorial candidate in 1950.

Television is merciless in exposing ignorance, evasion, or sham. I remember one TV appearance of mine early in my campaign of 1948 with somewhat unholy satisfaction. Harold Stassen, then actively campaigning for the Republican nomination, had written a book, *Where I Stand*, which was the subject of discussion on the "Author Meets the Critic" program. I was one of the critics, and I congratulated Mr. Stassen on his choice of a title. I said that while he could certainly stand on his platform, he couldn't possibly run on it, because it had too many holes.

The Governor had very much annoyed me by his statements identifying Socialism with Communism, and then by refusing to debate the issue with me. I reminded him of his refusal, protested his confusion, and asked whether he still believed in his famous prescription for keeping peace: that the United Nations should have 25 bombers, 5 from each of the big 5 powers, each with one of our atom bombs. I got no clear answer.

A couple of days later two young fellows came out of a bar—one of the principal seats of culture since television—and hailed me. "Mr. Thomas," said one of them, "we saw you on television the other night. Gee, that guy you were talking to was embarrassed!" I blessed television. But it didn't elect me, or make Stassen talk sense about Socialism.

For a responsible man with definite convictions which he tries to apply to the issues of the day, campaigning is a

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solemn business with very heavy mental and spiritual strains. Physically, it is a wearing job, not without moments of excitement, elation, and humor.

In every one of my campaigns I covered the United States extensively. My first campaign in 1928 touched most of the 48 states. It goes without saying that we had no special train. I traveled by automobile, ordinary train, and once by airplane, then in its pioneer stage as a passenger vehicle.

I learned that a good secretary is an absolute necessity to a candidate. My wife gave me invaluable help in this capacity during most of my campaigns. In 1928 our five children were too young for her to leave home, but from 1932 until her death in 1947 she was usually my sole traveling companion, secretary, and general assistant. When we campaigned by car I would sometimes dictate newspaper releases to her, which she wrote on a portable typewriter while I drove the car. She had a keen sense of direction and great skill in following road maps. Only once did her geography fail her. A comrade was driving us across Iowa and she fell asleep in the back seat. Waking up with a start, she saw a sign, "Nevada," the name of a tiny Iowa town. "Oh," she exclaimed, "are we *that* far west already?"

IT AMUSES me to compare our car, truck, bus, and train campaign tours with the air-borne operations of the current election. At the moment of writing, General Eisenhower is planning a speaking tour in a chartered 58-passenger transport plane which will carry him to 10 or 12 widely scattered cities in 7 states—all in about 2½ days. Such a trip would have taken us weeks.

In 1932 an enterprising reporter caught me taking an upper berth, and wrote a slightly exaggerated story about our "upper berth campaign." I usually fared better than that. My wife figured out that on one trip we spent 21 nights on trains without benefit of a hotel, except to clean up in during the day.

President Truman recently remarked that in his whistle-stop campaign of 1948 he often worried about how to raise enough money to get his special train out of the station. The President should have been a Socialist candidate if he wanted to learn how to get by on almost nothing. Our Socialist campaign committees never raised more than $100,000 to $150,000 in any election, and that's chicken feed in a country this size.

Today more than ever, big money is a necessity in a political campaign. On the eve of the Republican convention in July, Guy Gabrielson, then national chairman of the party, announced that this year's campaign expenditures would total $3,000,000 for the Presidential race, plus $2,000,000 more to finance candidates for other offices. The reason for the $3,000,000 estimate is obvious: That amount is the legal limit which can be spent in a campaign for President. No one who know politics has any doubt that it is greatly exceeded through various loopholes in accounting procedure. To be realistic we ought to raise the legal limit for campaign expenses, and enforce it more rigidly.

Not that this will help a minor political party compete with the big parties in wooing large-scale contributors. We used to help finance our campaigns by collections at meetings. Sometimes people were surprisingly generous. Back in 1928, when even Socialists had some money, one of our most successful fund-raisers was August Claessens, a party official who used to travel with me. When seating arrangements made it possible, he would ask the audience to throw money at him on the stage. In Spokane, Washington, forgetting that the citizenry in those days carried substantial silver dollars rather than bills, he made his appeal, and then did some mighty active dodging to avoid dollars aimed at his shiny bald head. But I suppose death

"You never kissed me like that!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY JOHN GALLAGHER

from dollars would be a triumphant exit for a money collector. By no means were we always so lucky as that night in Spokane. Once, in a small town in Arkansas, the treasurer for our little party of three pulled out a bag of small coins to pay our hotel bill. Unfortunately, the church collection box in the town had been stolen the day before, and we just missed a night in jail as suspects in the crime.

What bothered me most in my earlier days was the endless procession of people to whom a candidate must talk. I am no Jim Farley, and never cultivated any system of memory. Dread of my own inadequacies at first made me almost as reluctant to run as Governor Stevenson —though, unlike him, I wasn't afraid I'd be elected. When I first ran for office I was virtually unknown, and I hated the business of introducing myself. I well knew how much of a come-down I was from the beloved old Socialist leader, Gene Debs. People were full of advice about what to say and how to say it.

Speaking of advice, I remember a woman in an Indiana town who told my wife, who had been breeding and selling cocker spaniels to help the family exchequer, "You know, Comrade Thomas, we Socialists would like it better if you went in for children, instead of dogs."

"Well," said my wife, "I have had six children, five of whom are living. How many more do you suggest?"

I wasn't always able to silence critics so satisfactorily.

WHENEVER I am introduced by the familiar phrase, "I present a man who needs no introduction . . ." I am reminded how untrue is the assumption that a man who has been a Presidential candidate is universally known. In 1944, my wife and I were traveling in a crowded train through Kansas. Sitting with us was a lively young Texas flier going home on leave. After a period of unusual silence, he asked me, "Beg pardon, sir, but I've been in Europe and I don't know much about this political campaign. May I ask who you're voting for?"

"Myself," I replied.

Looking disconcerted, he said, "Well, of course, I'm an American, and I know any man can be President, but . . ."

I relieved his embarrassment by explaining who I was.

He was silent for a moment, and then he said, "Well, if you weren't running, yourself, who would you vote for?"

That sort of question was my fate. One thing I learned is that many people vote *against* rather than *for* a man or a party. Some observers believe that most of them do. In San Francisco, in 1932, a sweet old lady came up to shake my hand at a meeting and said, "Mr. Thomas, I liked your speech, but I can't vote for you in this election. This year, we've got to *get* that man, Hoover." My trouble was that the year never came when more or less interested auditors felt they could vote for me in appreciable numbers. They always had to "get" one or the other of the major candidates.

In this campaign, there may be less passion to "get" either major candidate, but, in recent weeks, I have frequently been reproached for not running, "so that we may cast a protest vote." A leading journalist whose job makes him haunt both political headquarters, laughingly told me the other day, "It's a pity you aren't running. You should see the confusion. You might be elected by the disgruntled of both old parties." I answered that I'd heard that siren song before. Long ago I learned how few there were to love me in November as they thought they might in May.

This year, as in the past, there will be minor parties on various state ballots. The Socialist Party has a good platform, and Messrs. Darlington Hoopes and Samuel H. Friedman make a good ticket. Yet for reasons outside the scope of this article, the influence, and probably the total vote, of minority parties will be proportionately less than for the last sixty years. Col. Bertie McCormick's trumpet blast in his *Chicago Tribune* urging voters to boycott both Eisenhower and Stevenson is not the way to call a new party into being.

Something, I feel sure, could be done to defeat this popular negativism and bring more voters to the polls if the principal candidates would do what I have urged in every campaign: Follow the good precedent of the famous Lincoln–Douglas debates and meet face to face in one, or preferably two or three, discussions of principal issues. Television and radio could carry such debates to more people than can be reached by strenuous campaigning.

As it is, despite new and popular faces, the voices sound old and the techniques are familiar. We have had as yet neither grave and weightily expressed agreement on foreign policy where that is possible—and how valuable it would be abroad—nor clear and dignified discussion of differences. General Eisenhower criticizes Truman's foreign policy in general but approves it in all its important details. He accepts all the social gains which I was told were Socialist in 1932, but denounces any more as "Socialist." He loves General Marshall, whom Senator Joe McCarthy has outrageously denounced. But he'll swallow McCarthy, whatever he thinks of McCarthyism, so long as McCarthy bears the party label. For the same reason, Governor Stevenson woos the Solid South and plays down differences. Are not principles more important in our democracy than party labels?

BUT this is side-line coaching with a vengeance from a candidate who never won an election. I end my tale, as I began, by acknowledging that mine is no story of success. Yet my years of campaigning have not been altogether futile and they have brought their rewards.

High among those rewards is the memory of the extraordinary support and help given to me and to our cause by loyal if not too numerous Socialists. Their generosity in time and money was remarkable, and it was given without hope of tangible reward. They, including my running mates, the committee workers, the national secretaries and campaign managers, will always live in grateful recollection.

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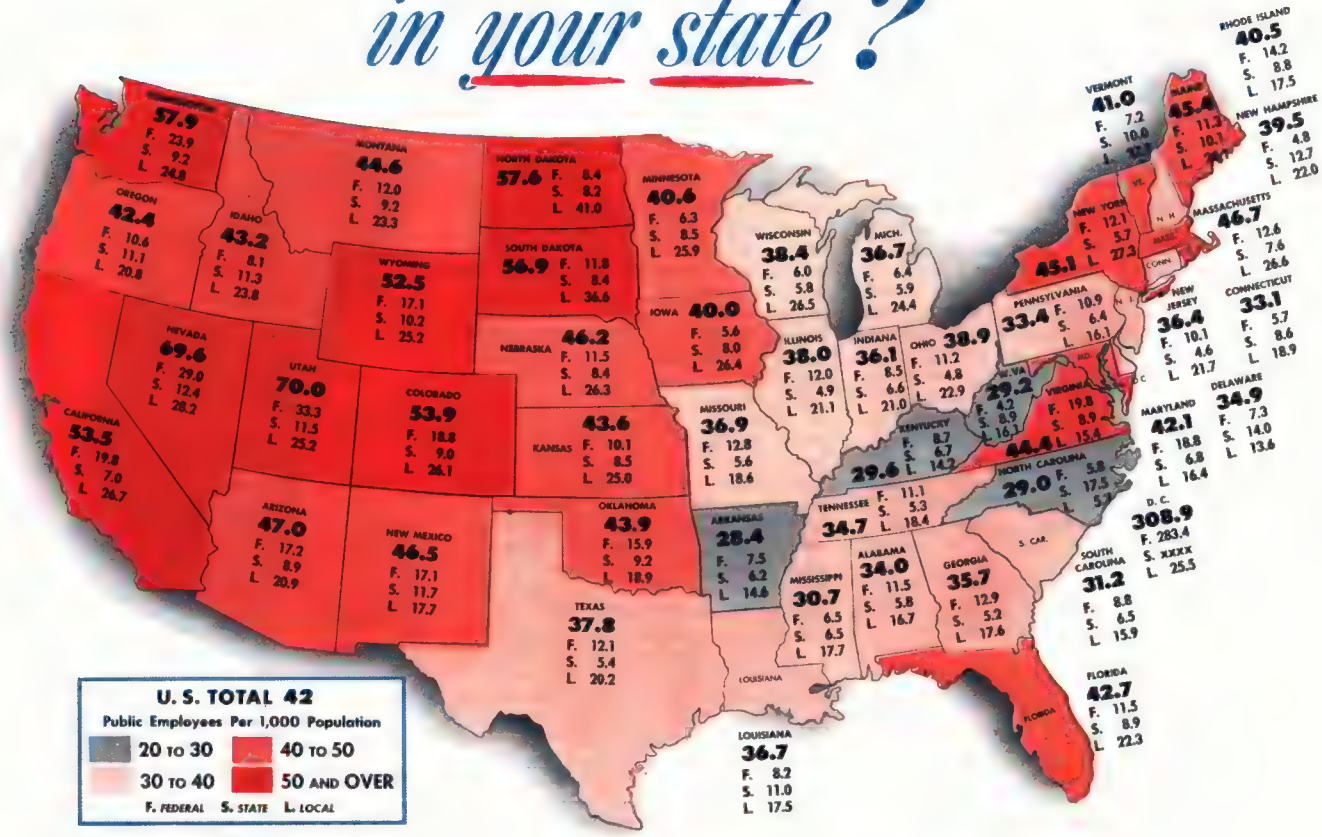
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U. S. TOTAL 42
Public Employees Per 1,000 Population
20 TO 30
30 TO 40
40 TO 50
50 AND OVER
F. FEDERAL S. STATE L. LOCAL

IN THE little village in which I live there was a spirited wrangle before the monthly meeting of the village board the other night. One group of citizens was petitioning the board for more police protection. Its spokesman stated: "We need at least 10 more officers. Our population has increased 3,000 since the end of the war. It's physically impossible for our present force to patrol the newly developed areas."

Another man stood up. "But that means 10 more names on the village payroll. What about our taxes?"

All over the nation similar scenes have been repeated during the past 5 years as the spread and growth of America has necessitated new police, teachers, clerks, street cleaners, garbage collectors, and other civilian employees in the ever-expanding federal, state, and local governments which today employ one out of every 25 Americans.

The payroll for these 6,801,000 public employees—which is drawn from a multitude of various taxes—has reached $1,801,000,000 a month, an all-time high, and, despite recent criticism of federal spending, the majority of it—$1,008,000,000—goes to state and local employees.

Throughout the United States 42 of every 1,000 residents are employed full- or part-time by government, and in all but 3 states and the District of Columbia local employment exceeds federal. (The accompanying map shows the total public civilian employment per 1,000, plus the federal, state, and local employment in each state.)

Washington's wartime secretarial spread caused it to lap over the borders of the District of Columbia into adjacent Virginia and Maryland, where new quarters were required for expanding agencies, and where, in such cases as the Pentagon and the Navy Annex, new structures were erected to house the ever-growing number of workers.

For that reason, Virginia today employs 19.8 federal workers per 1,000 and only 15.4 for local government, while Maryland has 18.8 in federal employment and only 16.4 in local. The District of Columbia, of course, is out of this world, with 283.4 federals per thousand and only 25.5 local.

After wading through several reams of statistics furnished by the Census Bureau one day, I came across what seemed to be several startling figures. Utah, it said there, had more government employees than any other state in the nation—70 per 1,000. How come?

The Census Bureau supplied the answer: "It's really simple. Despite the fact that Utah has a rather sparsely settled population, the Federal Government uses it as a regional center for all of the Mountain States. So, rather than spread branch agencies all through these states, it centralizes its activities in Utah."

A glance again at the map will show other seeming discrepancies between the populations of certain large states and the number of people necessary to run its various governmental agencies. Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, and Utah, for example, are states of large area and relatively small population. Yet all average more than 45 public employees per 1,000 inhabitants.

In each of these states the taxpayer's burden is increased because of the necessity for the state to provide essential services of more benefit to the general welfare of the nation than to the individual resident. These large-area states must, for example, provide extensive and expensive highway systems and the men to build and maintain them.

TOM BERNARD

Freshmen Three

(*Continued from page* 24)

their grammar, even if Ernest had told her to. It sounded sassy. Besides, how could you count on a girl who'd only got C's in English being any correcter than you were? "It's too hot to start that, Ernestine. And you just mix me up."

"Opal!" Ernest yelled. He banged through the screen door onto the porch, his face all lighted up. "I've got it! It just came to me. We can't afford it just for one. But for all of us is different."

"All of us?" Opal said. She felt the way she did in dreams sometimes, falling down a long flight of stairs, with no end to the stairs and no railing to grab.

"Yessiree!" he grinned. "We're all going to get a college education. Ernestine's going to teach us what she learns as she goes along. I called the bus station, and it's only two-seventy-five round trip. She can come home week ends."

"Week ends!" Ernestine looked sick. "Oh, Daddy, I couldn't. I mean, I'll have to be there Saturdays for the games."

Ernest was only five-eight and not very hefty, but when he pulled those reddish eyebrows of his together, it was look out. "You mean you'd rather twirl that stick than share your education with your parents?"

"But half of what you learn is outside of class. You need your week ends for cultural activities."

"Showing off in front of a lot of boys is not cultural activities!" he snorted. "You'll be home here Saturdays teaching your mother and I, or we'll spend the money on fixing up the café."

"All right." Ernestine looked pretty woebegone. "I'll do it."

"That's my girl!" He rubbed his hands together and teetered from his heels to his toes and looked out at the elm tree. "This'll change our lives, Opal."

She stood up, holding the potato pan tight. "Well, it's a crazy idea. But we're a family, and two out of three wins. I think I'll go turn the chicken."

Ernest wasn't the kind who could just keep quiet, of course. He had to tell everybody he saw. There was even a write-up in the next *Choctaw Springs Weekly:*

"Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McNevin and their daughter, Ernestine, have come up with a unique plan by which they'll all go to the university this fall. In a way, that is. Ernestine will go in person. Then she will come home week ends and teach her folks what she's been learning.

"'I will do my best for myself and my parents,' Ernestine promised.

"That's the spirit, Ernestine! We're sure everybody hopes the unusual experiment will prove successful."

Opal sighed. Then she read the piece about Bill Radley going back to the university for his senior year in engineering. She sure hoped college wouldn't affect Ernestine like it had him. He used to be a real nice boy, but now people said he was bad to drink and wild with the girls.

"The way I figure," Ernest said, looking up from the university literature, "we've got to take English Composition I. Then I favor this Ethics: An Introduction to Philosophy. It's just two hours, and everybody ought to know about ethics. Then we ought to take some kind of language and some kind of five-hour course. We've got a choice of some kind of history or Basic Principles of Economics or one of these ologies, like Introduction to Sociology or Biology I or General E-n-t-y-m-o-l-o-g-y or Basic Anthropology: The Study of—"

"Oh, you pick it!" Opal said. It made her brains hurt just to hear the names.

He squinted down at the literature. "Well, I kind of favor taking this Basic Anthropology: The Study of Man. Human nature is mighty important. All right with you, Ernestine?"

"M-m-m-hm-m." Ernestine was lost in the fashion magazine she'd brought home from the drugstore. "Listen to this, Mother: 'To be ready for all campus occasions from grim to gala, dull to dramatic, the smart coed will pack a suit, three skirts (one a mad plaid and two conservatively tweedy), a casual wool dress, two date dresses—'"

"Looks like you'll need some help with your sewing," Opal sighed. "With all the tomatoes to can, too!"

"She going to college to get an education or be a clotheshorse?" Ernest wanted to know.

Opal just stared at him a minute, then she said, "You're sending her up there with kids whose folks can afford it, kids like Bill Radley. All right! But if she goes, she goes presentable."

"Incidentally . . ." Ernestine flipped over a few pages. "Bill Radley said I could ride up with him if I wanted to."

Opal felt kind of sick. Bill was a good-looker and he had a convertible. His father ran the lead mine. "What's he rushing you so far ahead for?"

"He isn't rushing me. He just casually mentioned—"

"Well, we'll take you up ourselves," Opal snapped. . . .

A lot of good that did! The very first week end there was Bill Radley right behind Ernestine at the door. "Here's your little girl, Mrs. McNevin." He did have nice white teeth.

She was mighty glad Ernest was still uptown. She glared at Ernestine. "We was expecting you on the bus."

"I couldn't let her take the bus," he said. "Not when I was coming anyway." He set Ernestine's suitcase inside and handed her her books, looking at her in a way to shrivel a mother's heart.

Ernestine shut the door behind him, her cheeks pink and her breath fast. "I'm going back with him Sunday night!" She threw up her chin, just the way Ernest did when he meant he was going to do something, no matter what. "Bill Radley's finally noticed me and I'm in love with him."

"You're in love with who?" Opal had to sit down. "How could you be?"

"Because I could and am!" Ernestine tossed her head. "Ever since he was a senior in high school and I was a freshman. That's why I just had to go to college. To get him!"

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"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Opal felt like she was about to explode. "I just knew it wouldn't work."

"Why not?" Ernestine said. "I promised to come home week ends and I will."

"Yes." Opal's eyes narrowed. "You will, Ernestine. And preserve us if your father finds out it's Bill Radley and not an education you want!" . . .

The books Ernestine spread out on the dining table were all thick. Thin pages and little type, too. Ernest peered down at her English Composition theme with the red pencil scribbles on the outside: "Very pretty penmanship, but writing is from the mind, not the fingers. Try THINKING after this." He squinted up his eyes. "We'll have to write these themes, too, Opal. Ernestine can turn ours in with hers."

"Oh, I don't think I can do that!" Ernestine cried. "I mean, he's got a list of everybody in the class and—"

"Well, you can just explain why you're turning in three."

"Explain to Dillenbach!" Ernestine shuddered. "You don't know him, Daddy. He's cold as a fish and as sarcastic as—"

"Now, Ernestine!" He pointed a finger at her. "One thing you've got to learn in this world is that it never hurts to ask." He reached for the French book. "Go ahead."

"Well . . ." Ernestine knotted up her face. "Let's see. We're on nouns and adjectives. The masculine article is *le* and the feminine article is *la* . . ."

Ernest looked lost. "They got sex in their articles, too?"

"Wouldn't you know!" Opal pushed back her chair. "Well, let me get the mending."

The whole thing made her nervous: Bill Radley—and Ernestine having to ask that awful professor to grade their themes—and staying up until midnight that night and until one the next, then starting in college again right after dinner Sunday with the big anthropology book.

"We have Pithecanthropus," Ernestine said, "and Heidelberg man, Piltdown man, Neanderthal man, and . . ."

They were trying to make some sense out of it when Bill Radley came.

Ernest didn't even say "Hello," just, "Want Ernestine, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ernestine's a nice girl."

"Sure." Bill stopped trying to smile. "Sure, she is."

Opal could tell he was getting mad. Kids was human like anybody else. Ride them too much and they'd be ornery just to spite you. "Well, I know you'll be real careful with Ernestine," she said, hoping a mother's faith would give him pause.

Ernestine felt awful, just awful. She'd never been so embarrassed. Finally, after they passed the Wigwam Motel, she said, "I apologize for my parents' rudeness, Bill."

He shrugged. "Your mother's all right." He turned to look at her in the deepening dusk. "Do you have to sit 'way over there?"

Her heart bounced.

"It'll be warmer over here," he said, "but I'll put the top up if you'd rather."

"Oh, but I love the top down!" she laughed, and moved over, hoping that was all right. Handling a sophisticated boy like Bill Radley took finesse.

He put his arm around her. "The fraternity's having a dance next Saturday night. How about going with me?"

"Saturday night?" She wanted to die. "Oh, Bill, I'd love to, but I have to be home week ends."

"No exceptions? Not even next week end?"

She knew her father—and, besides, she'd promised. "No, Bill, my parents come first. Maybe some other time."

They were silent for what seemed like miles.

She wondered miserably if she ought to go back to her corner. He didn't seem to want her here any more. He wouldn't say anything or look at her. She moved and he didn't try to stop her. "I'm sorry!" she blurted out.

That shrug again. "I'm sorry, too." He turned on the radio, loud, and pulled over to the side of the highway—but just to put up the top.

What could she say? She thought of a hundred things, but she didn't know whether he was mad or just bored.

Too soon they were back at her dormitory. "See you around," he said. Nothing about another date or even calling her.

She walked slowly up the stairs and down the hall to her room. She hated college now. She wished she'd never come. But here she was, with all her fees paid and her father counting on her for all sorts of horrible things—such as asking Dillenbach to grade those themes.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded her roommate.

"Everything," she replied dully. . . .

She could tell Dillenbach didn't like to be cornered after class. He was tall and good-looking, in an intellectual sort of way, and young enough so that he was probably afraid she was in love with him or something. Well, he could relax!

"Yes?" His tone was impatient. "Yes, Miss—uh—?"

"McNevin." She stood there, her face burning, talking fast, just wanting to get it over.

"What?" He gave her a superior little smile when she had finished. "What is this preposterous request again? I'm sure I didn't understand it, Miss McNevil."

"Nevin!" She made herself go all through it once more: how she was going to college for three and her parents had to have their themes graded, too.

"Well . . ." His voice couldn't have been more condescending. "I'm afraid that won't be possible. Your parents aren't enrolled in my class. And now, if you'll excuse me, I have a lecture."

She loathed him. The more she thought about it, the crueler he seemed. She bet he was a communist. Correcting a theme would only take a minute, and it would mean so much to her father. She thought how kind of noble it was of her father to want an education so much, and how sweet of her mother to go along with the idea and work so hard on the clothes, even though she didn't approve. She, herself, had been pretty selfish—just wanting to twirl and get Bill Radley.

It wouldn't hurt Dillenbach a bit to grade those themes!

She found out he had an office in Room 301 of Smithson Hall. He was there from four to five-thirty every afternoon, and it was very legal for a student to go talk with him then. That was what he was supposed to be there for.

At five she marched into the place, which wasn't much bigger than a closet, and right up to his desk. She didn't care if he got her expelled. "I've come to ask you again, Professor."

"I'm not a professor, Miss McNevin." He almost smiled. "I'm a mere instructor, only a master's degree out of college myself. Well, since you're here, sit down."

She obeyed. Then she let him have it: how much her father always wanted an education and how she was going home week ends instead of having fun and how the café needed repairs but her parents were sending her to college for all of them instead.

"Hm-m-m-m!" He doodled some red pencil marks on a pad on his desk. "Most interesting. . . . Of course, even with a brilliant student there is danger of distortion. I don't know your general ability, but judging from your work so far in Composition, I'd say that you are, at best, average. However"—he looked at her and actually smiled—"it *is* an experiment and I do admire the spirit you and your family are showing. So I'll change my mind. I'll grade the themes."

"Why—" she gasped. "Why, you're really very nice!"

Not on the themes, though. He wrote simply scathing things on the themes. "Of all the nerve!" her mother sniffed, but her father said, "We learn by honest criticism. You be sure and thank the professor for us, Ernestine."

"He isn't a professor." Ernestine smiled dreamily. "He's only a master's degree out of college himself."

Her mother glanced at her sharply. "Whatever happened to Bill Radley?"

"I really wouldn't know." Ernestine tossed her head. Funny the way the name "Bill Radley" still hurt a little. He'd certainly proved how immature he was to have dropped her for something she couldn't help. Now, an older man like Dillenbach had more understanding.

On the Wednesday before Christmas vacation, she went to a midweek varsity dance with a boy from French I-a. She'd gone to quite a number of the midweeks, but this one was different. Bill Radley stood in the stagline, watching her as she danced past. He didn't smile or try to cut—just watched. She got several cuts on her way around the ballroom, so that, when she passed him again, she at least had a different partner. He just watched. The third time, he moved forward. "Cut, please."

"Hello, Bill." She sounded distant.

He danced her over into a corner, away from the stags. "I've been thinking about you a lot."

She concentrated first on his necktie and then, desperately, on Dillenbach.

He put his cheek against hers. "I've almost called you a dozen times—but you wouldn't go to that dance with me."

"I had the world's best reason."

He gave a short laugh. "What's your family going to learn from you?"

She didn't like that at all. "Maybe nothing. But at least I'm not so conceited that I'd go off and pout for months just because somebody wouldn't break a promise the minute I—"

"*Pardonnez-moi*," said a voice. Her date from the French class had finally found her. She glared over his shoulder at Bill Radley until he was obliterated by dancing heads.

BILL was on the phone when she got back: "Will you ride back to Choctaw Springs with me Friday?"

"Well, since you're going anyway—"

"I'll be there at four o'clock."

"I'm afraid I can't be ready until four-thirty," she told him coldly. "I'm to see one of my teachers at Smithson at four."

"I'll pick you up there," he said.

Dillenbach had his coat on. "You were my only appointment today," he explained, handing her the themes, then walking with her all the way downstairs and out the main entrance.

She saw Bill's convertible just the other side of the "No Parking" sign.

"Well, Miss McNevin"—Dillenbach held out his hand—"a Merry Christmas to you and my best to your parents. Tell your father I think he's showing great improvement." Her hand was still in his.

"Who was that?" Bill demanded.

"Dillenbach," she answered proudly. "My English Comp. teacher—and my friend."

"Friend, huh?" Bill slammed her door. "You might be interested to know," he remarked, starting the car, "that it is strictly *verboten* to get mixed up with a member of the faculty of the opposite sex."

"He's been so nice about helping with my parents' education," she said sweetly. "He doesn't think we're crazy, Bill."

"You mean that's what he says."

"If you're going to be insulting all the way home, I'll just take the bus."

She didn't, of course.

It was a funny ride. Sometimes she'd catch him looking at her and sometimes he'd catch her looking at him. They didn't say much. There was a lot they could be talking about, she knew—college, Choctaw Springs, Choctaw Springs High—but she didn't want to talk about those little things, because there was something bigger in the car with them.

After a few miles Bill said, "We aren't very talkative, are we? Well, I could say plenty, but I don't think I will."

She caught her breath. "I wish you would."

He swung off the highway. He parked, and switched off the lights. She felt his arms around her, and his lips found hers. Then he was talking—beautiful talk. "All right, I'll tell you. I'm in love with you, darn it!"

"Oh, Bill!" She touched his hair. "Why 'darn it'?"

"Well, you may not know it, but I've been taking extra hours all along. I'm going to graduate this semester, and I'm angling for a job in South America."

"South America!" she gasped.

"Bolivia. There's really a future in my kind of work down there—zinc and lead."

"That's nice," she managed.

"Is it?" he said. "I have to study every night to make a good record. Then, on week ends, the only time I can relax, you run home." He groaned. "It's not that I'm against your folks getting an education. But why do they have to ruin your life and my life and—?"

"You could come home week ends, too," she suggested. "You could study with us."

That vacation, Bill practically moved in with them. He sat in the big chair in the living room, under the lamp, but he could see into the dining room and hear every word.

"Ernestine's mind wanders all the time," Ernest complained. "And I don't like that look on his face."

"He thinks we're crazy," Opal said. "And I think he's right."

"Then why's a man like Professor Dillenbach helping us?"

"Maybe because we've got a pretty daughter," she snapped.

Anything between Dillenbach and Ernestine didn't show in Ernestine's grades, though. When Ernestine came home with Bill in February for a week's vacation between semesters, she'd only made a C in English Composition—a C in everything. "Bill's the smart one." She smiled up at him. "He got an A and three B's. That means he's through. He finished in three and a half years."

"That's real good, Bill," Opal said, but Ernest just asked Ernestine if she'd brought the examination questions.

SHE had. And a lot of little blue notebooks with blank pages to fill, too. "You get three hours on each one."

"We'll start on French," Ernest decided. "No, Opal!" He grabbed the French book away from her. "You can't look up anything now. Can she, Ernestine?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Opal said. She'd like to get her hands on that French teacher, picking *avoir* and *être* to conjugate. You could never tell what *avoir* and *être* was going to do next.

"Who's going to grade them?" Bill wanted to know.

Ernest looked important. "Professor

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Dillenbach has made arrangements."

Bill stared at Ernestine. "Dillenbach, huh? He'll do anything for you, won't he?" Bill asked. And Opal noticed the way Ernestine blushed.

They mailed the blue books up to Dillenbach Monday, and Wednesday morning the grades were back. Ernest galloped right down from the café. He'd made a B in everything—with a B-plus in Composition. "Sure glad we're taking literature from the professor next semester," he beamed. "Fine man."

"Hmpf!" Opal said. None of the other professors had been nasty enough to draw a long red minus after her C.

"Well, honey"—Ernest put his arm around Ernestine—"we did it! We all got through our first semester. And I want to tell you I'm proud of the way you stuck by your promise. This is what I've been wanting all my life."

He was still poring over university literature when Bill burst in, waving a yellow envelope. "Ernestine!" He picked her clear up off the floor and swung her around. "I got it! The Bolivia job! I just got this wire. They want me in ten days. They want me to fly down. Will you go with me? Marry me?"

Opal knew she'd never forget that look of agony on Ernestine's face. "Oh, Bill! I—I can't! You know I can't!"

"She's got three and a half more years of college, young man," Ernest said.

Bill put her down, hard. "So your father comes first?"

"Don't put it that way, Bill," she begged.

"Well, how else is it?" he asked. "I've played along. I've kept my mouth shut. I've sat here every week end. I've—"

"What's your rush to get married?" Ernest asked. "Come around again after Ernestine graduates. We'll talk about it then."

"Oh, no, we won't!" Bill muttered. "If Ernestine wants to marry me, she'll marry me now."

"But I can't, Bill!" she cried. "You know what the situation is."

He began to laugh, a funny kind of laugh. "Some day I'll probably consider this the luckiest day of my life—the day I didn't get mixed up with a crazy family like this." He stormed out, shutting the door behind him so hard the whole house shook.

Ernest went back to the literature. "Good riddance."

"You think so, don't you?" Ernestine took a step toward him. "I have to go through life with a broken heart, but what's that to you? What's my happiness to you?" Her voice broke. She put her face into her hands. "Excuse me," she sobbed, heading for her room.

"Well, I hope you're happy, Ernest!" Opal snapped. She didn't think she'd ever been so disgusted with him. "I'm a nervous wreck, the café's run down, and Ernestine's just lost a fine young man. But you're getting your college education. I hope you're happy."

"We're all getting a college education," he yelled.

"You're the only one who wants it now. Do you think Ernestine wants it now?"

"Well, she should," he said, stubborn the way only Ernest could be. "I'm not going to let her quit in the middle of her freshman year just to get married. She's got the rest of her life to get married."

"Not to Bill Radley. He won't even be around."

They both jumped as the back door slammed. Ernestine was cutting across the garden next door, lickety-split.

"She's probably going to hunt up Bill," Opal said, and she was glad. She enjoyed telling Ernest, "Maybe they'll elope."

He went right to the phone and called Radleys', but nobody was there except the maid. He didn't go back to the café, just paced around the living room.

"Oh, cheer up, Ernest," Opal said. "Bill Radley's a fine young man, if you ask me. Even if he did used to cut up a little, it's all over now."

About two-thirty somebody pounded on the door. It was Bill, flourishing a white envelope. "Where's Ernestine?"

That's what they wanted to know.

"I haven't seen her," he said. "I've been up at your café, drinking coffee and thinking and writing this letter."

At first, they just tried to figure where Ernestine could be. They called her girlfriends, not really getting excited—until nobody they asked had even seen her.

"It's all my fault!" Ernest burst out then. "I didn't even stop to figure how she felt."

"No!" Bill interrupted. "I'll take the blame for this, sir. I knew she'd made a deal with you, and I deliberately put her on the spot. I wanted to see her break her promise for me."

"This isn't getting her back," Opal announced. It was going on four o'clock now, and she was getting plenty worried.

It was half an hour before they got any word: Ernestine had taken the ten-thirty bus to the university.

Then a gray coupé drove up. Ernestine got out one side and a tall young man got out the other. "Dillenbach!" Bill muttered. "I might have known it."

Ernestine opened the door and came in, the Dillenbach fellow right behind her. "Here I am," she said. "And this is Mr. Dillen— Oh, Bill!" She ran toward him. "Bill, you came back!"

"I wanted to show you this." He handed her the white envelope. "There's a letter inside. Read it."

She started to. "'Dear Mr. Purcell: I am sorry I cannot accept the position you have offered me with you—' Oh, Bill!" She threw her arms around him. "You did this for—"

"Yeah." He pulled her arms away and glared at Dillenbach. "And I didn't realize you'd go racing off to this guy five minutes after I left. I suppose he's in love with you, too."

"Please, Mr. Radley!" Dillenbach said. "A certain young librarian at the university would be very unhappy to know such a question had ever been posed."

"Then what are you doing here?"

"I am interested in Mr. McNevin's college education."

"I really appreciate that, Professor."

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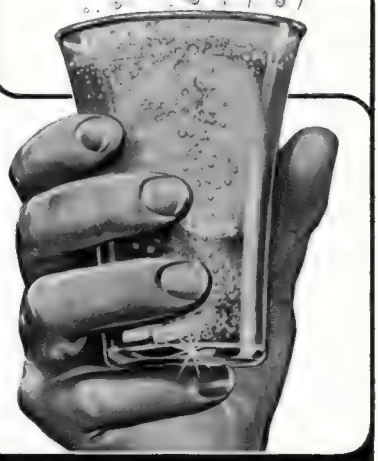

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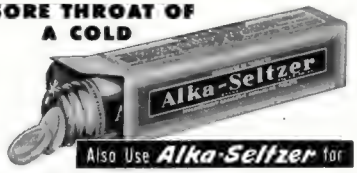

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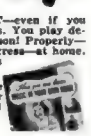

Ernest's voice was gruff. He didn't look at anybody. "But I've decided not to go on with college. Tear up your letter, Bill, and take Ernestine down to South America." He cleared his throat. "With my blessing."

"Oh, Daddy!" Ernestine ran over to him. "I know what college means to you! And I'll never forget how you just offered to give it up for me. But you don't have to. Bill doesn't have to give up his job, either. And I don't have to give up Bill. I just knew that if anybody could figure this mess out, Mr. Dillenbach could."

"How's that?" Ernest looked cheerful again.

"A very simple solution," Dillenbach shrugged. "The trouble with your plan, Mr. McNevin, was that your information came to you secondhand through Ernestine. I think she could learn as much, and you and Mrs. McNevin probably could learn more, merely by enrolling in our extension school."

"A mail-order education?" Ernest stopped looking cheerful. "No thanks. If I can't get it straight from the university . . ."

"With all due respect to Ernestine, who is a fine girl and, I might say, even a brilliant girl in such matters as persuading college instructors to grade unauthorized themes and drive seventy miles on old tires," Dillenbach smiled, "I think you'd be getting your education straighter from the university if you enrolled in the extension school." . . .

Ernestine's letter was full of how happy she was and how wonderful Bill was and how exciting Bolivia was. "I'm going to take Spanish for sure as one of my courses," she wrote. "Down here everybody uses Spanish."

"I figure we ought to take Spanish, too," Ernest said, studying the literature which had just come from the university extension school. "Spanish I-a and English Literature and Basic—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Opal snatched the pamphlet away from him. Just the thought of college made her want to go to bed, but if she was going to be stuck with this fool stuff for three and a half more years— "Let me see that thing!"

THE END ★★

We're in the Movies Now!

(*Continued from page* 39)

—along with jillions of other Americans. He was in error. Only millions. To be exact, 3,000,000 Americans now own movie cameras and projectors.

To refute my notion that movie film must be frightfully expensive, spinning by the way it does, he raced over to our neighbors, the Fullers, and came back with a reel of what he called 8-millimeter film. I had never seen it before. It was a startlingly narrow ribbon, no wider than a pencil. Vance said that this reel, which gives you a 4-minute color movie, costs less than $4, developing included. So, even if you splice 4 reels together, to make a 15-minute "short subject," the cost remains surprisingly modest.

Young Vance next drew up his 5th-grade arithmetic to show me that for $4 he could take 4,000 pictures of me. Any one of them, he said, can be blown up as a still. "That's ten pictures of you for a penny," he said. The way he stressed the *you* was bewitching. I permitted myself to show cautious interest.

The following Sunday we went to visit some old friends on Long Island, the Brownings. I happened to mention to Ford Browning that the heat was on me to get a movie camera. I was looking for sympathy. Instead, he asked, "Say, did we ever show you those movies I took when we came to visit you at Martha's Vineyard three years ago?"

I said no. In fact, I had forgotten that Ford owned a movie camera. He began rooting through drawers looking for film. I groaned and thought, "Here goes another home-movie maniac showing off his stuff."

In a couple minutes he had the room darkened and both families assembled. The projector threw a glare on the bare living-room wall. "A screen gives you a lot better picture," he apologized, "but we never got around to getting one." (Screens range from $15 to $30, I found out later.)

"I think it is in this reel," Ford said. People began milling around on the wall which was serving as a screen. "Whoops, I'm sorry! That's Wilkes-Barre. Boy, that really goes back!" He tried another reel of film which, he assured us, looked like the right one. "I think you are on the tail end of this reel," he explained. I saw strange people waving at me as the camera whooshed us about the landscape. Some of the people had no heads.

But then, in a flash, we were suddenly transported to Martha's Vineyard, Mass. And the kids started hooting. There was Randall, then 4, running spindle-legged up the beach like a deer. And there was Mother wobbling wildly on a bike until she crashed.

But, most exciting of all, there was I, crabbing. I was so intent on the huge old blue claw I was trying to lure within netting range that I didn't realize Ford was filming me. There on the wall I saw myself lunging and swooping the blue claw up in the net.

On the way home that night the kids began pressuring me anew to buy a movie camera, and now I was really on the fence. I had never realized until I saw those pictures how much of memory and feeling is in movement. And I never realized how much more real scenes seem when the people do not have to "freeze" and hold an artificial pose.

When we got home I saw the three kids conferring. Then they approached me. Vance was spokesman. "Daddy," he said, "if you will buy a movie camera we will each put five dollars toward it from our savings."

Well! Although my children always seem to be better off than I am, I was overwhelmed by their proposition, and promised to look into the matter.

At the neighborhood camera store next day I tried manfully to conceal my ignorance about cameras as customers all around me talked knowingly of "zooming," "fading," "panning," and other mysteries. The clerk, a fellow named Hank, showed me that I could get a complete beginner outfit—camera, projector, and screen—for less than $150. I learned that there are five big makers of low-priced movie cameras. The lowest-priced models run around $40 or $50. The next class, with more quality and added features, run around $70 or $80.

Warily I made one specification: "I want a camera that a ten-year-old child can operate."

I had my reasons. First, I figured that if a ten-year-old could run the camera, perhaps I could, too. Second, I had a ten-year-old as a co-owner. And, third, I wanted to make sure my ten-year-old could do the shooting, because I wanted to get in some of the movies, myself!

Hank began laying out a number of 8-mm. models a ten-year-old could operate. What astonished me most was their smallness. At last he pulled out one, the smallest and lightest of all, and slipped it into his pants pocket to show how compact it is.

"Here's the one I use, myself," he said. "It's a dandy—$79.95. I just got back from shooting 1,500 feet in the Adirondacks with it. All beautiful."

He gave me a spiel about its automatic footage counter, slow and fast speeds, built-in exposure guide. I mumbled, "Where do you push the button?" He showed me, but gave me a sharp look. Quickly I said, "Okay, I'll take it." I also took a projector and screen in quick order, no questions asked, and rented some 8-mm. movie films to practice projecting with, at 35 cents a reel.

That night I lugged the four boxes into the house and dumped them on the living-room floor. The kids wanted to open them right away. I said I was going to be awfully busy reading the paper, but that they could look at the screen if they wished. Within a minute Vance had the glass-beaded rollaway screen supported on its tripod.

"It's all ready, Dad," he called. "Now can I open the projector?"

"Be very careful," I murmured.

"Oh, this is easy," he replied. He apparently had watched Ford. I had not. He plugged it in. Testing, he flipped two switches. A powerful beam of light illuminated the screen brilliantly. "Bulb's all right," he advised.

Then he took a reel out of the rented can labeled *Border Badmen* and threaded it on the projector.

"Now can we see some movies?" he asked. Hesitantly I said yes. "Yippee!" he shouted and got on the phone. In about five minutes we had more kids in the house than I've seen there since Randall's birthday party.

After *Border Badmen* we saw Charlie

Chaplin's wonderful *Caught in a Cabaret* (which probably gave me even more belly laughs than it did the kids). And then we saw a condensation of the old "silent" version of *Tarzan and the Apes*—the first time the story was ever filmed.

It was a happy night. And I never left my chair.

Now I was as excited as the kids about home movies. I itched to start making them myself. But the thought of bungling still gave me the shivers. I didn't know how you go about making a movie. I didn't even know how to run or load the camera. It would be wonderful, I thought, to be very wise about it all. I resolved to start boning up on movie-making.

Fortunately, I had five days in which to cram, since we couldn't make movies until the coming week end. On the train to work each morning I read the instruction booklet which came with the camera and began talking with the guys who, I knew, had movie cameras. I began standing around in neighborhood camera stores, listening. I went to meetings of the local camera club. And I dropped in on the Amateur Cinema League at its international headquarters in New York to talk with movie amateurs and look at some of their films.

I ASKED experts in the camera stores what were the commonest mistakes that beginners like myself make. First, I was told about the boners pulled by rank beginners—errors like chopping off heads, underexposing film, jiggling the camera, and the worst bonehead stunt of all—forgetting to take the protective cap off the lens before filming! (My camera doesn't have a protective cap.)

But those are not the kind of mistakes that bother home-movie makers most. Here, I learned, are five of the worst sins of the average amateur:

1. *Neglecting to tell a story.* Many amateur movie photographers continue to think in "still" camera terms. They take snapshots. The result is that on the screen you see flashing before you in rapid succession Grandmother cooing at the baby, the cat watching a bird, Billy building a space-ship platform. In two minutes you may be dizzy and bored. Actually, your movies should tell the people who see it a *story*. A good movie must be *about* something, I was told, even if it is about Mother going through the throes of spring cleaning. It should have a beginning, a middle, and an end.

I learned, too, that you can tell any little family story coherently if you simply answer these five questions in order with your camera: Where? What? Who? Why? and While?

The *where* shot is the so-called long shot that sets the entire scene taken from a distance. Then you move a little closer, to show, with a medium shot, *what* is going on. Next, you come in very close and show intimately just *who* it is that is the center of all this interest. The *why* shot explains why all the activity is going on; and the *while* shows the reactions of onlookers to what the others are doing.

2. *Lack of action.* One of the most amateurish reels I sat through at the League was a whopper by a man from Texas. It recorded his visit to the Canadian Rockies, complete with every irrelevant detail. I saw some magnificent scenery. Yet I started getting bored. The pictures had apparently been shot for lantern slides instead of movies. Nothing ever moved on the screen.

3. *Posing.* It is important that the people acting in your movie be so deeply absorbed with what they are doing that they seem to be taken unawares. They break the spell if they yell, wave, or stick out their tongues at the cameraman, or if, with a silly grin, they follow your direction to "walk over there."

4. *Wild Panning.* This probably accounts for more bloodshot eyes among home-movie audiences than anything else, but is very tempting to anyone who gets a camera in his hands. You "pan" when you swing your camera around the landscape. I saw pans which swiftly took my eyes up one side of a building, across the top, and down the other side. It left me groggy. One camera dealer said to me, "I tell beginners, 'Don't Pan. Period.'" And he warned: "If you must pan, do it very slowly, and only when following moving action."

5. *Being cute or corny.* In one recent year, four different films were submitted for an amateur "Ten Best" contest in which a harried hero, wandering thirst-crazed in the desert, drains his canteen and throws it away. There seemed to be a trend to thirst-crazed heroes. A "running gag"—like the one in which the guy who missed the bus to the family reunion is repeatedly seen trotting down the road—is another overworked device which is widely favored by amateurs, but which gives audiences the creeps.

What the amateur does best is capture the world around him. A recent grand-prize contest winner made a movie about birds. Another "Ten Best" prize winner turned out a film called *Outdoor Life in Ohio.* The Walt Disney film, *Nature's Half Acre*, based on bird and insect life on one small plot of land, was largely pieced together from films shot by amateurs, who, incidentally, were handsomely paid for pictures that they had shot primarily for their own amusement.

I was urged to drop in to see George Valentine, who lives in Glenbrook, Conn. George is one of the best amateurs in America. He has been called "the Zanuck of the home-movie world."

THAT night (which was Friday) I rather nervously arranged an audience with the old master. He was delighted to talk about his hobby. George Valentine, a rather shy middle-aged man, is a local photoengraver. He lives in a small, compact house with a wide lawn. Kids seemed to be everywhere.

"These are my stars," he said, waving toward his children. "Gary . . . Evelyn . . . Audrey . . . and McGill." Each year, he said, he keeps a record of the kids with a little movie story. He said he had just finished making one starring Gary, who dreams he is a great military hero getting a ticker-tape reception and

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is awakened when the cat licks his face. He got the idea while seeing little Gary strutting around under a big, genuine U. S. Marine helmet.

"I'm strictly 8-millimeter," he said, "because it's a lot cheaper than 16. . . . Also, I stick pretty much to family movies. I try to hold my movies to 15 minutes." Mrs. Valentine, a pleasant lady, broke in to say: "They're not so boring that way."

It costs Valentine about $20 to make a 15-minute show. He recruits his stars from the neighbors and from the men who work with him at the plant. After ten years of movie-making he now has, he figures, about $800 worth of equipment.

"What is so thrilling," he said, "is that if you win a contest, your film goes all over America. Amateur camera clubs ask for it."

ONE of George's most requested shows is called *The Wolf's Tale*. He first began shooting it when his family took a trip in their new car to the Gaspé Peninsula in Quebec, Canada. When he got back and looked at the film he had shot he realized it didn't add up to anything. "It was just scenery," he explains.

So he culled out the better shots. Then he set out to weave a story around them, with the help of his neighbor John Harms, who is also a movie-maker. George took me upstairs to what he calls "Le Petit Cinema" to show me the film. He had built the tiny theater with his own hands. It is spacious and in quiet good taste.

Proudly he showed me a handmade desk where he edits his scenes into tight, punchy movies. The main thing you need, he said, is a little splicer, so that you can cut your own film into long and short scenes, shuffle them around, and put them together again. You can buy one for as little as $7, and with it can splice film in a jiffy. George also has a "viewer," which enlarges his tiny 8-mm. film so that he can see what he has got without bothering to put it on the projector. And he has a homemade titling rig which holds the camera in place above a title card on which he places cut-out letters arranged to spell the words he wants. George is a strong believer in titles and sub-titles. "I hate to have to sit there and explain to people what is going on," he said. "And it will be some little time before amateurs can make sound pictures."

Before showing me *The Wolf's Tale* he went to his file of musical records and pulled out a peppy tune, which he put on his phonograph to serve as mood music. Then he went into his projection booth. The lights dimmed.

The Wolf's Tale opens with a scene showing George Valentine in bed with a black eye, his arm in a sling. Then there is a flashback. It seems that a few hours before he got his shiner he is hurrying out of the house to work. His diary slips out of his pocket. Mrs. Valentine comes across it and begins reading entries about their Gaspé trip. The words appear on the screen as she turns the pages.

First, she reads about the glorious sights the family is seeing on the Gaspé. These sights are shown on the screen. Then, one day, according to the diary, George comes on a really spectacular sight—a gorgeous redhead. She has fallen and injured her foot. You see George trotting up eagerly and applying first aid by rubbing her foot soothingly.

It turns out that she is from Connecticut, too, so George tells her he is a Hollywood talent scout and she is just what he is scouting for. He promises to give her a "test" when they both get back home. Mrs. Valentine reads in the diary that George made a date to "test" the redhead that very afternoon. So she goes to the redhead's home and exposes the hoax. The redhead is indignant, particularly because George has told her that he wants her to pose in a filmy black negligee.

The gals decide to teach George, the wolf, a lesson. We see him setting up his camera and rubbing his hands in excited anticipation. He peers into his viewfinder. And what does he see striding toward him? A very angry Mrs. Valentine! Stars explode all over the screen as Mrs. V. gives him the old one-two.

"How do you like the punch ending?" George called to me as he turned up the lights. . . .

I didn't get home until almost midnight, but, late as it was, I took out my little movie camera. It was the first time I'd had the nerve to give it a serious inspection.

I practiced winding it and pressing the button that starts taking the pictures. (You wind every few seconds, depending on the size of your camera.) George Valentine had assured me that the average movie camera is more simple to operate than a still camera. I know now that this is true.

With my old $16 still camera I have to estimate distance every time I take a picture, and I keep forgetting to do so, with disastrous results. My movie camera, in contrast, is "fixed focus." You just aim and shoot, whether the subject is 3 feet away or 300. (You get the best results, incidentally, if the subject is between 4 and 12 feet distant.)

Or take shutter speed. On my still camera, I must keep deciding, every picture, whether to set the shutter speed at $1/25$ of a second or $1/100$. On the movie camera that, too, is "fixed."

Loading is done in about the same way you load a still camera. The only point to remember is that 8-mm. film comes in a double-width strip 25 feet long to give you a 50-foot total. When you finish one side you turn the spool over and run it through again.

Figuring the exposure opening likewise is about the same as with a still camera, except that it's easier, because an exposure guide is built right onto the side of the camera. Use of a light-meter is even better for assuring good results.

NEXT morning my kids hauled me out of bed and reminded me that today was the day to make movies. It was a real scorcher. I explained that we needed a "story." Randall asked, "Is going swimming a story?" I conceded that it might be if we could make it a record of our favorite family pastime.

Vance Jr. and I started working out a "shooting script," with plenty of long shots, close-ups, and "reaction" shots, while Randall scrawled a title on a big piece of paper: "Let's Go Swimming."

We began the shooting by answering the question "Why?" We showed the sun beating down on a very hot, fanning mother, with the kids rushing in and begging her to take them swimming. Next were shots of Cindy tugging to get her bathing suit on and Randall blowing up Mobey Dick, our personal rubber whale. Then I started to get a shot of the family running down the hill toward the river but had to holler, "Hold everything and come on back. I forgot to wind the camera." Groans. Retakes—just like Hollywood.

Once at the river, we showed how each Packard typically gets into the water, and what each was doing at this stage to improve his swimming and diving. All of us except Cindy took turns shooting and starring. She just starred.

We made our first comedy—a 4-minute epic—later that same day. It was *Boy with a Hoe*. I got the idea from watching young Vance dawdle when he was supposed to be hoeing the garden. In the movie, Mother was the photographer, while I showed Vance the long row of vegetables I wanted him to hoe. He had no difficulty registering his distaste. Then I took the camera and followed him as he hacked slowly away, experimenting to find some easier way to get rid of the weeds. He tried a scythe, then started swinging at the weeds with a golf club.

With a simple adjustment, I then put the camera into slow-motion speed. Soon he spread himself languidly over a basket, looking at weeds and occasionally pulling at one. At this point, as I had arranged, a couple of local Huck Finns with fish poles came by and beckoned to Vance to join them. He indicated that he had to finish his chore. They sat down to wait. Now, in a great burst of energy, he began hacking furi-

"If they come out good I'll take a half-dozen!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON
BY JACK O'BRIEN

ously. Again, with the flick of a lever, I switched the camera to speeded-up action as he whizzed down the row to a torrid finish.

Well, anyway, I got the row hoed.

Next day we made a movie called *Our Favorite Meal*, covering the family feast we try to have once a month. We shot Cindy plucking lettuce for the salad . . . Randall picking blueberries for the pie . . . me broiling the steak outdoors . . . and Mother fixing the macaroni and cheese. Then we all dove to, with all-too-convincing gusto. Our punch ending was Cindy giving the steak bone to our dog, Dixie.

Shortly thereafter the great day arrived when our three films came back from processing (you simply mail the film to the manufacturer, who returns it fully developed). We couldn't wait to get them into the projector and onto the screen. Although we tried to remain as critical and impersonal as possible, I have to admit that we all found the reels perfect from every standpoint—photography, direction, and, especially, acting.

A FEW days later, while we were all still walking around patting ourselves on the back, I decided to seek an outside opinion. So I took our film around to Don Charbonneau, a young man with a long-suffering face who used to work for MGM, and who is an expert on amateur movie-making.

"Don't pull any punches," I urged.

Don smiled. "They all say that," he said.

He missed the whole point of our opening scene in the swimming movie because, he said, it flashed by too quickly. He told me I should edit out the occasional stretches of blank or blurred film. And he criticized several spots where there was "camera motion." As for the shot of Cindy in the nude, he said that he sees many bare behinds shot by proud parents, but advises them all to delete such scenes, because the youngsters will be embarrassed in later years.

Now let me tell you the wonderful part of his reaction. He professed to be delighted by the brilliant clearness in all the films. (Honest! And all we did was look at the exposure guide on the side of the camera!) The water was sparkling blue, and young Vance could be clearly followed as he swam under-water the width of the river; the garden vegetables were brilliantly green in their various hues; and the steak broiling over the fire was as tempting as in real life.

At the end he said, "You could let your scenes run a bit longer, say eight or ten seconds. And you should try to explain the action better. But it was a darned good start."

I was prouder than when I got my college diploma!

Now I'm saving my money to buy a telescopic lens so I can get more close-ups, especially of birds and animals. Also, I need a splicer, so that I can edit out my blunders, and also can start shooting scenes in the most convenient order, as they do in Hollywood, and then rearrange them myself to tell the final story. Also, I have my eye on a couple of floodlights, so I can move indoors for "interior" shots, for which there is a special indoor film.

In fact, there's a whole world of movie fun that I can barely wait to explore. I want to get some black-and-white film, for example, and make a picture where the real-life scenes are in b & w, with a "dream sequence" in color. And of course I'm looking forward to the day when all of us amateurs can make "talkies."

You'll be surprised at the people who are amateur movie fans, and at the ingenious uses to which films can be put. The Queen of England is an amateur addict, and shoots her own; so do any number of Hollywood celebs, like Gary Cooper, Red Skelton, and Edgar Bergen.

Hundreds of U. S. communities have their own amateur film clubs. At such places as Oak Ridge, Tenn.; Miami, Fla.; Racine, Wis.; Hartford, Conn.; and Milwaukee, Wis.; cinemaddicts meet regularly in halls or at each other's homes once a month to run off films for each other to criticize.

In St. Paul, I came across a woman named Selma Doone, whose relatives complained because she was a poor letter writer. But she solved that problem with home movies. Every month or so she shoots a reel or two and sends it around to her relatives. She starts off with a title, in her own handwriting: "Hello, everybody . . ." Then her hand is shown writing, "We have lots of news for you. Last week we bought a car . . ." There's a dissolve or fade-in to scene of her getting into the shiny new sedan and driving off. Since most of her relatives own projectors, she has found this much simpler and more vivid than long letters.

Some parents I know take color-movies of the circus and the zoo, thus saving themselves the legwork of taking the kids year after year. Others keep family records by shooting a few feet of film of their children on every birthday and other special occasions, so that they can later watch them grow from infancy to adulthood in a space of minutes. Bill Messner, of Teaneck, N. J., made such a record of his daughter, starting when she was in the cradle. Today, grown up, she's acting on television.

WE USUALLY look at the films we've made ourselves the minute they arrive. In addition, every week end now we have a showing of rented pictures like *Wild Horse and the Little Braves* for anyone who cares to drop in. My youngsters have a list a yard long of movies they want to see, chosen from dealer catalogues. The boys each chip in a dime, and Cindy a nickel, from their allowances to help pay the rent.

At first, I used to argue that they ought to pay the entire rental cost themselves but they insisted vigorously that I seemed to enjoy the pictures, too.

They were dead right, of course. But the movies I enjoy most are the ones in which my family and I are the stars!

THE END★★

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Folks in every corner of the land are traveling back to their old hometowns this fall for annual harvest festivals. Here's a typical celebration, as American as pumpkin pie

by Frank Lewis

Pumpkin

ALL YOU CAN SEE from the top of the Ferris wheel is people and pumpkins

FOR HALLOWEEN. Circleville pumpkins weigh almost as much as the youngsters

HERE COMES THE BAND down the main stem of Circleville, opening the big, 4-day Festival

Time IN CIRCLEVILLE

NO ONE has ever claimed that Circleville, Ohio, a community of 9,000 people 25 miles south of Columbus, is a metropolis. But that in no way stops the town from putting on one of the biggest of the harvest celebrations held each fall in countless towns and cities throughout America. It is the annual Pumpkin Festival, which has provided fun, 100 per cent American style, for millions since it started 'way back in 1903.

For four days—this year, October 22–25—the town turns itself into a gay carnival of pumpkins, parades, and people. Last year 190,000 visitors—including hundreds of former Circlevillians returning for a frolic in their old hometown—came from all over the country for the big doings. This year Circleville is playing host to more than 200,000. Each year, hundreds of thousands of Americans look to similar harvest festivals as a good excuse to make the trip back home.

Things get started in Circleville with the ringing of the Pickaway County Courthouse chimes a little past noon on opening day, brief official ceremonies, and singing of the national anthem. Then the brass band sounds off and the frolics begin. Here are a few of the

PUMPKINS AND GIRLS. Gaily decorated floats play important role in Circleville's annual Festival

PHOTOS BY WHEATON, DELONG, SHOSTAL

high lights: a mammoth parade with floats galore; picking a beautiful Queen; baby, pet, and merchants' parades; milk-drinking, hog-calling, amateur photography, pie-baking, and pie-eating contests. Everything's for free.

All this is set against a background of thousands of golden pumpkins.

Each year the Festival features some new pumpkin concoction. Once it was pumpkin cake. For other Festivals it has been pumpkin ice cream, pumpkin soup, pumpkin jack (a cooling drink), pumpkin fritters, and, of course, pumpkin pie. Last year the town came up with a new one: "Punkinburgers."

The chefs who dreamed up this delicacy scooped out half a pumpkin, packed it with hamburger, and slowly baked it in an oven. When the hamburger was done, they served the pumpkin-flavored meat in a sandwich bun. People say it tasted just like punkinburgers.

What Circlevillians consider the red-letter event of the whole festival, though, takes place on the last day, when a prize is awarded to the housewife who, in the opinion of the expert judges, has baked the best pumpkin pie.

Now the housewives are working over their private, well-guarded recipes, just as all of Circleville is preparing in one way or another for the annual affair. As one Circleville citizen put it recently, "The poet sure didn't have Circleville in mind when he wrote those verses, 'When the frost is on the pumpkin . . .' Our pumpkins are 'way too busy here to get any frost on them during Festival time."

THE END ★★

Welcome Home, Mike

(*Continued from page* 21)

home for lunch. Mike didn't have much to do with them, because he knew there was something wrong with his English. It was because Mamma and Papa hardly spoke a word of English. And when you speak Italian at home and English at school, you're bound to get them mixed up.

The Holloways had been in Williston since before the Revolution. Judge Holloway was far and away the richest man in town.

But all that didn't seem to affect Austin. As far as Mike could tell, he was okay. Not spoiled or a sissy or anything. Yet he was so different from Mike. If it hadn't been for a snow fight they might never have even spoken to each other, much less become friends.

Mike had been waiting for the school bus. Everybody was throwing snowballs. Then Mike noticed six of the kids ganging up on Austin. Some were putting stones in their snowballs. Nobody was getting hurt, and it wasn't any of Mike's business. Still . . .

Mike started throwing at the gang, but not with stones, Pretty soon there was tackling and face-rubbing with snow. Nothing serious, nobody even mad. Then the bus came and Mike had to go. As he left, Austin had grinned, "Thanks, pal." And that was all there was to it. Yet it started something. It started a friendship.

Mike still remembered the day he met Mrs. Holloway. She was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen.

Austin had said, "Mother, this is Mike Sorrentino. He's a friend of mine from school." That was the first time Mike had heard "Mother" used that way. In his home, it was "Mamma." And he remembered the hot chocolate and peanut-butter sandwiches Mrs. Holloway brought them. He had never tasted peanut butter before.

After that he played with Austin a lot. But he never really felt at home in the house itself; to him it was always a little like a church, a place in which to be quiet and respectful, to walk on tiptoe. Everything was so different: the way the Holloways talked, the way Mrs. Holloway laughed, the food they ate, the big lawn and flower gardens. Mike's house was square, of concrete blocks, like houses in Italy, and the vegetables and grapevines came right up to the house itself. The Holloway house even smelled different, clean and fresh, of baking and furniture polish and the perfume Mrs. Holloway used. Mike's house smelled like wine and olive oil and garlic, of grapes drying into raisins, and hanging salamis. It was a good smell, but it was just different. It wasn't an *American* smell.

He remembered the awful time when he had asked Austin if they used wine.

"Wine!" Austin had exclaimed, laughing. "Gosh, no! What would anybody drink wine for? Besides, it's against the law." Prohibition was still on then. Austin had looked at him curiously. "Do you have wine in your house?"

"No," Mike had said, and that had been nothing but a lie. Everybody in Little Italy drank wine. Papa made his own, from his own grapes, and there was always a bottle on the table. Sometimes Mike had a little, himself, mixed with water. It was hard to remember that, technically, wine was illegal—and Austin's father was a *judge*. Although he didn't have a court any more, but law offices in Trenton.

Mike didn't see the Judge much, and felt ill at ease with him. One day Judge Holloway took Austin and Mike out fishing on Barnegat Bay in a boat he hired. They caught a lot of weakfish and croakers, and it was like another world. Mike noticed how respectful everybody was to the Judge and called him "sir." Nobody ever called Papa "sir."

AFTER the fishing trip he lost a little of his awe of Judge Holloway. And then something happened to ruin everything. He and Austin had been reading in the Holloway library. Austin's mother and father were in the next room, talking, but Mike didn't pay any attention to what they were saying. Then he heard them laughing, and he heard one word that sent blood rushing to his ears and neck, that choked him up inside. It was the word "garlic." And he was sure, beyond all doubt, that they were laughing about him.

Everybody in Little Italy cooked with garlic, but he knew the Holloways and people like that didn't. Somebody had told him once that if you eat garlic, it gets right into your blood and skin, and you can never get it out. He had felt contaminated, unclean, in that sweet-smelling house, and when he left that afternoon he resolved not to visit Austin again. He kept making excuses when Austin saw him at school and finally had asked, "Hey, is anything the matter?" And since Mike could think of nothing to say, no more excuses, he had started going again. But more than ever he tried to keep away from Austin's mother and father so they wouldn't notice the garlic. It was better in good weather, because they could play outdoors then, and he figured that the wind and air would maybe make him less noticeable.

He had tried not eating anything with garlic in it at home, but it was impossible. Mamma put garlic in almost everything. He remembered watching her cook dinner one night. She began, as she almost always did, with olive oil in the big iron skillet, and chopped garlic, sizzling brown. Then chopped onions, peppers, and tomatoes.

"Mamma," he had said, "do you have to put garlic in everything?"

She had stared at him in bewilderment. "What's the matter with you, boy?" she had asked sharply. And he had not been able to answer her.

MAMMA had been proud, openly and volubly proud, that Mike had such a nice friend in Austin. Once she had told a neighbor, "Such a country! Already my boy makes friends with the nobility." Mamma didn't even know there was no nobility in America.

One day when Mike was leaving for school Mamma handed him a box wrapped with red ribbon. It was pretty heavy.

"A present for Mrs. Judge Holloway," Mamma had beamed. "You give it to her."

"What's in it?" he had asked.

"You just give it to Mrs. Judge Holloway," Mamma had said mysteriously.

After school Mike went home with Austin. Mrs. Holloway was out in the garden. Mike didn't know how to give her the present, and at last he had merely marched up to her and said, "My mother sends this to you." He had been careful to say "mother" and not "mamma."

"How nice!" Mrs. Holloway had smiled. "Your mother's very thoughtful. Now let's see what's in it."

He had not known where to look as she took off the wrappings.

It was a bottle of wine. Even Mrs. Holloway didn't know what to say, and he saw, agonized, that she was trying not to laugh.

"Why—why, it's so sweet of her," she

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had said at last. "I'm sure the Judge will be pleased, too."

Ashamed, yet defensive, he had found himself trying to explain. This was the best wine Papa had ever made, and there was only a little of it left, reserved for big occasions like birthdays and when Mamma and Papa had a wedding anniversary. And then he had stopped, struck with horror, realizing he had admitted they *did* use wine at his house. And that he had said "Mamma." . . .

May nudged him, laughing. "Hey, wake up! We're almost home."

He turned to her, startled.

She said, "You look as if you were far away."

"I was," he confessed. "Remembering a lot of things."

"Bad things?" May asked softly.

"No. Just remembering."

He turned onto the hard-packed sand road that led to their home, and soon saw the house. He was proud of it, and eager to have Austin Holloway see the changes. After Papa died, Mike had rebuilt it almost entirely. It was much bigger now, and less Italian-looking, with wings on each end. There was a lawn, and the vegetable gardens, tended by a hired man, were pushed well away from the house. Once he'd thought of moving into Williston, but Mamma liked it better out here. She moved more slowly now and was quite deaf. But she still enjoyed life and adored her two grandchildren.

Mamma was waiting on the porch. Mike kissed her and then, speaking in Italian, raising his voice, said, "Mamma! Good news! You remember the son of Judge Holloway, long ago?"

"How could I forget?"

"He's coming to see us—Thursday—for dinner!"

"*Bene! Benissimo!*" Mamma beamed. "A nice boy, that one. We will make him a dinner he will never forget."

"Sure, Mamma," Mike said.

May did most of the cooking, with Mamma lending a hand only on special occasions. He realized he was going to have to be diplomatic about this and not hurt Mamma's feelings. "We'll talk about it later."

Inside, May looked at him a moment and said, "Hasn't he ever been here for dinner before?"

"Once," he said. "Just once." Then he told her about it.

It wasn't long after Mamma had sent the bottle of wine to Mrs. Holloway. Mamma had often said that since Mike went to the Holloway house so much, Austin ought to come out to Mike's house for dinner. At least once.

Mike had resisted this. He had pointed out that it was hard for Austin to come out so far into the country.

"*Diavolo!*" Mamma had snorted. "With three automobiles is it so hard for them to bring him fifteen kilometers?" Mamma still thought in terms of kilometers, instead of miles. "Or he can come back with you on the school bus, and after dinner go back on the regular bus."

He had delayed and delayed, until one day Mamma lost her patience. "What's the matter, boy?" she had flamed. "You ashamed of this home?"

"No, Mamma," he had said, embarrassed.

So he had surrendered. That day he asked Austin, watching closely to see how he took it. Austin said, "Why, sure, I'd like to. I'll have to ask my mother, though." Later Mike often wondered exactly what Mrs. Holloway had said. All Austin reported next day was: "Sure, she says it's okay for tomorrow."

That night Mamma had patted him on the shoulder. "*Bene!*" she had smiled. "Now we must decide what to give him to eat. To begin with, a good spaghetti, then—"

"He—he doesn't like spaghetti," Mike had said. He had made that up. He didn't know whether Austin did or didn't, but he had never seen spaghetti at the Holloways'.

"Not like spaghetti!" Mamma had echoed, thunderstruck. "Then ravioli?"

Mike had still looked doubtful, and at last Mamma had surrendered in her turn, overcome by the strange American ways.

"You tell me," Mamma had shrugged. "I cook what you say."

He had never planned a meal before, and now he tried to remember the kind of things they ate at Austin's house. Real *American* food. Finally, uncertainly, he had picked roast beef, corn on the cob, mashed potatoes, and salad.

Mamma had shaken her head, but said only, "*Va bene.*"

He could never forget the next day. For one thing, when they came home Papa was still out in the garden, wearing the old clothes he used for working. He had come over to greet them. He smiled, took off his hat, and even bowed a little to Austin.

"Pleased to meetcha," Papa had beamed, proud of knowing that much English.

Austin, a little flustered, had held out his hand and said, "How do you do, sir?" Mike was stunned to hear him say "sir," and it sounded good. Then Mamma had rushed out, wearing an apron, her face radiant.

It had been awful. Aside from everything else, Mamma and Papa didn't know much English except "good" and "okay" and "much pleased." Mike had to translate nearly everything.

Supper (at Austin's house they called it dinner) had been a nightmare, too. They sat around the table, smiling, and not being able to say much. And then Mike tasted the roast beef. Mamma had rubbed it with garlic and oil before she roasted it!

And on the table Papa had put a bottle of wine, the good wine. Papa thought it was a big joke when Austin said, "No, thank you, sir," to the wine.

"Vino good for boy," Papa had prodded jovially. Until he saw the anguished look on Mike's face, and subsided, embarrassed.

Of course the salad had garlic in it. Garlic, olive oil, and vinegar. At Austin's house the salads had just mayonnaise. Mike could hardly wait until it was time for the bus. He walked with Austin out to the main stop on the highway, and could think of nothing to say.

Then Austin had said, curiously, "I never had meat that tasted that way before. What was it? It was good, though."

Mike wasn't going to lie any more. "It was garlic," he said, feeling miserable.

"Gosh, garlic!" Austin exclaimed. "I never had it before." It was dark and Mike couldn't see his face clearly. Then the bus came.

"Well, good night, Mike, and thanks," Austin had said. "I had a swell time. It was like being in another country."

And that was exactly it. It *was* like being in another country. Not America at all. . . .

It was hard to believe, Mike reflected now, that this had been so many years ago. But the amazing thing was that they remained friends, despite the fact that in the past fifteen years they had seen each other so rarely.

Their paths had soon begun to separate. Austin had gone off to prep school; Mike stayed in high school. Austin went away to college; Mike to a school of mechanics in Trenton, with the little money Papa could spare from the vegetables, and some he earned himself around garages. During the summers Austin was in camp, or visiting school friends; once his family took him to South America.

Occasionally they met in Williston in the garage where Mike worked. And once, when they were both 19, they double-dated. That was the second and last time Austin had ever been out to the house in Little Italy. Mike had told May about it.

Mike and Austin had been talking about girls, and pretty soon it was decided that Mike would ask a couple of girls he knew in Little Italy, to go dancing. Austin had his own convertible now. He had driven Mike home to change clothes. Papa was still alive then, and this time Austin didn't refuse the wine. Afterwards, Mamma brought out a sort of liqueur she made herself and called "sport coffee." It was thick, sweet, and strong, made of alcohol and flavoring, and they had some of that, too.

After that, they had called for the girls and had dinner at a roadhouse on the road to Trenton. At least they started to have dinner. Then Austin got sick, not being used to so much wine and especially not sport coffee. Mike got the girls home, drove Austin to the Holloway house, turned him over to his distressed mother, and just caught the last bus. The evening had been a complete failure—all because of Papa's wine.

After college Austin wanted to get into the foreign service, and had gone to a school in Washington. Then the war came. Mike was an ordnance sergeant in the Pacific. Austin became a major in Africa, first in infantry, later as liaison officer with the French. They both married after the war. On his honeymoon, Austin sent Mike a post card from Sorrento, near Naples. "Did the Sorrentinos come from Sorrento?" the card had read. "If so, I can't imagine why they left. Never saw a more beautiful place in my life."

First Papa had died, then the Judge. Mrs. Holloway sold the big house and moved to California. Mike and Austin wrote each other maybe once a year. It was hard to keep up. And yet the friendship went on, tenuous as a spider's strand, but somehow able to stretch over the years and the miles, and never quite break. . . .

As Thursday drew near Mike was a little sorry he had told May about the embarrassment with Mamma years ago, about the food. Because he would have liked to talk over the menu with May just to make sure that—well, just to make sure. May came of American stock, but she could cook in the Italian manner as well as in the American.

Once he approached the subject casually—or what he thought was casually. "What are we having Thursday night?" he asked idly.

"Well," she had said thoughtfully, "I thought we'd start with garlic soup. Then grilled garlic on toast. Then a nice roast of garlic with garlic, garlic bread, and maybe some good imported garlic cheese."

"All right, all right," he surrendered, laughing.

Then she kissed him softly, tenderly. "Don't worry," she said. "Everything will be just as it should be. No garlic on the roast beef, I promise. We'll give them a dinner that will make you proud."

What could he say after that? . . .

MIKE was waiting in the driveway at 6:30 when the Holloways arrived, driving a low-slung sporty car of a foreign make Mike had never seen before. The first few minutes were uncertain, with the gropings of friends who have not seen each other for too long.

"How's your mother? How's business? You're looking great—not a day older . . ."

Martha Holloway was warmer, friendlier than he'd expected. She was small, brunette, in a smart blue suit. Probably from Paris, Mike thought. He liked the way her nose crinkled when she smiled. Most of all he liked the way she seemed to get along with May. He was proud that May looked just as pretty, just as well dressed. The funny thing was that the women, who had never met before, seemed to get along more easily than he and Austin.

As they walked slowly across the lawn to the house, Martha said, "It's lovely! And those grape vines! Just like Italy!"

Mike said lightly, "Well, Sorrentino's no old Scottish name."

Francesca, 5, and Tony, 4, were on the porch. Martha shook hands with Tony. And Francesca's eyes went wide as Austin kissed her hand formally, as if she were a duchess.

Then Mamma came out, beaming with eagerness and hospitality.

Mike said, "Austin, you remember my mother . . ."

And Austin, smiling, began: "*Me fa molto piacere di riverderla, signora.*" And then, presenting Martha, "*Questa é mia moglie.*"

Mamma's eyes shot open wide. "*Diavolo!*" she gasped. "*Parla Italiano! É con uno magnifico accento Toscano!*"

It was the truth, Mike thought, as astounded as Mamma.

"Where," he asked, "did you learn to talk Italian like that?"

"It's not that good," Austin laughed. "I learned in Italy." Then he said thoughtfully. "If I hadn't been such a dope when I was a kid, I could have learned it here, with you, and saved myself all that time and money."

"You'd never get a good Tuscan accent like that around here," Mike said. "Nothing but real low-down Neapolitan." Yet it made him feel good to hear Austin Holloway speaking Italian.

THEY sat down, and Mike said, "Suppose I fix us a drink. What will it be—a highball? Martini?"

But May said quickly, "It's all ready, darling; I'll get it." She came back from the kitchen with a frosted bottle of very pale Italian vermouth. Mike stared at her, but she was calmly filling the glasses.

"Welcome home," Mike toasted.

He watched them closely. "Wonderful!" Martha sighed, after she sipped her drink. "Better than whisky and cocktails all the time." Then she added, in Italian, "Better than sport coffee, too!"

Mamma screamed with laughter.

Mike, grinning, said, "So he told you about that, did he?"

"Part of it, anyway. Although I'd like to know more about those girls," Martha said.

Austin said, "Remember, Martha, the first time we had this kind of vermouth? Out on that balcony in Sorrento?"

Mamma, hearing the word Sorrento, asked excitedly what it was like there now. And Martha, in Italian nowhere near as good as Austin's, but quite good enough, was telling her. How the great, beautiful cliffs still plunged into the sea, and how the islands still glittered on the horizon. They had even visited the same church Mamma used to go to as a girl.

Then they went in to dinner, and in the center of the table stood a great platter of ravioli. Mamma's ravioli, light-crusted, stuffed with meat and peppers and onions. And garlic. He tried to catch May's eye, but she was looking somewhere else.

"Ah-h-h!" Martha sighed, and Mike didn't even have to look at her to know that it was the right kind of sigh. She said, "This I have to learn how to make."

"It is Mamma Sorrentino's recipe," May said proudly. "I asked Mamma to prepare dinner, all her special dishes, to welcome home Mike's friend."

"You couldn't have done anything more thoughtful," Austin said sincerely.

Only then did May look at Mike, and she smiled. Not a smile of triumph, but a smile of tenderness and devotion. And he returned her smile.

After that came the *peperoni ripieni,* the stuffed peppers Mamma's own mother had taught her to make. And a *scaloppini* of veal, light golden slices of tender meat, with a faint touch of garlic rubbed into it. And later the salad, with another elusive aroma of garlic on the onions and tomatoes, the lettuce and

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water cress. The wine was a rich, light Chianti-type wine from California.

"To think," Austin said once, "that it took me so many years and so many miles to appreciate food like this, when I could have had it all the time, right in my back yard."

Martha asked him innocently, "Didn't you ever have Italian cooking before you went abroad?"

He looked sheepish. "Well, not much, to tell you the truth. It was so different from what we ate at home that—well, you know how kids are." Then he laughed. "Besides, there was a time—although it's hard to believe it now—when I didn't like garlic."

"And now," Martha put in, "he wants it in everything but coffee. Me, too."

"Even garlic coffee," Mike said, "might be better than sport coffee." So it passed with laughter.

Afterwards they sat out on the porch in the warm night, talking, remembering, sometimes in English, sometimes in Italian, so Mamma wouldn't feel left out. Mamma couldn't get over the delight of hearing the Holloways talk Italian.

"I used to feel so self-conscious," Martha said, "when I was first learning. But even with my American accent, and with all the boners I made, they didn't laugh. They were so kind."

"A lot kinder," Austin said dryly, "than most of us are over here when somebody's trying to learn English. Especially kids." It was so dark that Mike couldn't see his face clearly.

May said smoothly, "Some day Mike and I want to go over there. Mostly to Italy, I guess, but the other places, too."

They talked about going to Europe. Where to go, and when, and how much it would cost, and whether it was worth taking a car over. It was exciting to make plans, even halfway plans.

Austin said, "We got talking one time about how much you can learn about Europe even if you never leave America. That is, if you really want to. There's no other country like it. Even in Williston you could find authorities from at least ten countries."

"Authorities?" Mike echoed, puzzled.

"Sure. Authorities on the countries they came from. If I'd had any sense, I could have learned about Italian food and wine and customs, even how to speak Italian, just from your folks. No foreign-language school, no steamship fare, and a lot less trouble, the way kids learn things so fast."

May said, "And Norwegian, too."

"Sure; old Hansen the carpenter. I'll bet he'd have loved to give us Norwegian food, tell us about the fiords and the midnight sun. Even teach us Norwegian if we'd wanted to learn."

"We called him 'Hard-head Hansen,'" Mike recalled, "and thought it was funny the way he pronounced j's like y's."

"And Kniebler, the Austrian who used to give violin lessons, remember?" Austin went on. "And that French baker, I forget his name. Poles, Czechs, Dutch . . . why, there was a world tour right around the corner from us."

"Yes, there was," Mike agreed. And he remembered Austin once saying that visiting Mike's house had been like visiting another country. And he remembered how stupidly shamed he had been by the compliment. . . .

They left around 1 A.M., having arranged to lunch together in town the next day. Mike and May stood in the driveway, watching the taillight disappear.

"They're nice," she said. "Real people. As real as I counted on their being."

"You're pretty nice yourself, Signora," Mike said.

She squeezed his arm. "It *was* all right, wasn't it?" There was the faintest breath of worry.

"It was perfect," he said. "Mamma surpassed herself."

"And I didn't really break my promise. There *wasn't* any garlic on the roast beef. I just thought . . ."

He felt warm and good, like singing. It was as if somehow old barriers, invisible but towering, had suddenly fallen away forever.

". . . that there was no reason," May was saying, "to be ashamed of things like ravioli and garlic and salami. Because they're just as American now as —well, as hot dogs and hamburgers. And both of *them* came from Germany."

She put an arm about him, and he was to remember for a long time, perhaps forever, the curious knowing of her next words.

She said softly, "Welcome home, Mike."

THE END★★

The Luck of Lily Cole

(*Continued from page* 29)

take care of it. Is there anything else?"

"That young singer, Johnson, isn't satisfied with his television spot."

Sam barked a short, mirthless laugh. "With his voice he ought to be happy he's working." His face softened as he looked at her. "It's a day for excitement. It's June. Let's elope."

She swung back in her swivel chair, laughing at him. "That would take some ladder. We're fifty-four stories up."

"We'll parachute down, hand in hand."

Cathy made a face at him. "It's what every girl dreams about. A honeymoon in a cast. You tempt me terribly."

"I don't," he said ruefully, "tempt you even faintly. Maybe I need a press agent to build me up. Just for you."

She got to her feet and came to him swiftly. Her arms went tight around his neck and her cheek was warm and soft against his face. "You don't need any building up. You're fifty-four stories high all by yourself."

"When?" he said urgently.

"Soon. Helen's husband will find himself eventually. Don's almost through medical school. It won't be forever."

"It won't? It's five years now. Five long, bleak, dreary years. I'll be an old man before I'm through, battered, disillusioned. Who'll want me then?"

She smiled up into his eyes. "I'll want you. Even if you will be thirty-five and tottering on the brink of senility."

He pushed her from him, holding her at arm's length. "My patience isn't inexhaustible, you know. This town is full of sweet young things just panting to be noticed by Sam Carteret."

"I'll have to chance it."

"Trouble is," he admitted, "you're not taking much of a chance. I don't want them young, sweet, and breathless. Old, hatchet-faced, and stubborn, that's for me." He cupped her chin in his palm and examined the pure young oval of her face moodily, the deep blue of her eyes under the sooty lashes. He dropped a kiss on her nose. "I must be demented," he observed thoughtfully and went out, closing the door behind him.

It was a long Monday and Cathy felt restless and on edge. The feeling, she knew, was compounded partly of the real urgency behind Sam's gentle nonsense this morning, partly of the soft June day that reminded her of other Junes in other years, so many of them now, and of the weight of her sister Helen and Helen's twin, Don, depending on her. The weight that she could not and would not transfer to Sam's shoulders. . . .

The lobby of the Hotel Berkeley for Women was dim and subdued and elegantly refined. Cathy crossed to the desk for her key. "Any messages?"

"Mrs. Curtis called." That was Helen. "Not again," Cathy thought desperately. "Fred couldn't have left the insurance company."

She took the elevator to the tenth floor, and when she opened the door she saw June Daley sitting on the edge of her twin bed, a half-packed suitcase behind her. The girl was mopping at red-rimmed eyes. So the depressing day wasn't over yet.

Cathy repressed a stab of irritation. "What's *your* problem?"

June raised streaming eyes. "They've asked me to leave the hotel."

Cathy's mouth fell open. "But why?"

"Last night was Ted's last in town. He left for camp early this morning. There wasn't any place where we could say good-by in any decent privacy." She gulped and swallowed. "You know that p-public room downstairs."

Cathy nodded. The room that was full of women and girls and high-pitched laughter and prying eyes.

"Movies," June said scornfully. "Restaurants. A bench in Central Park." She lifted her chin. "You had a date and I smuggled him up here the back way. We were alone for two hours and nothing happened. It was just that we were together. The soft mouth worked. "Somebody turned me in."

"But you're engaged to Ted. Didn't you tell them that?"

"They didn't care. 'A rule is a rule, Miss Daley. We can't make exceptions.'"

"What will you do?"

"There's a girl on the second floor who has an aunt on the Drive. Sometimes she rents out a room. I went up to see her. It's a nice room. She seems like a nice person. Only I feel so awful and cheap having to go like this."

Cathy patted the soft shoulder. "You know what you are. What do you care what they think?"

June blew her nose and dried her eyes. "That girl downstairs," she said. "With the aunt. Lily Cole. The street noises are driving her mad. She'd like to get up higher. I said I'd speak to you."

"What's she like?"

"Big, good-looking, breezy. I think you'd get along."

"Sure," Cathy said. "Why not?"

SHE had been twenty when she first came to the Berkeley, five years before. Right after her parents had been killed in a plane crash. And Helen, at eighteen, had married Fred when he came back from the South Pacific. And Don, Helen's twin, was still a pre-med student with years to go. Cathy had sold the big house on Long Island to pay all the debts and had moved to the city.

Roommates had come and gone. It didn't matter much. The only person she really cared about living with wouldn't have been allowed at the Berkeley Hotel for Women anyway. "*Some day*," she thought achingly. "*Some day when things are different. Some day soon.*" . . .

But the next day things were just the same, as they were the next week, and the week after that. It was the middle of July when Helen called her at the office: "Fred's got a new job. A really good one with one of the big real-estate companies. We'll pay you back what we owe soon."

"No hurry about that. Get back on your feet first."

Sam stood watching her quizzically.

"You've been so wonderful to us," Helen said. "We can't ever repay all—"

"Go soak your head," Cathy said fondly. "And I can't talk to you now. The boss is glaring at me."

She hung up. "Fred's got a job. A good one. Maybe it will last."

"And maybe next month will be June again, but I wouldn't bet on it."

Cathy said abruptly, "*Louisiana Lady* is picking up momentum. Kitty Kelly's the final choice for comedienne."

"Great," Sam said dourly. "With Kitty and Lisa Cordell in the same cast there's bound to be fireworks."

"Ben Schuyler's grateful for any progress."

"I'm not superstitious, but I still feel it's a hard-luck play. And now that you've succeeded in changing the subject, how about dinner tonight?"

"Be my guest," Cathy said. "I'll buy you a three-inch steak and let you listen to a lady sing."

He quirked an eyebrow at her. "I didn't know you had a voice."

"Not me. My roommate. Lily Cole. She's opening tonight at some hole in the wall in the Village. There ought to be someone in her corner cheering."

"How's she working out as a roommate?"

"She's a darling," Cathy told him. "She's done a thousand little favors for me. Lily won't ever be taken for one of the daisy-chain league, but for what she is, she's nice."

"I'll pick you up at seven," Sam said.

El Toro was small and smoky. The food was indifferently prepared, but the waiter who served them was friendly.

"When does Miss Cole sing?" Cathy asked.

Sudden comprehension lit his dark features. "Ah, you're friends of Miss Cole!" He leaned closer. "I doubted it was the cuisine brought you down here. She'll be on in a few minutes."

The musicians set their instruments down and leaned back in their chairs on the tiny bandstand. Someone plucked lightly at a guitar and Lily came out onto the floor, slowly, swaying, singing softly although her voice carried over the clink of glasses and laughter. She moved gracefully, sinuously, a tall, statuesque blonde in a clinging red satin gown.

She sang three numbers, and when they were over and the band started to play again, she came directly to their table. "Cathy, you're an angel for coming." Her voice was throaty, vibrant.

Cathy presented Sam Carteret. Lily's brows rose. "Not *the* Carteret?" Sam pulled up a chair and Lily sat down. She examined him with frank interest. "You represent Jerry Thomas and Lisa Cordell and Margaret Harting. You discovered Al Jersey." There was awe in her voice.

Sam threw back his head and laughed. "You seem to know a lot about me."

Lily smiled. "In this racket? Are you kidding? Who doesn't? I tried to get in to see you once or twice, but I never got past your dragon of a receptionist."

"She's paid," Sam admitted cheerfully, "to belch fire and flames."

LILY leaned toward him. "How far," she asked directly, "can I get with a voice like mine?" She seemed oddly earnest, the hard patina of brash self-assurance gone for the moment.

"Depends," Sam told her evenly. "You want the truth?"

She winced. "Shoot."

"Your voice isn't remarkable. Not bad, but not good, either. There's a lot you have to learn—how to dress, what to do with your hair, how to walk across a floor. You're about ten pounds overweight. On your talent alone you'll never make it."

"I see." She stared at nothing for a minute and then she turned the corners of her wide, mobile mouth up in a gallant, wry grin. "Thanks a lot. That couldn't have been easy to say."

"There's something else," Sam told her. "Talent isn't the whole of the story. Why don't you stop in to see me tomorrow and we'll talk about it."

Her face lit with a startling radiance. "I'll be there," Lily said fervently. "Fire, flood, famine, and plague couldn't keep me away."

Sam laughed at her. "Hold on, Lily. I'm not promising the moon."

"I'm not shooting for the moon." She stood up. "There are a couple of other people I'd better say hello to." Her fingers touched Cathy's hair. "Baby, I love you," she said and moved away.

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(S. D.)*

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Cathy looked at Sam. "That was very kind of you."

"I'm no philanthropist. It could pay off."

"But you said her talent was slight."

"Did you happen to notice any of the faces at the tables when she was singing? Watch them, next time around. Lily Cole has the kind of personality you can warm your hands at. It's an outright gift from heaven. It's a lot rarer than a voice." . . .

CATHY watched Lily's progress from two angles. She made Lily's appointments from the office, at Sam's direction, and she watched Lily studying late into the night at the Berkeley. Lily Cole was a hard worker and she could follow directions.

Sam Carteret turned her over to Madeleina for her clothes, to Miguel for her hair, to Tim Flanagan for her press notices, to Agnes Touraine for her diction. He took her with them when they visited the better night clubs, and Lily watched and listened.

The night Lily opened at the Green Room of the Hotel Sert, Cathy and Sam were at a table close to the dance floor. The lights dimmed, the spot came up, and Lily stood tall and regal behind the mike. Her blond hair was smooth and shining. Her gown was white and deceptively simple. The orchestra behind her was good and Lily sounded a lot better than she was.

The soft chink of silver and the subdued murmur of conversation went on, but here and there people stopped eating to watch and listen to her.

When it was over she came to their table, her eyes shining, a pulse hammering high in her throat. "How was I, Sam?"

He patted her hand reassuringly. "You were fine. I think they liked you."

Lily's other hand covered Sam's. "I owe you so much," Lily said gratefully.

"We're not through yet," Sam Carteret told her. "You certainly impressed Cathy." He glanced at her plate. "She hasn't eaten a thing."

"I don't," Cathy said thoughtfully, "feel very hungry, somehow." . . .

The letters Cathy received from Don were breezy and cheerful. His grades were good and he thought there might be a chance for an internship in New York the following year. There was a postscript. There was a pigeon, cute as a button, and an extra ten bucks would see him through a large evening.

Cathy made a mental note to enclose the money in her reply. His grades had earned him an evening's fun.

Fred Curtis seemed to be steadying down too. And Helen looked happier than she had for a long while.

Cathy mentioned this to Sam one night when they were having dinner.

"Swell." Sam grinned. "It's high time they climbed off your back."

"This will change things for us," Cathy said happily. "The waiting doesn't seem so long when the goal's in sight."

"Is it?" Sam said. "Or is this just another mirage?"

"What?"

"These calms have happened before. One of Helen's kids will need his teeth straightened, a long, expensive process. Or Donny will decide to get married before he graduates and we'll be back where we started five years ago."

Something chill and ominous touched Cathy Lewis. "You don't sound as though you cared any more."

Sam didn't smile. "You can live just so long on hope. It's not a very nourishing diet."

She bit her lip. "We've always been honest with each other, Sam. Is it Lily? Has she anything to do with your feeling?"

"What do you mean?" he said angrily. And then, before she could answer, he said quietly, "Never mind. I guess I know what you mean." He was silent then for so long Cathy thought he wasn't going to answer. Something inside her began to tremble and would not stop.

"It's funny about Lily," he admitted at last. "I've put so much of myself into Lily, into her career, it's almost as though we were one person."

There was another sculptor who had fallen in love with the thing he had created out of stone. But Lily Cole wasn't stone. Lily was altogether too human.

"I understand," Cathy said.

"How could you possibly?" he asked, his voice bitter. "I don't understand it myself." . . .

It was only a few nights later when Lily announced she would be leaving the Berkeley. Cathy Lewis wasn't sorry. She couldn't hate Lily Cole. Lily was so obviously just a girl to whom things happened. Sometimes bad things. Sometimes good. Sam was one of the best.

"Where are you going?"

"I got a short sublet on an apartment. I can afford it now."

"I'm glad for you." Cathy hesitated, biting her lip, and then said, "What about Sam?"

"I tried it your way, but it tickled!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON
BY WALT WETTERBERG

Lily leaned back. "What about him?"

"It looks," Cathy said, feeling sick but unable to stop, "as though you've got him in your pocket. What, if anything, are you going to do about it?"

Lily's eyes glinted. "Funny your mentioning that. I've been giving it a lot of thought. Sam's pushed me along fast but, frankly, how far can I go? My talent won't ever overwhelm anybody. I don't kid myself about it. And I won't be young and bouncy forever. When the season's over at the Green Room, Lily Cole and the Small Career will part. In his own league Sam's a big man. And a darn' fine one. It won't be any heavy chore to make him a good wife."

Lily had taken a short sublet on an apartment. The season would be over in two months. Eight weeks.

SO NOW, Cathy thought, she knew. She wanted to kick and howl and rage, and she sat there with her heart cracking painfully and quietly in her chest.

"It isn't," Lily said softly, "as though you wanted Sam for yourself. You've had your chance. He's told me that much. You've got yourself trapped in a mass of obligations you'll never be rid of."

Anger began to churn inside Cathy.

"I've found," Lily said calmly, "we all do the things we really want to do. If you didn't snap Sam up the first chance you got, it's because you'd really rather go on playing Lady Bountiful to the twins. Which is all right, too. Just so you're not fooling yourself about it."

The choking anger boiled into words: "What do you know about responsibilities? What family have you? You're one of the lucky ones. Everything fell in your lap."

Lily stretched like a sinuous cat. "I've got a family back in Scranton. Nobody found me under any cabbage leaf. I've got a father who'd rather drink than work. So he does. And a mother who'd rather be miserable with him than leave. So she stays. And a whole houseful of brothers and sisters. My name isn't Cole. You couldn't pronounce my name. I could have stayed, too, and lent a hand around the place. I didn't want to. So I got away. I send them money when I can. Regularly now. Would you trade the years in which you grew up for the years I had?"

Cathy wouldn't, of course, and they both knew it.

Lily laughed shortly. "Luck! *There's* a captious female. There are times when she won't respond to anything less than a boot from behind. Sam was one of the times."

Cathy sat rigid, listening.

"You don't think," Lily said, "I came to live in this chintzy glacier because I like hotels for women? Carteret wasn't interested in another small-time singer. I had to get to him the back way, through friends of his, and I didn't know any, or through you. I picked you."

"Luck," Cathy said stubbornly, "played its part. You were a friend of June Daley."

"I cultivated June quite deliberately."

"And it was a break for you when she moved out."

"Somebody turned her in for a minor indiscretion." Lily grinned. "Didn't you ever wonder who it was?"

Cathy looked stunned. "You couldn't . . . nobody could have . . ." She took a deep breath. "What a despicable thing to have done."

"You think so?" Lily was smiling. "I got her a nicer room at a lower rent. What, exactly, did June lose by it?"

She glanced at her watch and jumped to her feet. "Nine-thirty. I'm on in an hour." She straightened her seams, shrugged into a polo coat and was gone.

CATHY remained in the chintz armchair. She felt confused and vaguely frightened. Was it, she wondered, always a choice? Take this or that. One or the other. Never a part of each?

The phone rang and she picked it up. Helen was crying. ". . . the symptoms are all there," Helen told her. "He's cranky and snapping at the children."

"What's his trouble this time?" Cathy said sharply.

"It's his boss," Helen said. "He's really a terribly difficult man. And I'm sure he's jealous of Fred. He *wants* him to quit. Fred isn't just making it up."

"Fred Curtis had better stay where he is," Cathy said quietly. "Quitting isn't the answer to anything."

Helen gasped, "Cathy, what's the matter with you?"

"Fred is a grown man," Cathy said coldly. "And you're a wife and mother. It's time you took on a few responsibilities. And Fred is wholly yours. You'd better talk plainly to him."

"But, Cathy," Helen wailed.

"I don't want to talk about it any more," she said, and hung up.

She had her job left. That was some consolation and she found that keeping busy at it left her less time to think.

The musical, *Louisiana Lady*, staggered along in rehearsal under its burden of accumulating woes. Lisa Cordell and Kitty Kelly unsheathed manicured claws and swiped viciously at each other. Lisa was popular with most of the others in the cast, more popular than the volatile, high-strung comedienne, but Kitty had her followers, too, and the cast began to gather ominously in opposite camps.

The director, Tod Benton, stormed into Sam's office late one afternoon. He pounded on Cathy's desk. "Sam's gotta do something to get me off the hook."

"He's not in," Cathy soothed, "but maybe if you tell me about it . . ."

Tod raised tortured eyes to heaven. "That second-act curtain has to be rewritten and Schuyler's stalling me with promises. The choreography stinks and half of the cast isn't talking to the other half. That Kelly dame has the disposition of a wounded rattler. She's threatening to walk out. The whole show's blowing apart like confetti in a gale. Sam will lose his percentage if the show folds. Remind him of that. Maybe he can make Schuyler listen to reason."

Cathy was taking notes. "I'll talk to Sam."

Tod pulled wildly at his hair. "Talk. Talk. I'm sick of talk. I need action."

Tactfully she eased him toward the door. When he was gone she locked up for the night. Sam, she knew, wouldn't be back. He had been talking on the phone when she brought in some papers to sign. Something about driving up to Connecticut for dinner. Cathy didn't need any crystal ball to know who was on the receiving end of the conversation.

On an impulse she took a copy of *Louisiana Lady* home with her. It wouldn't hurt to glance through the second act again.

When she finished reading the last page, Cathy was happier than she had been for weeks. It had been right there under her nose the whole time, the answer to the problem of Lily Cole. Of course it would take some doing, and intrigue, she thought wryly, had never been one of her strong points. But then she had had the advantage of watching an expert at work. You didn't have to like Lily, but if you lived with her and paid attention you couldn't help but learn something from her.

". . . Tod refuses to work with Kitty Kelly," Cathy told Sam the next morning. "He says she's impossible and overbearing and a born trouble-maker."

Sam pulled at his chin. "Kitty's got a following. She also has a contract."

"Tod wants it broken."

"He ought to know better than that. It's unbreakable."

"Listen," Cathy said fiercely. "*Louisiana Lady's* foundering on the shoals. Tod swears it's Kitty's fault. Kitty wants out. Wouldn't it be better for everyone if she was allowed to go?"

"Now?" Sam roared. "The opening's set for a week from Tuesday in Boston. Who'd replace her?"

"Lily Cole."

Sam's mouth fell open.

CATHY talked fast: "Lily is a natural for the part. It could have been written for her. The songs, the material, the bits of business, even the costumes, would fit her as if they were hand-tailored."

"No," Sam said. "Lily hasn't got that much talent. I thought she knew it."

"Lily doesn't know anything about this. It's my idea."

"Yours?" For a minute he looked blank and then, carefully, guardedly, he said, "Why should you want to give Lily any break?"

The hot blood rose to her cheeks. "Why shouldn't I?"

Sam's smile was crooked. "No reason at all, I guess."

"Oh Sam," she cried silently. "Was I really so noble and self-sacrificing that you could believe I wouldn't even resent Lily Cole? How forbearing could I be?"

"Think about it," Cathy urged.

"Out of the question," Sam said, but now there was doubt in his voice.

Cathy gave Lily a copy of the script to read and introduced her to Tod Benton.

"Three times a day Kitty threatens to walk off," Tod said grimly. "One of these days she'll do it, and I'll replace her so fast she won't know she's gone."

Lily's enthusiasm for the part was boundless and even Sam had given his grudging consent, should Kitty really quit the show.

And then, after all that, Kitty Kelly decided to remain with *Louisiana Lady*. Ben Schuyler rewrote the last half of the second act and the company got itself to Boston for the tryout.

And it had all come to nothing—the scheming and the planning and the work involved in wangling the part for Lily. True, Lily had been made understudy for the comedienne, but Kitty Kelly never missed a performance.

And time, for Cathy Lewis, was fast running out.

In Boston the leading man got into a barroom brawl and appeared on opening night with a badly swollen nose.

Sam had flown up for the opening, and when he telephoned Cathy, the next morning, his voice was grim: "Still a hard-luck play. It hasn't got a prayer."

"The reviews," Cathy said hopefully, "weren't too bad."

"They weren't raves, either."

IT HAD to open in New York, Cathy thought desperately. And then it had to last long enough for Sam Carteret to see Lily in the part of Minnie. So much, so terribly much depended on that. *Louisiana Lady* mustn't expire in Boston.

Schuyler rewrote the entire third act, and plans limped forward for a New York showing.

Cathy watched a rehearsal from the wings one afternoon. Lisa Cordell came off the stage, her delicate oval of face white, her blue eyes raised balefully to the dim flies. "All those lovely, lethal sandbags and not one has the decency to fall on that—that *thing!*"

Kelly was working in the center of the stage.

"How's she been feeling?" Cathy asked Lisa. "No symptoms of cholera?"

Lily Cole came up. "There's still a day left. Maybe an accident can be arranged."

Tod Benton loped by, his hair on end. "Just so it's nothing trivial." . . .

The night *Louisiana Lady* opened in New York, Cathy and Sam were a part of the top-drawer, glittering crowd that swept into the theater. There was a feeling of electric excitement in the air. For this was the important night, the performance on which the critics would base their judgments.

The lights dimmed, and a spot picked out a man emerging from the wings.

"The part," he announced, "of Minnie, will be played tonight by Lily Cole instead of Kitty Kelly."

By the time he had finished speaking, Sam was out of his seat and halfway up the aisle, headed for a telephone.

Cathy's hands clenched violently on the arm rests, and the surprised murmur of conversation was drowned as the orchestra broke into the opening strains of the overture. The die was cast.

The curtain had gone up before Sam slipped into his seat again. He leaned over and whispered into Cathy's ear, "No one can locate her anywhere. She just didn't show up. That Lily's just shot with luck."

"Oh, please," Cathy prayed silently, "let Sam watch her now and see that the Lily Cole he created is an illusion. Let it be yesterday again for all of us."

She opened her eyes when she heard the husky, familiar voice. The suave, sophisticated Lily was gone. Here was a

girl who pranced and cavorted shamelessly across the stage in the part of a small-town hussy, lying and scheming and laughing and conniving her way up in the world. It was a colorful part and the audience loved it. And Lily Cole in it. Her voice wasn't the best in the world. It wasn't supposed to be. The lyrics were clever and Lily made the most of each wisecrack. And she brought down the house.

Sam Carteret looked dazed. "She's wonderful. She was born for the stage."

Cathy's heart broke quietly into jagged segments. "Can't you see it? She isn't acting. That blithe and blatant coquette up there is Lily Cole of Scranton, Pennsylvania. She is in love with success, not with you or with any man. How blind can you be?" And Cathy knew at last that it wasn't any use. That Sam would never understand the thing she had been trying to tell him.

She sat numbly through the third act, miserably aware of the admiration on Sam's face, his hearty laughter.

And then at last it was over and they made their way into the heavy crowd of theatergoers homeward bound.

"She was sensational," Sam said wonderingly. "I'd never have believed it."

He whistled for a cab and, surprisingly, one swerved in to the curb. They rode in silence, Sam still bemused with the performance, Cathy empty and spent.

At Sixty-first Street they slowed for a turn and the street light touched Cathy's face.

Sam was startled. "Why, you're crying."

Cathy brushed angrily at the telltale tears. "It's just a cold."

Sam moved closer. "Do your colds always leave streaks down your face?"

"Only," Cathy snapped, "when I'm crying."

She had gambled a lot on tonight's performance. This had been no penny-ante game. Everything she had had been riding on this one last chance, the man she loved, the whole of her future. Even her job. And her luck had run out. There was something magnificent and quite terrible in the ruins she had created. She had waited too long to practice the lesson Lily Cole had taught her. She had let her self-sacrifice become self-indulgence. It would have been all right to have helped Don and Helen but not at the cost of destroying Sam's happiness and her own.

She blew her nose, sat up straight, and stuck her chin out. "I'm not going home, after all. Tell the driver to drop me at the Flamingo Apartments."

"The Flamingo? Isn't that where Kitty lives?" He took her shoulders in his hands and turned her toward him. "What happened to Kitty tonight?"

The tears were streaming down her cheeks again but she glared defiance. "I locked her in a closet."

Sam's face was dark, the muscles at the corners of his jaw were pulsing. He looked suddenly strange and terrifying.

"You can fire me right now," Cathy said wildly. "I don't care any more anyway. I wanted Lily to go on tonight and she did go on and now it's over, but I'd better get Kelly out of there before she suffocates."

Sam seemed to be choking. The noises coming from his throat were strangled sounds. And then she heard the great, wild whoops of laughter bursting all around her, filling the cab.

"It isn't," she said in a small, puzzled voice, "especially funny."

The laughter rolled through his words. "I think it is. I think it's very funny indeed. And you're very beautiful. Even with streaks down your face. And I love you very much."

"Y-you do?" Cathy said uncertainly.

He held her close against him, his cheek on her soft hair. "Lily's doing fine, isn't she. She doesn't need me any more. I'm not so sure she ever needed me. I was just someone to help her along the way. I didn't see it but you did. And you cared enough to fight for both of us."

Cathy lifted her face in wonder and Sam Carteret kissed her. A long, a very long time later she stirred in his arms and opened her eyes. "What are we going to do about Kitty Kelly?"

"Something," Sam promised soothingly. "Some day real soon . . ."

THE END★★

Don't Let It Get You Down

(*Continued from page* 43)

will surely go away if we just stop thinking of them.

Until I reached the age of 14, my childhood was not very different from that of the average American girl. I was born in Greenville, Va., but moved to Washington, D. C., with my family when I was a year old. As a youngster I sang at church suppers, then at army training camps, and later in amateur contests at Washington theaters.

You might say that I aged very rapidly in my 14th year. The fact that I had been so popular in my little niche probably made me unprepared to face the smirking remarks that began coming my way. I didn't know how to laugh off the "Fatty Arbuckle" taunts at school. Each remark caused my face to become blood-red in mortification and I would squirm all over. By reacting so violently, I simply induced more ridicule.

There were incidents like those at the beach and at the school dance which caused further anguish in the ensuing years. Once I chanced on one of those "Houses of Fun" at an amusement park. It seemed so inviting I went inside, and soon discovered I had to crawl through narrow openings to get from one part of the "House of Fun" to another. One opening was so confined that I became wedged and, though I groped desperately at the sides, I couldn't budge. An attendant finally yanked me loose with a wrench that caused a sharp pain in my arm. But the pain I felt when many of the people around me split their sides laughing at the "fat girl's" discomfort was much more severe than any physical pain.

Clothes became quite a problem. Dress designers and manufacturers apparently had forgotten that people come in all shapes and sizes. I always had enjoyed shopping with my friends, but now it became an ordeal. Once, for instance, the girls saw a newspaper ad offering a special sale in gingham dresses at a department store. They decided to go down and, since the ad had said "available in all sizes," I didn't hesitate to join them. When it came to selecting a dress the salesgirl looked at me with a strange expression and said, "Well, there *might* be one that will fit you." I tried on the largest size she had, but it was too tight.

When I looked out from the fitting room to see all the other girls bubbling over their purchases I felt positively ill. To make matters worse, the salesgirl came over and said, "Look, miss; you'll never find good styles to wear if you don't reduce. Why should you always have to feel ashamed in front of your friends? It's easy to take off weight—just use a little will power!"

I refused to eat dinner that night and went to bed early, using the excuse that I wasn't feeling well. I didn't eat anything the next day, either, and by nightfall I really was sick. My folks insisted on calling the doctor. He wasn't fooled for a minute by my protests that it was merely a slight headache.

"Look, Kathryn; you'll only make yourself seriously ill," he said. "If you stay away from food your only reward will be a trip to the hospital."

That was the end of my self-enforced starvation diet. But it wasn't the end to my feelings of self-pity. I found myself avoiding people. When I was asked to enter another amateur contest at a local theater, I refused. I spent a lot of time brooding in my room. That's where my grandparents found me when they came to visit one day. My grandmother quickly shooed Grandfather out, closed the door, and sat next to me.

"I want you to listen carefully, Kathryn," she said. "I know you've been worrying yourself sick about your weight. You feel the Lord was unfair in burdening you with a problem none of your friends have. But remember the Lord also gave you something else your friends don't have. He gave you a voice. I have found, Kathryn, that human beings are like mirrors. One side of a mirror is bright and shiny, while the other side is gloomy and dull. We all have our shiny sides and our dull sides. Concentrate on showing off that shiny side—your voice, your friendly personality—and eventually everybody will forget about your dull side. Oh, it'll take determination on your part. But I'm a determined woman, Kathryn, and I've always felt that you take after me."

I had always placed much faith in Grandmother's wisdom, so I decided to enter that amateur contest, after all. I

learned, however, that singing would not be enough for this event. All Washington was going wild over a new ballroom craze: the Charleston. In order to compete I would have to dance as well as sing. Would the audiences jeer at the sight of a plump girl trying to do an intricate dance routine?

Here the determination my grandmother mentioned was put to a test. Day after day, I watched Charleston dancers until I knew their technique by heart. Then I practiced alone in my bedroom, hanging onto an armchair to keep from falling. When I had the basic steps down pat, I added some variations of my own.

The night of the contest I went into the Charleston before doing my vocal numbers. There was an outburst of giggles, so I lowered my eyes and stared at the floor as I danced. I was afraid to look into the faces of the audience. Then, at last, the giggles were drowned out by a chorus of cheers and hand-clapping. This wonderful response easily clinched the first prize, a $5 gold piece, for me.

Following this experience, I entered contest after contest. I wanted to keep as active as possible so there would be no time to fret about myself. The applause, too, was an invigorating tonic. Soon my heart became set on a career on the professional stage.

My father had other ideas. He didn't care for the stage and, like others, felt that my unglamorous size was too great an obstacle. So, acceding to his wishes, I enrolled at the George Washington School for Nursing. Six months of training proved that nursing just wasn't for me. When an opportunity came to sing on a vaudeville bill at the Keith Theater I stuck out my chin, went against my father's wishes, and accepted it.

You never know how the lightning will strike you. The headliner on the bill was a well-known Broadway actor who became impressed with my voice. A few months after he left Washington he wrote me that he was being starred in a Broadway musical called *Honeymoon Lane* and had arranged for me to audition for a part.

BROADWAY was a thrilling symphony of light and noise to a girl not yet 18 who had never been away from home before. The audition won me the part of "Tiny Little" in the show, which proved a hit. When it closed, I went on the road with a production called *Hit the Deck*, and then was given a leading role in *Flying High*, the George White musical revue on Broadway.

I should have been thrilled by this, yet *Flying High* made me feel more heartsick than ever. Every performer wants to be important, but in this case I was important only as a buffoon. The show was built around the antics of a fat girl. The jokes were thick with sarcasm and cut deeply. Typical of these would be a comedian remarking: "I tried driving around this mountain, but before I got to the other side I ran out of gas." Then another would add insult to injury with, "She doesn't have to look for shelter when she goes camping—she's a ready-made tent."

As the weeks went by each performance became more and more of a torture. I was too ashamed to write anything of this to the folks back home. I simply wrote white lies, and told them that I was having a wonderful time in show business.

It sometimes happens in life that an approaching catastrophe can be turned into a great stroke of luck. In this case, the apparent catastrophe was a telegram from my grandmother and grandfather. They were coming to New York to see my show!

I was panic-stricken. I knew how shocked my strait-laced grandparents would be. In desperation, I asked the show's comedians to tone down their most offensive jokes on the night my grandparents would be in the audience. But they just laughed. I thought of feigning an accident, but gave up the idea when I realized that Grandmother would insist on staying on until I was well enough to return to the cast.

In the end there was no alternative. I had to go on. When I made my first entrance I could see my grandparents looking as proud as punch. Then the "fat girl" jokes began. The faces of my grandfolks froze in horror, and I became so upset I nearly walked out on the performance.

After it was over, my grandmother took me aside for another heart-to-heart talk. "They've forced you to show the world your dull side, Kathryn, not your shiny side," she said. "If this is what show business does to you, then leave it at once."

I pointed out that I was earning a good salary. "You could make a million dollars and it wouldn't make any difference," she argued. "No amount of money can compensate for the personal suffering you have to undergo."

I had to agree with her. Even though the thought of leaving the stage broke my heart, I could see no other way out.

THE stroke of luck that came on top of this disaster was the fact that a record-company salesman missed his train for an out-of-town trip the next night and bought a ticket to my show instead. The salesman's name was Ted Collins. When the final curtain fell, he came backstage to see me. "They're ruining you in this show, Miss Smith," he said. "They're just throwing away your natural talent."

Ted's kindness endeared him to me at once. I poured out the story of my misery and disillusion. I told him I was leaving the show and the stage forever. To my surprise, he came up with an idea that was the solution of my dilemma.

"Your golden opportunity is in radio," he said. "People won't laugh at you there. You can become a star purely on the strength of your voice and your personality."

Ted's idea sounded almost too good to be true. I agreed to it at once, and we shook hands on the fact that he was to be my manager. Under his guidance I

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY HAROLD CURRIER

made records of dozens of songs. After he played them for some radio executives I was given a 15-minute sustaining program. Within six months I was the star of my own network commercial program and earning far more money than I had made on Broadway. Ted Collins' prophecy was more than fulfilled—I was a star of song and not of ridicule.

As my inhibitions slowly disappeared, I gained a feeling of self-confidence and security. I noticed that as I became less self-conscious about my weight other people became less conscious of it as well. When an offer came to headline at New York's famous Palace Theater, the world's most famous vaudeville house, I snapped it up. It was a test for me, because I wanted to appear before a live audience again and determine whether my old doubts and misgivings had been safely put to rest.

I'LL admit that as I waited in the wings on opening night I was bedeviled for a few minutes by the memory of *Flying High*. Finally, I went on stage and sang. When I finished, there was a moment of tense silence, and then the applause broke across the footlights like waves of thunder. The people out front had come to see Kate Smith, the singer, and they didn't give a darn how much I weighed!

After the show one of the comedians who had been in *Flying High* came backstage. "Kate, I never dreamed you had that much talent," he said enthusiastically. And the way he looked at me was as if he were seeing me for the first time!

This Palace triumph convinced me finally and irrevocably that I never had to worry about appearing anywhere in public. In countless appearances thereafter I never was self-conscious. I even learned to joke about my weight and to brush off the occasional barbed remark. Once when I was called up to the dais to speak at a luncheon, one person slyly observed that I took up more space than the last speaker. "Well," I countered, "everything's expanding these days, isn't it?"

My grandmother's advice has proved prophetic. It was when I finally came to understand that an individual's happiness depends simply on whether he wants to exploit the gifts God has given him or drown himself in self-pity, that I knew I had no problem, after all. People with handicaps of one kind or another seem to be able to identify themselves with me, and I get a great many requests to help them with their troubles. I give them all a dose of my grandmother's philosophy, in one form or another, and the results have been extremely gratifying to me.

Not long ago, I received a despondent note from a woman who had just lost her sight. She was sure the world was ending for her, for she had to give up her job as a dressmaker and she was terrified at the thought of going on relief. My heart went out to the woman, and I talked over her problems with some welfare-agency people. They told me that the woman could probably learn to weave and earn her livelihood by selling what she made. I wrote her about this, and encouraged her to develop whatever skill she had in her hands. It wasn't too long afterward that I heard from the woman again. Her blankets and scarves were selling so well in her community that some people had decided to invest money to back her in a specialty shop.

Then there was a young man who had lost his hearing in an auto accident. He wrote that he still remembered the sound of my voice and it gave him some encouragement. He needed encouragement badly, he said, because he was graduating from college and felt nobody would want to hire him. He was even afraid to ask for a job for fear of being ridiculed.

I had often heard that if a person loses one sense, his other senses become keener. I discussed this with an Army friend, and he suggested that this young man might make an excellent cryptographer and thereby help the defense effort. I passed along the suggestion, and reminded the young man that he had advantages which other people didn't have, and that he should make full use of them instead of fretting about himself all the time. Within an amazingly short time he mastered the study of cryptography and became a civilian employee of the Defense Department.

"Nobody has to pity me now—they admire my skill," he later wrote. "I'm sure you know what that does to my feeling of pride and self-respect."

A little girl who had polio and was left with a permanent limp wrote me that she was so afraid of having people point her out as being different that she had stopped going to school. She was spending her days in self-imposed exile in her bedroom. "What did you do when people pointed you out as different?" she wanted to know.

I told her that I'd sat around and moped in my room just as she was doing. "It didn't do me one bit of good," I reminded her. "It won't help you, either. Believe me, your only hope is to get out of that room and back to school. Then get so busy doing the things you like to do best that you won't even have time to think of being 'different.' When you stop thinking about it, so will everybody else."

I CAN never forget one woman who rushed backstage one night in San Francisco after I finished a Red Cross benefit show. She was so overwrought that I felt she would collapse in my dressing room.

Her problem was simply this: She had gained a good deal of weight after the birth of her first child and she was ashamed of her appearance. Her husband had obtained a new sales job which required him and his wife to entertain clients and clients' wives at country-club dances. She felt these people would laugh at her when she got up to dance and that her husband would come to regard her as an obstacle to his success. When I told her something of my own background, she snapped, "It's all right for you to talk. You were born with a voice. I just don't have any good points that I can emphasize."

I patiently explained that "good points" don't necessarily mean a professional singing voice. I noticed she walked very gracefully. "Why, there are girls thirty pounds lighter than you who would give anything for your grace and poise," I told her. "You can be a wonderful dancer if you want to be, and you can really make all those clients sit up and take notice." I showed her a few of my own dance steps, built up her confidence, and sent her on her way with a dry handkerchief.

A few months later she wrote me: "I've become the darling of the country-club dances, and those clients I told you about insist on dancing with me instead of their wives! My husband's career is progressing wonderfully. He's putting on some weight, too, but he says as long as Kate Smith and his wife feel happiness is more important than slimness, why shouldn't he feel the same way?"

I HAVE never found that a large or heavy woman is restrained by her build from doing anything she wants to do. I play a slam-bang game of golf. I ski, skate, swim, and go speedboat racing. Of course, I'm still a bug on dancing. I enjoy the good health, the good digestion, and the rousing good spirits that so many slimmer women long for.

It's an extremely rare thing when I have to take off a day due to illness. I have one of the heaviest work schedules in show business and I thrive on it. I have a daily 45-minute radio program, a daily hour-long TV show, and a weekly nighttime TV show. These programs require endless hours for rehearsals, fittings, and what not, but I just bounce gaily through them.

My heavy program rules out too much social activity, but I get to as many parties as I can and enjoy myself to the hilt, singing, dancing, and romping through all kinds of games. When I'm at home in Lake Placid, N. Y., during the summer, I do all my own shopping, just so I can spend hours chatting with the shopkeepers and the townsfolk. I love to get out and meet people and indulge in every kind of community event.

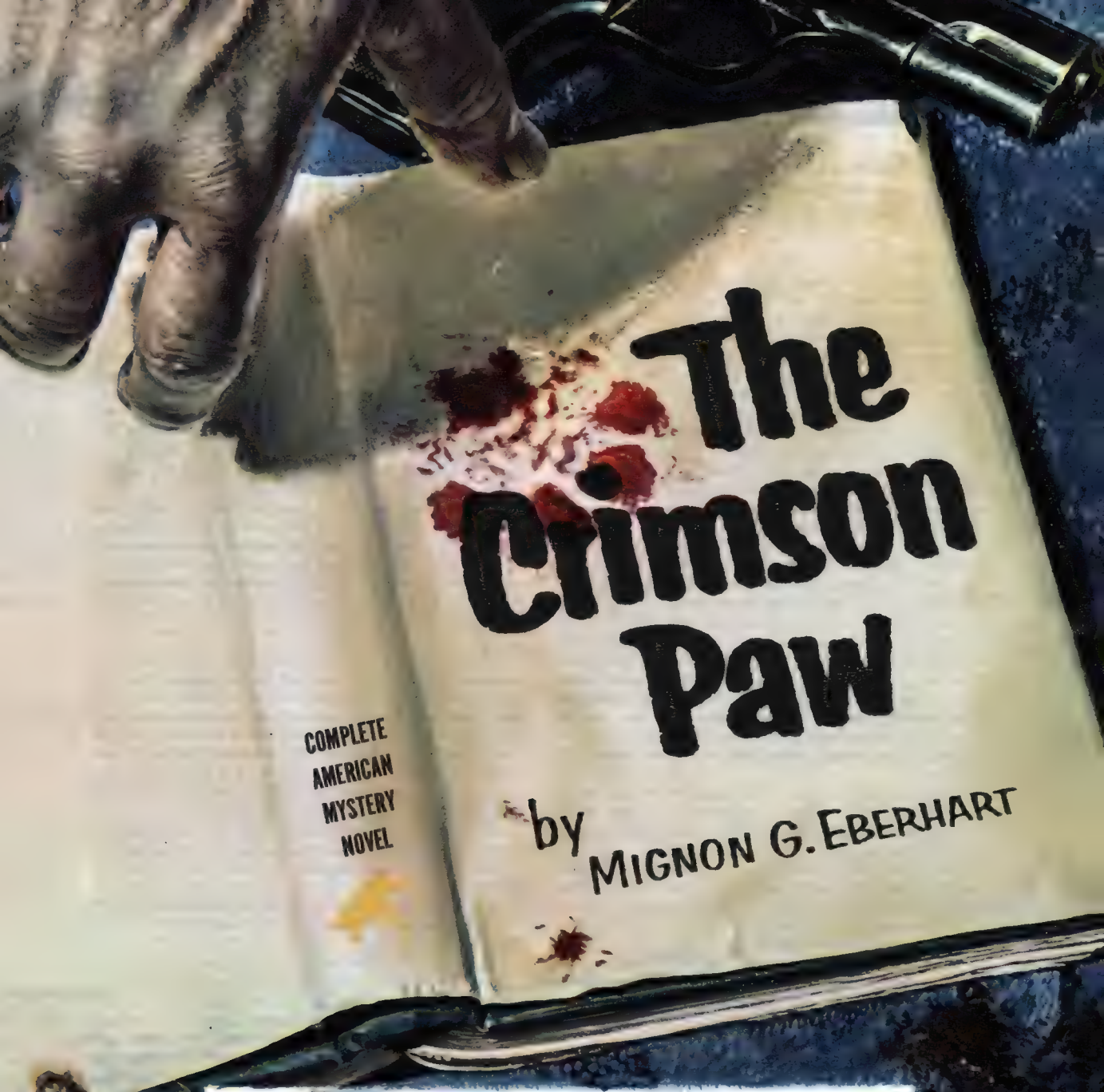
Since those days in Washington when I was rushing from one amateur contest to another, my career has turned a full circle. Once my plumpness seemed a great obstacle. Now it has actually become an asset.

Before I decided to enter television I was warned that the video cameras make people look heavier than they really are. I went ahead anyway, and let the cameras magnify my appearance without seeking trick effects of any kind to minimize this factor. I not only sing and introduce acts on the show but I jump right into square-dance routines and other production numbers.

Despite this, old listeners who had read stories or jokes about my weight couldn't see any logic in them. Merely by projecting my "shiny side" instead of my "dull side," I remained the identical person they had formerly known only through the medium of sound. When I joshingly remarked on one television program that I was thinking of dieting down to a slim figure, I received a flood of protest mail.

"Don't you dare do it," the letters insisted. "We don't want any other kind of Kate Smith."

THE END ★★



A French poodle whined with terror, and led an innocent girl into a maze of murder

KINGS MANOR Lady-in-Waiting was my last hope, and at seven-thirty that night I gave up. It's impossible to say whether or not an hour-old puppy is going to be a fine dog, but I looked at the wriggling black mites and faced the fact that even if every one of the litter proved to be a prize winner, still they couldn't pull Kings Manor Kennels out of the red and fast enough. Lady looked at me proudly and I patted her loving head and started to town.

Some three hours later I was arrested for murder.

My name is Patricia Bennet. I own and had signally failed to operate successfully the Kings Manor Kennels. I love the kennels and the dogs—beautiful, intelligent French poodles—and perhaps I had spent more

Cast of Characters

JOHN RANSOME.....*The unloved victim*
JIMMY RANSOME....*His favorite nephew*
DR. BILL RANSOME.....*In love with*
PAT BENNET.....*Kennels' owner*
CAROLINE (SUGAR) CANDY...*John's girl-friend*
EDITH SALES.....*His former secretary*

on their care than I ought to have done. In any event, the Kings Manor Kennels were on the rocks and so was I.

It was the only thing I could think of, all the way to town, on a trip I had to make that night. In order to provide some needed cash I had undertaken, months before, a sort of side line, that of clipping and grooming other people's poodles. I had that night an unexpected chore of clipping to do and I had left my tools—clippers, scissors, brushes, and all that—at John Ransome's house in town the previous day. I had to get my tools and proceed to clip one Maurice, a little fiend that bit when I worked around to his mustache. But the only thing in my mind was the fact I had finally accepted, after months of dimming hope: I'd have to give up the kennels, which were my livelihood.

It was a wet, gusty night and it seemed a long, tiring drive from Dunham Woods to the near north side of Chicago. When I reached John Ransome's house it was lighted, but when I rang at the door no one answered. I rang again, and looked at my watch. It was close to nine; so if I finished my chore by eleven I could telephone to Bill—that is, Dr. William Ransome—at the sanitarium and meet him somewhere for a few minutes before I started the long drive home.

I put my thumb on the bell and held it there. John Ransome wouldn't answer; he was slightly deaf, and also he would let the house burn down before he'd bring himself to perform his houseman's duties. But where was Everett, the houseman?

It was only when I had a startling glimpse of the Steathways' butler down the street, hurtling out of their door, dressed to his false teeth in evening clothes, that I remembered. It was the night of the Chauffeurs' Ball.

The Chauffeurs' Ball is a Chicago institution, an annual festivity when all the best chauffeurs and their friends gather for a bang-up but dignified gala. So there was no one to answer the bell; John's houseman and his cook had gone to the ball. I opened the door.

I didn't intend to open it; it is not my custom to walk into other people's houses. But I was cold and exasperated and I put my hand on the brass doorknob, turned it, and the door opened.

I was surprised. Residents of Chicago's Gold Coast do not leave doors unlocked to invite burglars. However, I went into the hall, which was lighted. It was very hot. Nobody was there, but there was a sort of whine from the stairs and I saw Harpo standing perfectly still at the top of them, eying me. Harpo was a standard black poodle, from my own kennels; I had given him as a puppy to John Ransome, and later wished I hadn't.

Harpo didn't move, and I could hear a muffled murmur of voices from John's study upstairs. I didn't want to see John. The simplest thing for me to do was go back to the laundry, gather up my two brown duffel bags, and leave.

So I did. I passed a mirror and caught a fleeting glimpse of myself, certainly not at my best in the worn tweed coat which looked out of place against the opulent setting of John's house; and my face looked tired and pale. I went on back, through the dining room and pantry and kitchen, turning on lights as I went and encountering nobody. My duffel bags were on a table in the tiny laundry off the kitchen, exactly as I had left them the day before, when I finished trimming Harpo, and just before the ugly and painful interview I had had with John. I gathered up the two bags and went back to the hall.

Harpo was standing again at the top of the stairs, watching me. The murmur of voices above had stopped, and indeed the house was extremely quiet. I started for the door, and suddenly Harpo whimpered. It was an uneasy and troubled sound. He ran down a few steps toward me, his black eyes very bright and anxious, and gave another beseeching kind of murmur which wasn't a bark but said in so many words, "I'm in trouble."

I didn't want to see John. But I put down my duffel bags and tried to coax Harpo to me, silently, with my hands. Harpo only whined. I thought he had been, somehow, hurt, so I started up the stairs, and he flung himself down to meet me, pawing at my coat. I tried to calm him, so John wouldn't hear. And then I saw on my sleeve a red smear of blood. So Harpo had cut his foot.

I knelt on the stairs and caught him by the collar. He wriggled and pulled as I reached for his paws to discover which one was cut. Then he stopped wriggling and burst into a fusillade of barks, and the front door opened. A man in a mackintosh, with a rosy face below a uniform cap, came into the hall and stopped to stare at me and Harpo. He said loudly over Harpo's barks, "The door is unlocked!"

I nodded, angry with myself, for John couldn't fail to hear the tumult, and I'd have to see him.

The man said, "I'm Brannigan, Mr. Ransome's private watchman. I want to see Mr. Ransome." He eyed me. "Aren't you the young lady that trims the dog—Miss Bennet?"

I nodded again. "The dog's got a cut on his paw," I said. "I think Mr. Ransome is in his study."

"I'll report to him."

Brannigan knew the way. He started for the stairs, and I drew Harpo aside. His mackintosh swished past us. I thought that perhaps I could still get away without seeing John. I gave Harpo's paws and head a quick look, found no cuts, and released him. I went quickly down the steps, and Harpo followed me. I gathered up my duffel bags and had my hand on the doorknob when Brannigan shouted, "Miss Bennet!" He was leaning over the banister, his face no longer rosy. "Come up here!"

Something in his voice excited Harpo, who charged for him, barking wildly. I clutched Harpo's collar, dragged him into the coatroom, and shut him in, then ran up the stairs. Brannigan caught my arm and pulled me into John Ransome's study. "Look."

I looked. The room was lighted. John Ransome sat in his deep armchair. Rather, he sagged there—that big, gray-haired man with his heavy and arrogant face—like a bag of sand. There was a blotch of bright red on his white shirt front.

I had known John Ransome all my life.

The man in the mackintosh cried, "Don't touch him!" but I couldn't have touched him. There was a gun on the floor beside John's chair, shining on the thick carpet. I stooped over, I don't know why, and Brannigan snapped,

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BRANNIGAN.....*Private watchman*
MIKE REILLY.....*Kennel man*
LIEUTENANT WILKINS.....*Of the police*

"Don't touch that, either! Don't touch anything. Where's the telephone?"

"Is he dead?"

The watchman gave me a queer look. "Oh, he's dead."

"A doctor! We should call a doctor."

"Nothing a doctor can do." Then he saw the telephone on the desk beside the radio. But he watched me—and the room and the hall behind me—while he dialed and told somebody that John Ransome had either killed himself or been murdered, and gave the house number. He put down the telephone, and we looked at each other for a moment with John Ransome there between us. John Ransome, dead in his study, with its long rows of bookshelves, its thick red curtains and the Cézanne above the mantel.

I had to get out of the room so I couldn't see John. I went into the hall, and Brannigan followed me. I thought of Bill. "I've got to phone to Bill. I mean, his nephew."

Brannigan had a gun. It was in his hand. "I know Dr. Ransome. And that other nephew, the one that drives the foreign job."

I hadn't thought of Jimmy.

"There's that young lady everybody said he was about to marry, too. Miss Candy. She'll have to be told. But we'll wait for the police."

Undoubtedly he knew them all. He said, oddly, "What's that on your hand?" His bright eyes quickened. "It's on your coat, too."

HE WAS staring at the faint reddish smears from Harpo's paws. I got out a handkerchief and dabbed at my hand, and told Brannigan how they got there, but all I could think of was John Ransome, dead. Why had he killed himself? *Would* he have killed himself? Not John Ransome!

Somebody had killed him.

The floor seemed uneven; I remember holding the newel post, which itself seemed unsteady, and then sinking down to the top step. You were supposed to put your head down when you felt dizzy. Bill had told me that one time. . . . Who had killed John? And then I remembered. "Somebody was here. In the study. They were talking."

I put my head back against the newel post and shut my eyes. If I had an enemy in the world it was John Ransome, but I wouldn't have wanted him to die. All I knew of him whirled like a kaleidoscope around me: Bill and me, and John Ransome.

My father and John Ransome. Sugar Candy and John Ransome. Jimmy and John Ransome. John himself, sprawling out in the armchair, rich and successful—and miserly and cruel—John Ransome was the pivot for it all. And a burglar had shot him!

If seemed obvious. Everyone who read the papers knew of the Chauffeurs' Ball, and it was an ideal night for anyone so minded to break into a house and make a rich haul. John had seen the burglar, threatened to call the police, and had been shot. There was an ugly irony about John's money being the cause of his death.

I was only dimly conscious of Brannigan, prowling about, but watching me, too. But I came fully aware when Harpo began to bark wildly, someone pounded at the street door, and Brannigan ran past me down the stairs. The police had arrived.

They shut me into the coatroom with Harpo, with a policeman stationed in the hall.

It wasn't quite the way it sounds; the coatroom was a luxurious room, with French armchairs and a dressing table where the lady guests at John's dinner parties could prink themselves.

I DON'T know how long I was there, alone with Harpo. I went over Harpo mechanically and still found no cut. I think it was then that I realized where those smears of blood had come from. Harpo, frightened and puzzled, had pawed at John, trying to rouse him. I remember feeling sick and washing my hands, in the tiny adjoining lavatory, scrubbing them over and over. And then wiping at the stain on my coat sleeve with paper tissues and telling myself that cold water removed bloodstains. It didn't quite; the rusty wetness had soaked into the thick cloth. I washed Harpo's front paws, too.

I was examining the dog's tiny leg when Sugar whispered, "Pat, who was in the study with John?"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER STEVENS

And I thought of everything, of John and of Bill and me. They would find the burglar. They'd let me leave, and I would telephone to Bill then. Or I'd wait for him, because they would want him to come. They'd have to find Jimmy, too. And Sugar would be waiting for me to trim Maurice. I'd telephone her, unless of course they told her of John's death. Brannigan knew her name, the young lady John was going to marry. Her name was Caroline Candy, but everybody had always called her Sugar because it seemed to fit.

More cars arrived and more people entered the house. I looked out of the window, barred, as all the ground-floor windows were barred. There was an array of police cars and a little crowd of people who had gathered outside.

After a while, too, the house grew cooler, so someone

must have turned down the thermostat that controlled the heat. And finally two policemen and Brannigan came to question me.

One of the policemen, a thin, bony man with a long lantern jaw said, "I'm Lieutenant Wilkins. Now then—" He spoke to the other policeman, who had a stenographer's tablet and a pencil in his hand. "Take her statement."

It was, of course, perfectly proper and in order but I said, "Have you talked to his nephew? Dr. William Ransome? He's at the hospital and—"

The lieutenant cut me off: "We'll see to all that. Your full name, please."

"Patricia Bennet."

"Where do you live?"

"Why, I—I live in the country, near Dunham Woods."

"Live out there alone?"

"Yes, since my father died, three years ago. Except, of course, for the kennel man, Mike Reilly. I own a poodle kennel; Mike's got a room over the garage."

"What time did you come here tonight?"

"About nine. I left home about seven-thirty."

"Who let you into the house?"

"Nobody. I rang and rang, and then I remembered that the houseman wouldn't be here—tonight's the Chauffeurs' Ball. So I tried the door, and it was unlocked. I had to have my duffel bags tonight. I left them here yesterday when I clipped Harpo because my car was in the garage for a new bearing; I had to come and go by train. I didn't want to carry the bags back home again. But then Sugar—that is, Miss Caroline Candy—was going away, on a Caribbean cruise. She was starting in the morning and intended to take Maurice—that's her dog—and she wanted him clipped tonight. So I came in the house to get the tools." I told him everything, nervously and quickly, and in full detail.

"Did you hear the shot?" he asked when I had finished.

I HADN'T thought of that. "No! There wasn't any shot. I'd have heard it."

"You said you'd gone back to the laundry."

"I did. But I'd have heard a shot!" Suddenly the significance of that struck me. "Why, then it must have happened before I came into the house! After the houseman and cook left." I shivered, thinking of myself entering the house, with John dead in his armchair in the room above.

There was not a flicker of change in the lieutenant's face. "Did you see anybody? Besides Ransome, I mean."

"I didn't see John!"

"You said you heard somebody talking upstairs."

"Yes, I did. But I didn't hear a shot." That had its significance, too. I cried, "Was that the burglar? Was he in the house, then?"

Neither of them replied for a moment. Then Wilkins said slowly, "Certainly nobody got out of the house after Brannigan entered it. And found you coming down the stairs. You say you were not in the study at all?"

"*No*. I told you. Harpo—"

Brannigan interrupted, "All the windows were bolted, Miss Bennet. Back door, too. Nobody left while I was in the study; I was facing the hall and the stairs, so I'd have seen him. There wasn't anybody but you in the house."

"You were on the stairway," the lieutenant said, "when Brannigan opened the door. You were trying to get away; you were at the door, when Brannigan made you come back. There was blood on your hand and on your coat."

"Harpo, I told you. I thought he was hurt."

The lieutenant picked up my coat. "You've been trying to wash off the blood," he said. "Why were you in such a hurry to leave, Miss Bennet?"

FOR all it was so clear, minutes seemed to pass before I got the idea. They were not talking of burglars. They were talking about murder. And I had a motive for killing John Ransome.

The lieutenant stooped over Harpo, but Harpo growled and backed away. It was Brannigan who picked up his paws, one at a time, passing his hands over them.

"I washed it off," I cried. "He must have pawed at John and— But I washed his paws."

There was a queer kind of silence. Brannigan showed a clean, pink hand to the lieutenant and then, to make sure, brought dampened tissues from the lavatory and blotted at Harpo's paws with them. But I had washed them off thoroughly. The tissues came away clean. "I washed his paws—" I began again, and Lieutenant Wilkins said, "You saw the gun upstairs, Miss Bennet. Had you ever seen it before?"

"No!"

"Want to put that in your statement? Remember, I'm going to ask you to sign all this. Do you know what perjury means?"

"Of course."

The lieutenant said, "It was your gun, Miss Bennet."

The room rocked around me. I had to speak, but something seemed tight and paralyzing around my throat.

Wilkins had cold blue eyes, which never wavered. He said, "Don't try to deny it. We've checked your permit."

The tight band around my throat let go. "It's not! It couldn't be! I have a gun. I have a permit. It's the kennels; we've got some fine dogs. Sometimes there are prowlers and— But that can't be my gun."

"Young lady," said the lieutenant then, "I'm arresting you on a murder charge—"

The outside door opened with a crash against the wall. Bill came running into the coatroom, looked at me, looked at everybody, and shouted, "What are you doing to her?"

They had it all over again, with Bill getting whiter as he listened and the line of his jaw showing sharper. When they'd finished he came to me. "Is this exactly the way it happened, Pat?"

I had to say yes. He glanced at Harpo. "There must be traces of blood from the dog's paws on the stairs and on the rug in the library—" He stopped as Wilkins shook his head. An army of feet had tracked mud and wet over those stairs.

Lieutenant Wilkins said, "It'd be hard to find now, even if the dog actually did that. Will you come upstairs?"

Bill put his hand gently on my shoulder. "It'll be all right, Pat," he said quietly. "It'll be all right."

The lieutenant took my coat with the wet patch on the sleeve. Then I waited again, listening to the long murmur of voices from John's study. I don't know how long it was before Jimmy arrived, but I heard him question the policeman outside the door, and suddenly he came into the room.

When I was eighteen, three years before, I had been engaged to Jimmy, and I thought that in all the world there was nobody like him until, to put it with brutal frankness, Jimmy jilted me. He did it with a gay and charming insouciance and insisted, later, on seeing me. But one day I simply didn't care whether he came or not, and all at once I wasn't in love with Jimmy Ransome any more, and couldn't understand why I ever had been. I didn't know how it happened; but that's exactly the way it happened. Bill came later, and that was very different.

Jimmy said, "They got me at the Knothole Club. I can't believe it. Darling, they said that you were here. What happened? They said he'd been shot, but that's all."

I told him briefly. But I didn't tell him I'd been arrested for murder and I didn't tell him about the gun; none of it seemed real. I stopped as a policeman put his head inside. "They want you upstairs, Mr. Ransome."

I was left alone again. I tried to think when I had last seen the gun. Bill had given it to me, long ago. My house was isolated and he thought I ought to have a gun. But I kept it in the filing cabinet along with pedigrees and bills. I couldn't remember having seen it for months, and in truth I was rather afraid of guns.

Sometime during that long wait a man came to take my fingerprints. And at last Bill came.

He opened the door and said, "All right; we can leave." He had a woman's raincoat which was too big for me. "It belongs to cook," he said, and put it around me. Jimmy came running down the stairs, and went out the door with us.

I DIDN'T question Bill; I didn't think of the duffel bags or anything but the miracle of getting out of the house. But at the last moment I turned back and called Harpo; he'd have to be taken care of and I didn't know what the police were going to do about the house. Harpo came bouncing after us and into the back seat of my small coupé.

Jimmy said, "You go ahead. My car is parked down the street."

Bill got behind the wheel. As we backed out away from the curb another police car drove up, and Everett, the houseman, and Rosie, the cook, who was Everett's wife, got out; they were dressed in evening clothes and escorted

by police. Obviously, the police had found them at the Chauffeurs' Ball and brought them to the house for inquiry.

We shot away and turned left to Lake Shore Drive.

"How did you get me out? They said I was under arrest."

"Brannigan did it. I don't know what he told him, but the lieutenant said finally that you could leave."

"My coat—"

"They sent it to the laboratory. That and the gun. You didn't touch anything, did you?"

"No! Bill, it must have been a burglar!"

He drove on for a few moments in frowning and thoughtful silence. Finally he said, "Was it John you heard talking?"

"I don't know. It wasn't distinct. It was as if the door was closed and—"

"Men's voices? Could you tell that?"

"Yes. Yes, I'm sure of that."

"But you didn't hear a shot?"

"No! I heard voices, but that's all. I didn't see anybody. I didn't hear a door close or—or anything."

"Did they ask you how long you were in the laundry?"

"I told them. It couldn't have been more than two or three minutes at the most." My voice had wavered unsteadily.

He gave me a quick glance. "Pat, the trouble is, you told them the truth. And they think it's contradictory. I mean, if John was alive and talking to somebody when you arrived, then he was killed while you were there. Yet you didn't hear the shot."

"But I *didn't* hear it. And I would have!"

"I know. And I know you. But they—"

"They don't believe me."

Bill said gently, "You and I know that you didn't kill him. That makes the difference."

The difference between positive proof that anybody but me had been in the house, and my presence, my gun. Blood on my hand and coat.

Bill said, "I wish I'd got there sooner. I wish you'd had a lawyer. He wouldn't have let you—" He checked himself, and then went on quickly, "But it's only beginning. There's got to be an answer, and they'll find it. There's the whole routine of investigation. They asked me if anything had been stolen. As far as I could see nothing was missing, but there may not have been time for anybody to rob the place. He'd have had to get out as fast as he could. They asked if John had enemies. But I don't know of any special quarrel he'd had with anybody."

"He had with me."

"That's not a motive. People don't murder people because a mortgage comes due."

He turned off the Drive, left again. "They'll find the note your father gave him. They'll not know that John intended to take over every stick of property you've got. Pat, I talked to him again last night; I went to see him. That was just before dinner. I tried again to persuade him to let up on you."

"He wouldn't! I saw him yesterday, too. He came just as I finished trimming Harpo. He said that I'd have to get out by the first." I shivered a little, thinking of John as he had been the day before and John as he now was.

The facts of the loan were simple. He'd loaned my father money to start the kennels. It had seemed then an act of friendliness and generosity, and John had many times referred to it as such. It was also a business transaction; his security was the property itself. John had been, I think, a little awed by my father, who was in literal fact a scholar and a gentleman, even if impractical about business, and he had a fineness John sensed yet lacked.

It was during the past year, just as I was beginning to get the worst of the muddle straightened out, that John had demanded his money.

Cars streamed beside us with a wet swish of tires. Bill turned into the narrow street behind the towering apartment house that fronted on the Drive, where Sugar lived. He stopped the car. "They told me to tell Sugar. They'll question her later."

He came around and opened the door on my side. As I got out he took me in his arms, and just for a moment I felt that somehow it was going to be all right. The whole world had to be all right, so long as Bill and I could be together. We had lived on that faith for a long time.

I stopped shivering, and Bill said, "If there's any need for it we can get the best lawyer there is. I can pay him."

With John Ransome's money. Jimmy and Bill, suddenly, because John Ransome was dead, were both rich men, for John had willed his money to them, equally. John had never made any secret about that, but then he had intended to live for a long time; he was only in his middle fifties. He had never helped Bill, but he had supplied Jimmy, often and lavishly, with money. In some ways they were alike, and I suppose John saw himself in Jimmy's handsome, charming youth. But Bill half starved himself trying to save money, and half broke his heart trying to stifle ambition.

For Bill was what they call a dedicated doctor. All his life he'd wanted to be a doctor, and all his adult life he'd wanted to do bone research and experiment, and the dream, the very top pinnacle of it, was to have his own hospital. Once or twice Bill had taken me to visit a charity ward where he managed to squeeze in some hours of extra work. It was a children's ward and when I saw the patient little figures, immobile because of casts or traction, and the way their faces turned and lightened when Bill came into the room, I understood what he wanted to do and why.

We went into the apartment house, where an elevator swooped us up to Sugar's apartment at the top. Jimmy was already there and he had told Sugar, and she was sitting on the sofa, dabbing at her eyes with a lacy handkerchief.

Sugar—Caroline Candy—and I had known each other, and Jimmy and Bill, too, all our lives. Sugar and I had gone to the same schools, but our paths had diverged immediately afterward. I had spent the intervening years at the kennels, loving it, too. Sugar, at eighteen, had come into a really stunning fortune, left by her grandfather, Thompson Candy. After that we didn't see much of each other, yet we kept in touch and she drove out to the kennels to see me fairly often.

There was another and a rather odd bond between me and Sugar. We had both, although at different times, been jilted by Jimmy Ransome. Her own engagement to Jimmy had followed mine, and when Jimmy jilted her she didn't take it as hard as I had; she was far more sensible about it, but she never forgave Jimmy. I knew that. Yet they saw each other frequently, even after Sugar began to go about with John Ransome. It was as if Jimmy felt a kind of obligation to her for having jilted her, which was an odd way of looking at it, but was Jimmy's.

I didn't think of all that, then.

Sugar dabbed at her eyes and said, "What happened? Jimmy said Pat was there."

Bill told her. Sugar, blond, with a childish face and candid, wide eyes, was always beautiful and very, very chic. A huge bracelet on her white wrist sparkled with sapphires and diamonds. The bracelet alone would have paid my debt to John.

She sprang up when Bill finished. "But you don't understand!" she cried. "John and I were going to be married! He was going to meet me at Montego Bay, and we were going to announce it then and be married as soon as we got back to Chicago. And tomorrow he was going to get my ring." She sighed and added, "A big emerald surrounded with diamonds."

That settled it; for John Ransome wouldn't have parted with money for a bag of peanuts if he hadn't expected to get value received, and all of us knew it.

Jimmy whistled. Bill said uncomfortably, "Well, I'm sorry," and Jimmy unexpectedly began to talk about alibis. "They'll look for a motive," he said, "and Bill and I had motives and I've got an alibi. I was at the Knothole Club, and at least three men can swear to it. I don't know about Bill."

Bill thought for a moment. He looked like Jimmy and yet unlike him; they were the sons of John's two brothers, and his only relatives. Jimmy was extremely handsome; Bill was handsome, too, but in a different, sort of solid way, and I'd rather have looked at his face any time and all my life than Jimmy's.

He said, "I was at the sanitarium but I was in my office doing reports. I finished about nine-thirty and went out to get a sandwich; then I walked back to the sanitarium. I was there when I had the message from the police, and I went at once to the house. I was in my office around nine o'clock. But I'm not sure that anybody saw me there."

"But you don't need an alibi!" Sugar cried, dabbing at her eyes again. "Pat says nobody else was there!"

"Somebody was there," Bill said shortly, his gray eyes angry. "Pat didn't kill him."

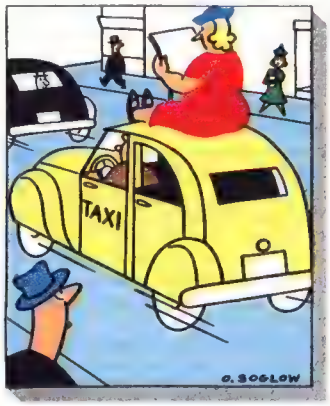
"Oh, of course. I didn't mean— Oh,

IT'S THE LAW!

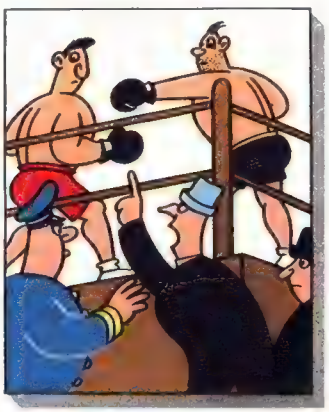
by Dick Hyman

ILLUSTRATED BY O. SOGLOW

It is unlawful to ship bullfrogs out of the State of Oklahoma



Youngstown, Ohio, prohibits riding on the roof of a taxicab



In Wisconsin it is against the law for a spectator to make any remarks during a prize fight

A Fargo, N. Dak., ordinance forbids a man to smoke a cigarette in the presence of a woman

Has your state or town some curious law or ordinance? If so, send it to "It's the Law!" The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. We will pay $5 for each acceptable contribution. None can be returned.

I can't believe it," Sugar wailed. "John—"

Jimmy passed a hand over his crisp, curling black hair, and waited until Sugar took her handkerchief from her eyes again. Then he said, "How about you, Sugar? The police are going to question you, you know."

"Question *me!*" She sat down and stared at Jimmy blankly. "Why?"

"They'll want to know whether you've got any information," Bill said. "Did John ever say anything to you that would give you an idea that he was—well, afraid of anybody? Or had quarreled with anybody or anything at all like that?"

She shook her head. "He was going to take me to the plane in the morning and"—she dabbed at her eyes again—"he said he'd phone to me tonight about eleven. He always did. I went with the Rakeleys to see their show—you know, the Teen Show. It was on tonight, and they brought me home. I got home about an hour ago. I was waiting for John to phone."

The Rakeleys, a young couple, friends of Sugar's, owned the Teen Chocolate Bars, advertised everywhere.

Jimmy said, "Sugar's got an alibi, then. So have I. If we need it."

It was just then that Maurice entered the picture by giving a shrill yelp, and I started for the bedroom. Not that I liked Maurice, but it was a yelp of pain.

Sugar followed me. "He's been jumping," she said. "He always yelps when he jumps."

I knelt down and felt Maurice's tiny leg. Sugar closed the door and said suddenly in a kind of whisper, "Pat, who was in the study with John? You can tell *me*."

"I don't know." Maurice had only twisted his foot and there was nothing wrong with it. I released him and he jumped up on Sugar's chaise longue. The room was so full of satin and lace pillows and perfume bottles and stuffed dolls that it seemed crowded, although it was orderly; Sugar flung things about, but she had two excellent maids.

Sugar said slowly, "If I'd married John—well, it would have made a difference to Bill and Jimmy. John's money—"

"Bill didn't kill John to keep him from marrying you!"

I started for the door, and Sugar caught my arm. "Wait, Pat! Suppose there was another woman? Somebody he—well, had to get rid of? Because he was going to marry me, I mean."

I knew nothing of John Ransome's love life, and cared less. I said so shortly and went back to the living room. Soon after that Bill and I went home.

Harpo was asleep in the back of the car when we reached it. Bill drove. Since there was no late train we decided that Bill would drive my car back to town, and then drive out to see me again the next night. "Police permitting," he said tersely.

We talked all the way home and got nowhere. I told Bill of Sugar's charming little notion of another woman whom John had to get rid of, and Bill thought it over, and shook his head. "If there was a woman in his life I didn't know it. Besides Sugar, that is." He drove for a while and added, "But the door was unlocked. He must have expected somebody. Did he know you were coming?"

"No. I was going to ask the houseman for the duffel bags."

"What did John say yesterday when you saw him?"

It wasn't very pleasant. "He said my father cheated him; he said my father had made him believe that the kennels would pay off, and of course they hadn't. He said I'd mismanaged and that his 'good money had gone down the drain' because I hadn't seen to things properly."

"It wouldn't have hurt him to cross off the debt. He's boasted about loaning it to your father. I suppose," he said, his voice tired, "it made him seem to be a good fellow, generous to his friends."

"He could have helped you, Bill. He could have started you in a private prac-

tice. He could have built your hospital, even."

"I got along." He put out his hand and caught mine for a minute, and I calmed down.

Eventually we turned into the little lane leading to Kings Manor. My father had named the place, and there was never a less suitable name. In fact, the house was a cottage, red brick with vines over it; there were five acres around it, grown to meadow and birches. Behind the house was a long building for the kennels; the runways stretched out back, and the garage, with a room for Mike, stood at one end.

Nothing could have been less like a manor. I think the kennel names for our dogs, which Kings Manor suggested, appealed to my father's romanticism and also his sense of humor. There were Kings Manor King and Queen, and Prince and Princess, and on down. I had lately been tempted to give the puppies such names as Kings Manor Debit and Kings Manor Scullery Girl as more befitting my circumstances, but I hadn't, and had worked right through all the conceivable noble titles. And I had sold the puppies, but not as well, perhaps, as I ought to have done, for I cared more about the kind of owner a puppy went to than the price he'd pay. Mike seemed to understand the dogs, and though he was rough in his manner the dogs all trusted him. I owed Mike both past wages and gratitude.

When we reached Kings Manor the dogs in the kennels heard us and barked, but politely, for they recognized the sound of my car. We let Harpo out and went in to the cottage, where Kings Manor Exchequer greeted us warmly. Poor old boy, he was almost as thin and ragged as the present state of the real exchequer, but once he'd been a prize winner, and was, indeed, the father of Harpo. He lived in the cottage now, as he was too old to be left in the kennels. He didn't like Harpo's entrance and showed what teeth he had left, so Bill put Harpo in my tiny office, once the dining room.

THEN we looked for the gun, and it was not there. There were bills and pedigrees and odd bits of medicines for the dogs, and letters from past and future buyers, but no gun. I could not remember when I had last seen it. There had been a box of shells, and that was gone, too.

"You don't keep the filing cabinet locked?" Bill asked.

"Never. There's nothing anybody would want."

"Somebody wanted the gun."

It was not a pleasant thought. I moved to put my cheek against the warmth of Bill's coat sleeve, but it couldn't shut out horror. Whoever shot John had had to stand there, in the tiny office, search through my filing cabinet, secretly, when I was not in the office, and remove the gun and shells.

Bill said, "Look through your files. Who has come lately to look at or buy one of the dogs?"

We made the list together; it was short, and none of the names meant anything to either of us. Bill looked at it carefully and then put it in his pocket, and said what neither of us could have avoided thinking: "I've been here often. So have Jimmy and Sugar. Jimmy and I had motives for killing John."

"But somebody could have known that. Whoever shot John could have taken the gun to make the police suspect you or Jimmy or me."

I said that, and then there was a tumult of barking from the kennels as a car came along the lane. I looked out the window and saw the station wagon, which surprised me, for Mike rarely left the place. "It's Mike," I said; and Bill said slowly, "Mike could have got into the filing cabinet at any time. Did he know John was about to take over the kennels?"

"Oh, yes. But Mike wouldn't have—"

"Mike would have been out of a job. He's too old to get another job very easily."

"He wouldn't have left my gun there."

"No. Not unless he got nervous and scared and— Did he and John ever quarrel?"

THEY had. About two weeks before, John had driven out to see me. Mike had overheard the whole conversation, for John had found me in the kennels, where I was cooking and stirring the great kettles of food, and Mike was there, too. John had said much the same things that he had said to me yesterday, and Mike had flown into a rage when John said we had mismanaged the kennels and wasted his money. Mike had sworn at John and told him to get off the place. John had said the place belonged to him, and in the end Mike had knocked him down. John had picked himself up, purple with anger, got in his car, and driven away.

I didn't want to tell Bill that. And just then Mike came thumping to the door and opened it. "I saw your light. . . . Hello, Doctor."

"Hello, Mike. Where have you been?"

"Went to the vets to get some medicine. That new boarder, the dachshund puppy—looks to me like he's got distemper. Did you ask if he'd had his shots?"

I had; there's a state law about hydrophobia shots, but you can never be sure the owner has complied. A woman had brought him only two or three days before; he was to board at the kennels while she went to Florida, and she had said certainly he'd had all his puppy shots. I told Mike.

Bill said, "Mike, something's happened. My uncle, John Ransome, was killed tonight."

Mike sat down slowly. He was a man of about sixty, heavy-set, with powerful muscles. I saw his underlip come out and his eyes take on a guarded look as Bill told him the story. He told it all, about my gun and everything. When he'd finished, Mike sat in brooding silence. Finally he said, "He got what he deserved," and got up without another word and stalked out.

It was like him; he'd go away and think about it deeply, and the next day, or even the next week, he'd say something about it. It didn't strike me as anything unusual.

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begins on page 127

But Bill went quickly after him. "Wait, Mike. Miss Bennet's gun—can you remember when you last saw it?"

Mike didn't turn. He said over his shoulder, gruffly, "Never saw it," and banged the door after him.

Bill left shortly after that; it was very late, and when I saw the lights of the car vanish into the main road the cottage seemed very empty. I let old Exchequer into my bedroom, where he made himself comfortable in a chair and instantly began to snore. I envied him. I thought of everything during that night, half-awake, half-asleep. And some time during those cold and weary hours I began to have an odd feeling that there was something I had forgotten, and must remember. I didn't know what, but it nagged at me. It was as if some fact subtly did not fit into the design of other facts.

I realized that it was morning when I heard Mike come into the kitchen, and smelled the coffee he put on the stove. He was out again by the time I had got myself into dungarees and a sweater. I went to the kennels to see about the little dachshund. But he didn't have distemper. He looked up from his feed bowl, which he had licked clean, and sprang upon me with delight. His nose was cold and he had no temperature, and I took a long breath of relief and went to work.

I didn't talk to Mike, who was cleaning the kennels at the other end of the long building. I expected Bill to telephone and kept listening for the ring, but he didn't call. About noon Mrs. Sales, the dachshund's owner, came and wanted to take her dog home. She had changed her mind, she said; she wasn't going to Florida, and she was in rather a hurry, so would I get the dog at once.

She was a tall, very thin woman, with dark eyes and sleek black hair and a thin red mouth. She was dressed very smartly, although not expensively; and although there was a certain crispness and efficiency in her manner, she was also, that morning, obviously nervous. She looked, in fact, as if she'd been crying, for there were swollen, heavily powdered patches below her eyes. I got out the little dog; she clasped him in her arms, paid for three days' board, and hurried out to her car. As she reached it Harpo came dashing around the corner of the house and bounded over, tail wagging, to greet her.

IT WASN'T like Harpo; it wasn't, indeed, like any French poodle, for they are inclined to be reserved and a little shy of strangers. Mrs. Sales slid her thin and elegant legs into the car and Harpo looked disappointed—Harpo, who was John Ransome's dog!

I said abruptly, "Harpo seems to know you."

Her dark eyes flickered toward Harpo. "He's very friendly, isn't he?" Her voice showed no recognition. Her car shot away down the lane.

I thought of the list Bill and I had

made. I hadn't put Mrs. Sales' name on it because the dachshund was a boarder. Had Harpo really recognized her? I decided to tell Bill about it.

But when I tried to reach him at the sanitarium they said he was out, and by four I decided that I couldn't bear it any longer; I'd take the station wagon in to town and find out what was happening. Then, just as I had showered and got myself into a fresh white blouse and my best tweed suit, Jimmy came, and he had news.

The police had spent the whole time sifting what clues there were, digging into John Ransome's life, questioning the servants, his friends, his office force; questioning Sugar and Jimmy and Bill. Bill had told them that he had bought and given me the revolver, and they had the record of it, the purchase and the transfer permits. Bill had also quarreled violently with John the night before John was murdered. He hadn't told me that.

"Everett—you know, the houseman—heard it all and put them on to it," Jimmy said. "But Bill admitted it frankly. He tried to get John to renew your note, and then told John to take it out of anything he intended to leave to Bill in his will. John fired up and said if that's the way Bill felt about it he'd see that he didn't get anything—well, in short, there was a row. They didn't come to blows, but Everett said he thought they were going to. Bill left, and John caught Everett listening and nearly took his head off. . . . Well, that's the way it was. So the police think John intended to change his will so Bill wouldn't get a cent."

"Bill wouldn't have murdered him!"

"Take it easy, Pat. The upshot of it is, they've got Bill down at headquarters. They know that you and Bill want to get married and didn't have the money. They know about the row. As it stands now, Bill inherits. And they say that if he shot John and you saw him in the house, you'd have protected him."

"He wasn't there!" I looked for my coat, remembered where it was and why, and snatched up a worn old leather coat instead.

"Where are you going?" Jimmy asked. "Nobody can do anything right now. They think it was somebody John knew and wasn't afraid of, because he was sitting in his chair; he hadn't made a move to struggle or get to the telephone or anything. They've got your note—that is, your father's. It was in his desk in the study. Everett heard you and John talking about that, too. He heard everything John said."

I PUT on my coat and went out to tell Mike I was going to town. When I got back to the house Jimmy was standing beside his car. "I'll take you in," he said, "but I don't see what you can do."

When we reached town Jimmy took me to Sugar's apartment, where I agreed to wait while Jimmy went on to police headquarters to see if I could talk to Bill. I caught his arm as he turned to go. "Tell Bill I'm here. Tell him I'll come the minute they'll let me."

"Of course, darling. I'll tell him—if they'll let me see him."

Sugar was at home, dressed in heavy black crepe which somehow suggested mourning, and there were newspapers all over the floor. She didn't know any more than I knew; Jimmy had told her about Bill and his quarrel with John, and the police had questioned her, and that was all.

"I couldn't tell them anything! I don't know who killed him or why—or anything. . . . You look terrible, Pat. You'd better stay here tonight."

I'd be nearer to Bill if I stayed in town, so I did.

IT WAS a dreadful evening. Neither Bill nor Jimmy phoned, and there wasn't any way for us to know what was happening. Dinner was served and we tried to eat. Then we listened to the news. Much of it was about John Ransome's murder and none of it was news to us, except that the police had said they expected to make an arrest very soon. That meant Bill, I thought drearily, or me. Or both of us.

Sugar snapped off the radio, and the apartment seemed very quiet and empty. "The maids have gone," she said. "They don't live in. Tell me everything again, Pat, all of it. From the time you went to his house."

I didn't mind doing it; I was seeking some loophole, some small thread that might be a clue; anything to show them that Bill hadn't shot his uncle. But there was nothing.

"Who was talking to John?" Sugar said. "You must have heard something—you said it was a man."

"I said men's voices. I didn't hear anything distinctly. It was like a—oh, a radio, or a record or something. Only, it wasn't, because whoever was there must have shot him. Except I didn't hear the shot. So he could have been killed before I got there."

"Can't the police tell when he was killed?"

"I don't know. I think it's something to do with the temperature of the body. And the house was so hot—"

She shivered. "*Don't!*" She got up and wandered around the room.

I said, "Besides, they don't believe me. They don't even believe that there was blood on Harpo's paws."

It was then that I remembered Mrs. Sales, and I found out that Sugar knew her. She had stopped to stare out one of the great windows, and she turned a white, startled face to me when I told her of the woman's visit.

"Why, of course! That's Edith Busch. At least, she used to be Edith Busch, and then she married and left John's office. But you must remember her! She was John's secretary for years."

"Edith Busch!" Of course I remembered; that is, I had never seen Edith Busch, but I had heard her name. I had seen it many times signed to letters John had told her to write to me or to my father.

Sugar said slowly, "He got a man secretary after that. His name is Whiting. I always thought that Edith made a play for John, and that's why he fired her. She could have taken your gun. . . . Pat, are you sure you didn't hear a shot? It might have sounded like a—oh, a backfire or something."

I was sure, and she jerked the heavy curtains across the windows. It was again gusty, with a wind off the lake which stirred up rain that slashed violently at the great panes of glass, as if something out there in the night, high above the lighted city, wanted to get in.

"It's late," Sugar said. She led me to a small guest room, as lavishly appointed as the rest of the apartment, for Sugar spent money like water and always had. We passed her room and there were no trunks, and I said something about her trip. She said, "You don't think I'd leave now, do you?" and added thoughtfully, "I've got to get some black things and a veil for the funeral." I could see her, with a veil to the floor probably, going down the aisle with Jimmy and Bill. John Ransome's beautiful young fiancée, so the papers would say.

SHE put Maurice in the kitchen, and brought a nightgown that only needed a belt to be a ball dress, also a dressing gown and sleeping pills. I was turning down the bed, and she dumped the heap of chiffon upon it and put the bottle of sleeping pills on the table. Her bracelet flashed in the light from the lamp on the table; it flashed so oddly and flatly that I gave it a second look.

She saw me and laughed shortly. "Paste," she said. "It's a copy. The real one is in the safe. You'd better take a sleeping pill." She went away.

I didn't want a pill; I was so tired that I thought I didn't need it. But rain slashed against the windows and I couldn't sleep. What were the police doing? How soon would I hear from Bill?

Sometime, however, I slept, because I awoke abruptly. I sat up, my heart thumping. Something had roused me.

I listened. Away up there the wind surged and tore at concrete and steel and wailed around corners and whistled at the windows. After what seemed a long time I told myself it had been nothing, and settled back again. And as I did so there was a sound of hammering somewhere in the apartment.

It was an irregular beat. It was muffled yet heavy. Somebody in the apartment was hammering on something, and since the maids were gone, it had to be Sugar. What was she doing? The hammering stopped.

I snapped on the bedside lamp and got into Sugar's dressing gown and opened the door. A hall ran back from the living room, past Sugar's bedroom and mine; it was lighted, no one was there. An icy breath of air swirled around me. Sugar's door was open; in the dim light streaming past me from the hall, I could see her figure humped up quietly in bed. The thin dressing gown swirled around my ankles, and suddenly I realized what had happened. The cold current of air was sweeping down the hall from the living room, so a window that had been insecurely latched must have blown open.

I ran to the living room and turned on the light. One of the windows, a huge casement window which opened like a door, was now wide open, the dra-

peries swirling out and rain swishing across the carpet. I ran across to close it. I got the latch in my hand and pushed against the wind, and the lights went out.

There was a rush of motion, and someone pushed me hard from behind.

It happened that quickly. For a terrible instant I fought for balance over the low window sill, so low, so narrow, with a horrible depth of blackness below me. I clutched the thick draperies and screamed and screamed against the night and the cold rain and the black space below me.

The heavy draperies held. Somehow I braced myself against the wall. Somehow I knew that the hands against me were gone. But I was still clutching the draperies, still screaming, still braced against the wall, when the lights sprang up and Sugar came running to me.

THE first thing we did was close and bolt the window. Sugar was screaming at me, and I was shaking and trying to tell her what had happened. She cried, "But there's nobody here! You've been dreaming! You slipped—"

"Somebody was here," I said.

Sugar went to the front door and came back. She was white. "The door was open. But I locked it! I locked it last night." Sugar's eyes widened. "The safe!"

She whirled around and ran into the next room, a kind of library whose shelves mainly held glass rabbits and little china figures. I could hear her moving, little clicks and rustles, and I went across to the door. The safe was set in the wall and she was closing it. She pushed a picture into place to hide the door of the safe. "No, it's all right. Nothing's gone. You must have been dreaming."

I hadn't been dreaming.

I went out into the smart foyer, and Sugar followed me; we looked at the door and opened it. The wide, carpeted corridor outside was blank and empty. There was a night latch on the door and a bolt inside, and Sugar turned it. She said, "I always lock it—I mean, it locks itself when I close it, but I always turn the bolt inside. But perhaps I didn't last night."

"Does anybody have a key?"

Her eyes flickered away from me; then she shook her head. And it suddenly and horribly occurred to me that perhaps whoever had been there was still there. Hiding.

I called the police. And then we sat in the living room, with the carpet wet from the rain and the heavy draperies sagging from the rod where I had pulled them. I was thankful she'd had heavy rods and heavy draperies, and began to shiver again. Sugar said, again, that I had dreamed it. And in a very short time the police arrived.

The building was new, and so thoroughly soundproofed that nobody apparently had heard the commotion. We didn't hear the elevator or the police until they rang discreetly at the door.

There were two of them; they were from the nearest prowl car. They didn't then associate either of us with John Ransome's murder. But they searched the apartment quickly and thoroughly, and found the kitchen door locked and nobody anywhere except Maurice in the kitchen.

They examined the window and the door and finally told us indulgently that nobody was in the apartment now, and we'd better go back to sleep and forget about it. Clearly, they, too, believed that I had imagined the whole thing. They perked up, however, when one of them started to write out his report of the visit and asked for Sugar's name and mine. He gave a start when I told him mine was Pat Bennet.

"Bennet? Bennet! Say, are you the girl that was there when they found Ransome?"

I told him yes. He stared at me, but only wrote our names. Then both of them went away.

I had no doubt the report would reach Lieutenant Wilkins. Sugar closed the door after them and bolted it, and I telephoned to Bill, but he still wasn't in. I thought vaguely that if the police had let him go he might have gone to Jimmy's, so I tried Jimmy's number, and nobody answered there.

Sugar yawned. "It's three o'clock. Let's go back to bed."

We did, and sometime I must have slept, but I was sitting bolt upright in bed with the light burning when a maid knocked and entered with a tray in her hands.

She was neat and quiet, but shocked. "Good morning, Miss Bennet. I've brought your tray, and the—the police are here and wish to question you."

AND so began a strange day, an overcast day during which the foghorn out in the lake sounded constantly, and fog wreathed Lake Shore Drive, far below. A day which brought in Mike Reilly, and Mrs. Sales, and Sugar herself as suspects.

A day during which Jimmy's alibi was broken down, and a day during which a thing of horror was silently and secretly performed.

It was a long interview. Lieutenant Wilkins began it by questioning me in detail about what had happened the night before.

"It did happen," I told him. "I didn't dream it."

He said flatly, "You say it happened. I have no reason to doubt it. On the other hand, if you could prove that someone tried to murder you, then it would go to prove that that same person murdered Ransome. And thus that you didn't kill Ransome. . . . Wait, please. I want to tell you exactly how things stand."

HE TOLD me, concisely ticking off the items, outlining the facts: Bill's quarrel with John and the reason for it. My own quarrel with John. It was then that he told me something which I didn't know, which was why John Ransome had determined to give me no more time: It was not only because he wanted his money back, but because he wanted the property.

"He had bought the property adjoining it," Lieutenant Wilkins said, "and he intended to drill for oil."

It surprised, and didn't surprise me. As everybody knows, a few oil wells have been put down in the vicinity of the low-lying Fox River valley, that is, around St. Charles, Geneva, Elgin; a vicinity which took in my cottage and a few acres in the Dunham Woods section. As far as I knew, no one had expected to discover a great oil field, and everyone knew about the various wells which had so far been driven. But obviously John Ransome had been attracted by such a possibility.

The only point was that it was like John. It gave a consistency and logic to his determination to take over the kennels, or, more precisely, the acreage they stood on.

I thought for a moment. "I'm not surprised. There's no secret about oil out there. Who told you that John intended to do that?"

"Jimmy Ransome. His uncle had told him." And Jimmy hadn't mentioned it to me.

Lieutenant Wilkins said, "Now then, you realize that if Ransome and Miss

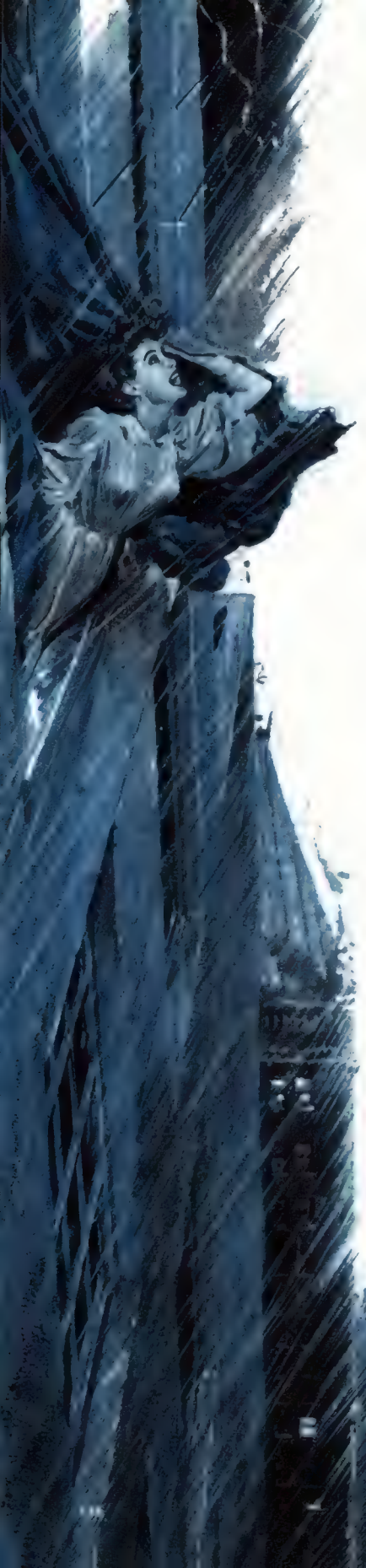
NEXT MONTH'S MYSTERY NOVEL

A camera conceals the clue that points to murder on the island of Monte Cristo

The Blurred Killer

by Gordon Gaskill

COMPLETE IN THE NOVEMBER AMERICAN MAGAZINE



Someone pushed me, and for a terrible instant I fought for balance over the low window sill

Candy had married, the probability is that Ransome would have made a new will, certainly including his wife. This would have cut down both Jimmy's and Dr. Ransome's inheritances. It might even have excluded them altogether."

"But that doesn't mean that either of them—"

He cut me off: "We'll get down to brass tacks, Miss Bennet. The night Ransome was murdered we had only one suspect; that was, clearly, you, and on your own testimony to the effect that no one was in the house except yourself and Ransome."

"But I went back to the laundry. He could have left then."

"Except for one thing, Miss Bennet: Brannigan was on his way to the house. He is watchman for several houses on that street, and was keeping a particularly careful eye on them that night, trying the doors and all that. He can't swear to it that nobody left the Ransome house. Nevertheless, he is reasonably sure that he would have seen anybody who left by the front door. Somebody could have left by the kitchen door."

"I would have seen him—"

"After which the kitchen door could have been bolted by someone in the house. You, Miss Bennet."

"I didn't! There wasn't anybody." He meant Bill, of course.

"Your—er—friend, Dr. Ransome, has no alibi for the time of Ransome's murder, and he had a very strong motive for that murder."

I tried to say something, and he said sharply, "Wait!" and went on. He knew all about Bill—his job, his salary, me. He knew that Bill wanted to do bone research and that John Ransome had never offered to help him. "Dr. Ransome bought the gun, Miss Bennet. It was that gun that killed Ransome, no question of it. And would you have accused Dr. Ransome?" He leaned forward and said very quietly, "Would you have told anyone that he was in Ransome's house that night?"

"But he *wasn't* there!"

Lieutenant Wilkins said in a sad and honest way which was curiously disarming, "A man with ability—and your doctor has that—a man with a dream, a man who wants something, not selfishly but for a high and humane reason—is that man likely to consider one man's life as weighing much against that of many?"

"Bill's not like that! He's not a man with an obsession. Yes, he wants to study. But he's—he's like anybody else. He takes things as they come, and he doesn't mind working and he never asked John for a penny."

"He asked John Ransome for money for you. He asked him to deduct the sum from whatever John Ransome had willed him."

"But John had talked of it! It was no secret! He'd often said that Bill and Jimmy would have his money sometime."

"And Dr. Ransome bought a gun and gave it to you."

"Anybody could have taken it."

"Jimmy Ransome? Mike Reilly? Miss Candy? All friends of yours. I'm not trying to frighten you, and I'm not trying to have you charged with murder if you didn't kill him. But I do want you to see that you must help yourself a little, too . . . That is, if you didn't kill Ransome," he added in a flat and honest parenthesis that was more terrifying than any threats he could have made.

"Jimmy Ransome has no alibi for the time Ransome was shot. He was at the Knothole Club, which is, as you know, a cocktail lounge and restaurant, and he was with several friends; we have talked to all of them. The fact came out that for at least an hour, from about eight to something after nine, he was not there at all. He says that he went to the garage where he keeps his car, got it out, stopped at a drugstore for cigarettes, didn't find the brand he wanted, stopped at another drugstore—in short, spent roughly an hour walking to the garage and then driving around the near north side. Jimmy, too, is now a very rich man. We have read Ransome's will."

He said unexpectedly, "Do you also know a Mrs. Sales?"

"What!" I jumped to my feet, and his bony hand waved me down onto the sofa again.

"His will, briefly, reads thus: Two thousand apiece to his house servants, Everett and Rosie Lewson. They are out of it; they went early to the Chauffeurs' Ball because Everett had something to do about the decorations. They've both got hard-and-fast alibis from seven o'clock on, till one of our men picked them up there and brought them to Ransome's house. Other bequests are ten thousand to Miss Caroline Candy; a picture to Mrs. Edith Busch Sales. The remainder is divided equally between his two nephews, Dr. Ransome and Jimmy Ransome."

I said, "A picture—"

And he said, "The picture over the mantel in the study where he was murdered. They say it can be sold for at least fifty thousand, maybe even sixty."

"It's a Cézanne," I said absently, surprised beyond words. Yet it must mean that Sugar was right—Edith Busch Sales, who had worked so long for John and perhaps hoped in the end to marry him.

Lieutenant Wilkins said, "Has Mrs. Sales ever visited the kennels? Could she have taken your gun?"

He must have seen something in my face. He said, "When was she there?"

I explained it. And I thought, Harpo wouldn't have barked if she had come into John's house; Harpo knew her. He wouldn't have barked, and she could

have entered the house while I was in the laundry, and after whoever had been talking to John in his study had gone. But anybody could have entered the house while I was in the laundry; there was time, not much time, but enough. If Brannigan was checking other houses along the street, someone might have slipped in or out without his seeing. I told the lieutenant.

Lieutenant Wilkins said, "Mrs. Sales has been questioned. She says she knew nothing of the picture or Ransome's will. She admitted, however, that she and Ransome were close friends for a long time and that Ransome may have felt in a sense obligated to her. She admitted that they had dinner together, last week. Her husband, she said, is in New Orleans on business."

CERTAINLY Mrs. Sales had intended to go away, and had canceled her trip after the news of John's murder. It seemed to me that that cleared Edith Sales; she wouldn't have brought the little dachshund or made plans to leave if she had intended to kill John Ransome. But my notion collapsed, for perhaps she had killed him in anger, without having planned it. Because he had told her he was going to marry Sugar, and she had, in effect, had a moment of uncontrollable, berserk fury.

But that didn't quite account for it, either. If she had taken my gun when she brought the dachshund, it argued a certain premeditation.

"Was she left alone in your office when she brought the dog?" Lieutenant Wilkins asked.

For the life of me I couldn't remember, and had to say so. "There are always things I have to dash out to see to. The filing cabinet was never locked. Anybody—"

He said again, "Jimmy? Dr. Ransome? Mike Reilly? Miss Candy? Can you definitely remember when any one of them had that opportunity? Within, say, the last month?"

And of course there had been many times; it was nothing unusual for me to come in from the kennels and find Sugar or Jimmy or Bill, or all of them, lounging around the fire in the tiny living room.

Wilkins nodded and went back to Mrs. Sales. He said he supposed that John Ransome had felt, because of their long friendship, an obligation to Mrs. Sales, and thus had willed her the picture. That was exactly like John Ransome, too. He would always have felt that he could pay off any human emotion with money, or its equivalent. I said that John had left money, too, to Sugar, and that didn't mean anything, and Wilkins said thoughtfully that ten thousand dollars meant something to anybody.

It didn't to Sugar, with all her money; and, besides, if her affection for John Ransome had been, as Jimmy had hinted once or twice, largely influenced by her affection for his money, she had lost far more than ten thousand dollars at his death.

But it was then that Lieutenant Wilkins brought Mike Reilly into the thing, and I forgot all about Edith Sales and Sugar. He asked me if Mike had quarreled with John Ransome, and before I could decide upon a reply he added that I might as well give him the facts, for he had been told that there had been a quarrel and that Mike had attacked Ransome and knocked him down. "Jimmy Ransome told me that, too," he said. "John Ransome had told him."

"But Mike wouldn't—"

Lieutenant Wilkins stood up. "Miss Bennet," he said solemnly, "I wish you'd get it into your head that somebody, and somebody who had a motive, killed Ransome. Consider your position. And consider mine. Do you think I want to see an innocent person—you or your young doctor—convicted for murder? That is, if you didn't murder him."

It was terribly true.

He went on, "A station wagon was parked for a long time two blocks from Ransome's house, the night he was murdered. It was there from about nine o'clock to something after eleven. The cop on the beat saw it, and because it was there so long took the number. It was a Kane County license; in short, it was your station wagon. We sent a man to see Mike Reilly late yesterday afternoon; he admits having been away from your place that night, but he says he went to see the vet. The vet he named says that Mike did not come to see him at all."

I felt empty and queer inside. "What does Mike say?"

For the first time an exasperated look came into Lieutenant Wilkins' face. "He sticks to his story. He says it's his word against the vet's."

Lieutenant Wilkins strode out of the room then, and in a moment came back with Sugar.

She was in black again and had a handkerchief in her hand. I listened with only half an ear, for I was thinking of Mike and how the little dachshund hadn't been sick at all the morning after John's murder, and how Mike had driven the old station wagon into the lane so late. But I did hear Lieutenant Wilkins go over the whole thing again; he started out with my story of the previous night, and Sugar replied to his questions: No, she hadn't heard any sound of pounding or hammering or whatever it was; she had heard my scream, though, and had hurried down the hall and snapped on the lights, and there was nobody there. . . . Yes, the door was unlocked.

SHE hesitated there, and glanced at me and said that she'd really thought, though, that I'd had a nightmare. "We'd been talking about—about John, and the murder, and Pat was depressed, of course. We both were. I even wondered if she hadn't tried to . . . But the door was unlocked, and Pat is certain that somebody tried to push her out the window."

Somebody had tried to push me out the window and I said so, but the lieutenant went right on. When Sugar heard about Jimmy's lack of an alibi, she said that Jimmy hadn't wanted her to marry John. He questioned her about that, too. Why hadn't Jimmy wanted her to marry John? Because of the money, she supposed. Had he ever said so? Well, no, Sugar said, but his attitude showed it.

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How? Lieutenant Wilkins asked. But she wouldn't, or couldn't, be more specific. How about Bill Ransome; had he been against their marriage?

"Well," Sugar said, with a glance at me, "John had always said Jimmy and Bill would have all his money sometime. And if he married—" She shrugged.

"When were you to be married?"

"Soon. We hadn't set a date."

"Did either of the nephews know of it?"

"Everybody knew of it. That is, they must have guessed."

I began again to say that Bill wouldn't have killed John to prevent his marriage to Sugar.

Lieutenant Wilkins didn't even look at me; he asked Sugar if she had known that John had willed her money, and she sat up. "What do you mean? His will?" She caught her breath and cried, "*How much?*"

I WAS perfectly sure, from her look that it was a surprise to her, even before she told the lieutenant that she had never heard of the bequest, never dreamed of it. Again she said, with her eyes wide and very bright, "How much?"

He told her, and she stared at him blankly. "Why did he do that, Miss Candy?"

"I don't know. He never said anything to me about it. I can't see why—"

She paused, and he urged it: "Can't see why? What do you mean?"

She shrugged. "It seems odd, doesn't it? We were going to be married and—well, it just seems odd, that's all. When did he do it?"

"The will itself is dated five years ago. The picture for Mrs. Sales is specified in a codicil dated about the time she left the office. The bequest to you is contained in a second codicil dated about a month ago."

She shook her head. "I didn't know about it. I can't see why."

"One reason," Lieutenant Wilkins said unexpectedly, "might be because he was afraid of murder."

"*John!*"

"He might have wished you to be, in some measure"—he glanced around the room with its rather overwhelming luxury—"not provided for exactly, but—well, to be—remembered in his will."

"He wasn't afraid of anything. And I didn't know anything about it," Sugar said flatly.

And after a few more questions that were mainly repetition, Lieutenant Wilkins said that that was all now and left.

"Well!" Sugar closed the door after him and looked blankly at me. "Ten thousand. I can't see why John would do that!"

"He was always very orderly. Cautious. I suppose he thought that until you were actually married—well, anybody can step in front of a taxi."

"I suppose so," she said, and added

suddenly, "So this makes me a suspect! I could see it, the way he looked at me!"

"We're all suspect," I said wearily, and the buzzer at the front door sounded and it was Bill.

The telephone rang, too, and Sugar went to answer it. I was glad, because Bill and I had a few minutes alone. Bill had been released about midnight, and he hadn't been charged with murder. Neither had I. So far. He looked white and tired, and I don't suppose I was any beauty, but just for a minute or two nothing mattered except we were there, together.

Then Sugar came back, flushed and angry. "Who do you think that was? It was Lyda Rakeley, and the police have been after her! They have no right to question your friends."

Bill said, "Your alibi?"

Sugar stamped her foot. "Yes! They asked her if I was really with her the night John was murdered. They asked her if she was sure that I was with her the whole time!"

"And were you?" Bill asked.

"Of course I was! But that fool Lyda said she wasn't sure. I was sitting on the other side—I mean, her husband was between us. And that part of the room was dark, the lights were on the show, and she said she thought I was there, but I might have slipped out while the show was going on. There were only five or six people in the room, watching. She'd have known if I'd sneezed!" She whirled around to me: "You see! I told you they suspected me!"

Bill sat down and stretched out his long legs and eyed Sugar with a half-amused, half-exasperated gleam in his gray eyes. "Well, that's all right. It's an exclusive club, you know. Pat and me. Jimmy. Now you."

And Edith Sales, I thought. And Mike Reilly.

"But I *was* there!" Sugar cried angrily. "What a fool she is!"

"Never mind," Bill said wearily. "They'd have to find somebody who saw you leave or saw you return. Aren't those television studios pretty closely shut in while a show is going on?"

She thought for a moment and calmed down a little. "Of course. I never thought of that. They close the doors and don't let anybody in or out while the show is on the air."

"Besides," I said, "the Teen Show is a play, isn't it? You can tell the police all about it."

"I could tell them if I'd watched the show on television," she said sulkily.

"If they hadn't managed to find somebody who could swear to it that nobody left or returned to the studio, they'd have questioned you about it," Bill said. He looked at me. "I want to talk to you, Pat. Let's have lunch—"

The telephone rang again.

Sugar went into the next room to answer it, and this time we could hear her. In fact, we couldn't have helped listening for she cried with a kind of terror in her voice, "What do you mean? Who is this?" Her voice was high and sharp. She rattled the instrument. "Who is this? Hello . . . hello." We heard her put down the receiver, and Bill got up and went to the door, and I followed him.

Sugar was sitting at the telephone, and she was so white I thought she had fainted. But when I ran to her, she opened her eyes. "Somebody said I killed John! Oh, Pat!" She gave a high-pitched kind of scream. "It was me he tried to kill last night! Not you, Pat! He thought it was me at the window!"

"What is all this? What is she talking about?" Bill caught me by the arm, his eyes blazing. "Did anybody touch you?"

I told him. Bill didn't say a word; he went into the next room and I knew he was looking at the window.

Sugar sprang up and followed him. "It could have been you last night, Bill! It could have been Jimmy! Pat tried to phone to both of you, and neither of you was at home. It was after two o'clock and—"

Bill said, "You're not making sense. Why should I try to kill you? Why would Jimmy try to kill you?"

"I don't know. But somebody was here. I didn't believe Pat. I thought she'd had a dream or—" She looked at me with wide eyes. "Well, I really thought that perhaps she—she intended to do it herself and got scared at the last moment and screamed."

Bill's black eyebrows lowered. "Let's get this straight. Do you mean that you thought Pat intended to jump out that window? Do you think she shot John? Is that what you're trying to say?"

"N-no."

"Who was it on the telephone?"

But Sugar only shook her head and stared at us.

Bill said, "Was it a man or a woman?"

Sugar said slowly, "It was a man's voice. I don't know who."

"Did he threaten you?"

Sugar blinked. "Not exactly. He said, 'You shot John Ransome.' And—and that was all."

"Then why do you think he tried to shove you out the window?"

Again she shook her head. "I don't know."

In the end it was all he could get out of her. But she still looked pasty-gray when we left and didn't object to our leaving. In fact, we had barely got out the door when we heard her bolt it behind us.

"I suppose I ought to have told her to tell the police," Bill said, ringing for the elevator. "Probably, though, it was some crackpot. And probably he asked for money to keep his mouth shut and she didn't want to tell us."

The elevator came.

We made a mistake, both of us, but we weren't thinking very clearly then. Bill held my hand hard and tight in his own all the way down the long drop of twenty-one floors.

The morning fog had drifted out over the lake by that time, and we walked along the Drive, with the foghorn making a dismal sort of accompaniment. We went to a restaurant and Bill ordered a very expensive lunch, and we talked.

He didn't tell me much about the long hours of questioning at police headquarters the day before. He said only that they hadn't arrested him so far because Jimmy, too, had a motive for killing John. "And I've got a notion, Pat, that Brannigan knows something that they aren't telling."

He didn't know what. He knew about John's will; he knew about Mrs. Sales, although he didn't know about her visit to the kennels. He didn't know anything of Mike and my station wagon. When he heard that he got up and said he was going to telephone.

I sat and looked around the room. It was a gay, warm little room, very smart; it seemed to me that every woman in the room wore a mink coat. And then I saw Jimmy and Mrs. Sales.

They were sitting in one of the semicircular alcoves, and I could see Jimmy's black head, turned away from me, and Mrs. Sales sitting opposite him, her dark eyes looking feverish in her pale face.

Mrs. Sales saw me. She nodded, and said something to Jimmy. He turned, waved, and they came to my table.

And both of them were different.

I couldn't say exactly how, except that if before I had felt grief like a kind of aura around Edith Sales, it was gone

"Very funny"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY JAM

now; there was something excited about her, a kind of triumph and sparkle in those vehement dark eyes. And Jimmy called me darling, and smiled and patted my hand. He was full of charm and conversation, and somehow I felt that it was all forced.

Bill came back before we'd said more than a few words. He greeted them, and Mrs. Sales turned to me: "I have to apologize to you, Miss Bennet. I knew Harpo, of course. But I'd read about John. I was upset. I didn't want to talk to you about it. You do understand, don't you?"

I didn't exactly.

She continued smoothly, "A policeman came to question me about John yesterday afternoon—because of the picture, I suppose. I'm afraid I wasn't of much help. At the time John was shot I was playing Canasta with a friend. My husband is out of town," she added in a perfunctory way.

I wondered briefly about the absent Mr. Sales and what he was like, and Jimmy said to Bill, "It's my turn now. They've been questioning me all morning."

Bill said nothing. Jimmy passed one hand nervously over his dark hair, smiled at me, and said, "Couldn't you possibly induce yourself to remember somebody that looked like a burglar?"

"They wouldn't believe it now, even if she could," Bill said shortly.

Mrs. Sales got up. "I have an appointment," she said. "Thank you for the lunch, Jimmy." She said good-by politely but quickly to me and Bill.

Bill rose. "We've got a date, too," he said. "See you later, Jimmy."

Jimmy got his check and left before we did, but he was still at the checkstand getting his coat and hat when Bill and I emerged. Bill said, "I didn't know that you and Edith Sales were so chummy."

Jimmy reached for his coat and shrugged. "She asked me to take her to lunch. Said she wanted to hear everything."

Bill stopped him as he turned away: "Wait, Jimmy. Have you heard what happened last night?"

Jimmy's smile became fixed, his eyes bright and narrow. "What do you mean?"

"Somebody tried to murder Pat," Bill said, and told him.

THE fixed smile gradually left Jimmy's face, but his eyes did not change. "Who do you think it was?"

"Who do *you* think it was?" Bill asked. Jimmy lifted his eyebrows.

"How should I know? Sugar could have done it. Opened the window, hammered on the floor with something, and wakened Pat. She'd have known Pat would go to close the window."

"But why would Sugar try to—?"

Jimmy's eyes flickered. "I only said she was there; she could have."

"It had something to do with John's murder," Bill said.

"Well, then what?" Jimmy's eyes were half-mocking and very bright. "What do you know, Pat? Do you know who shot John?"

Bill said, "She's told everything she knows about it."

"Have you, Pat?" Jimmy insisted. "Why didn't you call Lieutenant Wilkins last night? Instead of the police in the prowl car? Did you think then that this—attack on you might have a connection with John's murder?" His smile was indulgent, as if he didn't want to believe it.

I hadn't called Lieutenant Wilkins. I hadn't so much as thought of it, for the only thing in my mind then was safety and police to search the apartment. I said so. "But I phoned Bill," I added, "and you. Nobody was there."

Jimmy said, "Where were you, Bill?"

"I couldn't sleep. They'd questioned me till midnight. I got up and went for a walk—"

"Sure you didn't go to Sugar's apartment?" Jimmy said, smiling.

"I wish I had," Bill said. "Where were you, Jimmy?"

The smile vanished. Jimmy said, "Oh, I was at home. Had my telephone turned off. . . . Well, I've got to get along. See you." He gave a debonair wave toward me and went quickly through the lobby and down the steps to the street. He had disappeared by the time Bill and I reached the street.

BILL hailed a taxi. "We do have a date," he said. "With Brannigan." He gave the driver an address.

"Brannigan! Why? And, oh, Bill, did you talk to Mike? What did he say?"

He answered my second question first. "Mike's a mule, but I think I got at least some of the truth out of him. He did come to town, Pat. He started just after you did, and he parked the station wagon a couple of blocks from John's house."

"Why?"

"Because he was going to talk to John. He said that he had a little money saved up, and he was going to offer it to John."

"Mike!"

"He says he had to drive slowly, because the station wagon isn't up to much speed. By the time he got to town police cars were there at the house, and everything was lighted up and people standing around in the street outside. Somebody told him what had happened. He didn't want to get into the affair. He says he went over to Clark Street and sat around in a little restaurant for a while; then he walked around in the vicinity of John's house, to try to see what was going on, but didn't come close to it. Says he finally went to another restaurant and waited there for a long time; he didn't know what to do. Finally he drove home. Sounds like Mike. I think he's telling the truth. On the other hand—"

On the other hand, it might not be the truth. On the other hand, he hadn't told his story to the police. But I fell back on the premise I couldn't seem to escape: "Mike wouldn't have left my gun there. He wouldn't have given them reason to suspect me."

"Well, I don't think so, either. But there it is."

We crossed Clark Street and went on west. As in most cities, the entire character of a neighborhood may change within the space of two or three blocks. We had left the dignified atmosphere of the Gold Coast and were in a region of small stores which lined the streets, and narrow, huddled houses and flats.

"Brannigan's going to meet us here," Bill said, and stopped the taxi at a small German restaurant. We went past a shining counter to a table in the back. There was a checked red-and-white tablecloth and, on the wall above, an enormous elk's head peering glassily down at us. Bill ordered coffee. "Look here, Pat. Didn't it ever occur to you that you were—well, framed?"

"Framed?"

"It's got to be that way. It was clear from the beginning: your gun. You were in the house, too. But nobody knew that you'd be at John's, and even if somebody knew that, he wouldn't know when. . . . And now that thing last night." He looked at me. "That's not going to happen again, Pat. If you're in danger—" He stopped, his mouth very tight and hard.

"Why?" I said. "There's nobody who would try to murder me."

But there had been somebody.

A waitress put down coffee.

Bill said, "Who knew that you were going to John's house?"

"Nobody. Everett and Rosie knew I'd left the duffel bags there. I suppose John may have known it."

"How about Mike?"

"He'd have known that I didn't bring the bags home with me on the train, after I clipped Harpo. He met me at the station that night. . . . Bill, *could* Jimmy have shot him?"

"I don't think so. I don't want to think so, of course, but there are reasons to back it up. If it was money Jimmy wanted, he could have married Sugar. Marriage would certainly be safer than murder. And if he'd had some sort of emergency, John would have given him money. He always did."

"Maybe he wouldn't this time." I had thought of everything during the night. "Maybe sometime Sugar gave him a key to her apartment. He could have come in and—"

Bill gripped my hand so hard it ached, and for a long time neither of us said anything, but I began to feel better. Finally he said, "Drink your coffee, Pat. It's past now and it won't happen again."

A SUDDEN thought struck me: "Bill! Do you think Jimmy could have been jealous of John?"

He looked surprised. "About Sugar, you mean?"

"He used to see Sugar often. Even after their engagement was broken off. Suppose—suppose he wanted her back again and she preferred John?"

"I don't think," Bill said slowly, "that jealousy is the motive."

But it carried me on to another hypothesis. I cried, "What about her husband? Edith's? Mr. Sales!"

He did consider it, while my mind raced through all sorts of possibilities. "The missing Mr. Sales," he said at last,

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but he shook his head. Then he looked up and said, "Here's Brannigan."

Brannigan, rosy-faced and brisk, was also a little nervous. But he sat down at Bill's invitation and asked for beer and was perfectly willing to answer Bill's questions.

"I'll tell you the truth, Dr. Ransome. I've seen Miss Bennet, times when she didn't know I'd seen her, and I don't think she'd kill him, that's all. Everything's against her. There wasn't anybody else but—" He took a thirsty drink from the foaming glass before him.

Bill said, "How did you get Wilkins to let Miss Bennet go that night? What did you tell him?"

Brannigan wiped foam from his mouth. "That's what I decided to tell you. You see, somebody phoned me that night, just before I left home, and told me to be sure to stop in at Ransome's house about nine o'clock. So I did, and there she was, and Ransome was shot. But it looked to me like a frame. That's all. But I told the lieutenant about the call that night."

So that was why they let us go. Bill said, "I knew it! It couldn't have been coincidence—your arrival at just that time, I mean. Brannigan, who phoned you?"

But Brannigan didn't know. "I've thought and thought, Dr. Ransome. I think it was a woman's voice."

"*Who?*"

Brannigan shook his head. "I don't know. I'm not even sure it was a woman's voice; it was sort of high and queer. It could have been a man pretending to be a woman. You know, talking like this—" He broke into a high and squeaky falsetto, and then shook his head gloomily again. "The only point about it is that it wouldn't have been Miss Bennet; it could have been somebody that knew Ransome was going to be shot, and knew Miss Bennet might be there at about that time and tried to frame her. So that's what I told Wilkins, and that's why he let her go."

He added, "But it doesn't change things much. Because Miss Bennet *was* there and he was killed, and so far they haven't got anybody else. Unless—" He looked at Bill rather reluctantly and said, "Of course, you and the other nephew had motives. You can't get around that."

He was right; we couldn't get around that.

Brannigan said suddenly, "I thought for a minute it was that secretary—I mean the woman that used to be Mr. Ransome's secretary. She used to phone to me once in a while, to tell me to stop in for my check or to do something for Mr. Ransome or something like that. Anyway, whoever it was that called, it sure looks bad for Miss Bennet."

Bill said to me suddenly, "Did Sugar know that you were going to stop at John's to get the duffel bags before you went to her place?"

In other words, had Sugar framed me? "No. She talked to me over the phone late in the afternoon. She was in a hurry and so was I. Lady's new litter was about to arrive. I'm sure I didn't tell her the tools were at John's."

Bill got up. "I'll talk to Everett." He went up to a phone booth beside the cashier's cage.

Somebody had turned on very bright lights outside above the entrance, and their rosy glow lighted the room. It was by then late in the afternoon; we had lunched late and we had waited for Brannigan. Brannigan emptied his glass and Bill came back.

"Everett says John knew the bags were there. He didn't like it. Said his home wasn't a check-stand. But Everett didn't mention it to anyone else. Neither did Rosie. . . . Brannigan, more beer?"

Brannigan nodded and Bill ordered the beer, and said, "Brannigan, you've been close to the police about this. I've asked Wilkins but he didn't give me much of an answer and— Do you know the medical examiner's report? I mean, when do they think that my uncle was shot?"

Brannigan looked surprised. "Why, about the time I found him."

"Yes, but— Well, this is what struck me. It isn't ever easy to establish the exact time of death. And in this case the house was very hot, there wouldn't have been the normal—"

Brannigan interrupted: "Miss Bennet says she heard him talking when she came in."

"She heard voices. She assumed it was John and somebody else."

I cried excitedly, "It could have been a radio! The voices were indistinct, and I thought the door was closed. A radio, turned low—"

Brannigan was shaking his head gloomily. "There wasn't a sound anywhere when I got there. No radio, nothing."

"There's an automatic switch on his radio," Bill said. "It was set to turn off at nine."

But Brannigan said that didn't mean anything. "I know about that, Dr. Ransome. But even if Miss Bennet heard a radio instead of somebody talking, it doesn't change anything. She was there and he was shot and—" He hesitated, but went on doggedly, "There was blood on her coat. *I* think it was that dog, but—"

Bill said, "Whoever murdered him wouldn't have known that Miss Bennet would be there at exactly that time. But suppose it was an extra touch, a lucky shot, that worked?"

Brannigan eyed him over the glass. "Did you talk to Wilkins about it? What does he think?"

"Well," Bill said, "he says it's not important. I think it was a shot in the dark that worked. But it wouldn't have made any real difference, because you'd have come at nine, found John, and whether Miss Bennet was still there or had gone, it would be easy to prove she had been there. This is what I think, Brannigan:

"Somebody knew that the duffel bags were at John's house; somebody knew that Miss Bennet was going to need them that night and might be at John's house around nine o'clock. Somebody was let into the house by John himself, shot John—then turned up the thermostat so high that the heat in the house would prevent the body from cooling at a normal rate and thus confuse the exact time of death. This person set the radio switch, just for an extra touch that happened to work, left the door unlocked, and went away. Somebody planned so carefully that he had already telephoned to you and told you to stop at the house about nine, when either Miss Bennet was there or it could easily be proved that she had been there."

"Well," Brannigan said cautiously, "maybe." He got up. "There's still the question of motive, Dr. Ransome. . . . I'm sorry, Miss Bennet."

He didn't want to believe that I had killed John Ransome and he had followed the dictates of his honest heart, but he gave me a troubled look as we thanked him, and then he went away.

Of course, the only difference the radio with its automatic switch could have made was the difference in the possible time of John's murder. It couldn't alter the fact that I was there, with blood on my sleeve, and that the gun was mine. And Bill and I had motives.

"But it's a step in the right direction," Bill said. "I'm going to talk to Sugar and Mrs. Sales."

I waited while Bill telephoned. He tried Sugar first, but no one answered. Then he searched the telephone directory for Edith Sales, and as he didn't know the initials of the absent Mr. Sales, in the end he telephoned to John's office. Whiting, the new secretary, gave him Mrs. Sales' telephone number and address, rather haughtily I gathered. Bill emerged from the telephone booth, with a wry face. "Now for Mrs. Sales," he said.

"Do you think she telephoned Brannigan?"

"We'll ask her," Bill said.

We walked back to Sugar's apartment. It was by then almost dark; lights were on all along the streets. When we reached the apartment house Bill called Sugar's apartment from the lobby, but still no one answered, so evidently the maids were out, too.

Bill had parked my little car behind the apartment house. "We'll go to Mrs. Sales' house," Bill said, and turned the car west.

It was by then the rush hour; we groped our way along, stopping for the jammed-up traffic at the corners, threading our way past trucks and taxis. Allowing for the slow traffic and the early darkness, it took us perhaps thirty minutes to reach the side street where Edith Sales lived. It was a quiet street, a street of two-flat houses, all much alike, close to the sidewalk, yellow or red brick, and very trim and neat.

It was so quiet, indeed, and so deserted in spite of scattered lights in the windows that there was something rather unpleasant about it. The entrances were all alike, too, with glassed doors at street level and

tiled vestibules beyond, but we finally found the number and went in.

The vestibule was lighted, but there were no lights in either rank of windows, and not a sound anywhere. There were two mailboxes with speaking tubes above them, and Mrs. Sales' apartment was on the first floor. Bill rang, but no one answered. Then we both saw that the varnished oak door was a little ajar. It was not open, but it had not been latched, either; it was as if someone leaving the flat had pulled the door hurriedly and not quite closed it.

It was odd. I thought of the door to John Ransome's house, unlocked so I could enter it.

Bill said in a queer voice, "Stay here," and pushed the door open.

The hall beyond it was almost dark; I could barely see a sort of settee with cushions on it. Bill went on into the flat.

I waited for a while in the hall, and when Bill turned on lights somewhere ahead, I followed him. I didn't close the door; I didn't think of it. By the time I got into the living room, a rather pleasant room, although furnished in a severe modern manner, Bill had gone on into a dining room and turned on lights there. A photograph of a man, the missing Mr. Sales, I thought, stood on a table near me; it showed a weak face, which just escaped being pretty, with a rabbity and rather cruel mouth. Then I saw Bill take a quick step or two across the dining room. I saw him stop and stand rigid.

I couldn't see what lay on the other side of the table. But Bill knelt, and all at once I was looking over his shoulder and had both hands over my mouth to keep from screaming. Mrs. Sales lay there, very quietly; her head was turned in a strange and terrible way, and her face was a bluish gray.

Bill put his hand on her wrist and then on her heart. He said, "She's been strangled. Only a few minutes ago. You've got to get out."

Bill was leaning over, examining her throat. He glanced around the room, under the table. "It was something soft, a scarf or—" There was nothing on the floor, nothing anywhere except that limp, terrible thing at our feet. Bill's eyes met mine. "Get out! And take your car. I'll report this. You've got to—"

SOMEONE entered the vestibule. Bill caught my wrist.

There was a door across the room, and he drew me that way. We were in a bedroom; I couldn't see much, it was too dark, but there was a sort of fragrance like that of perfume and cosmetics. Bill had closed the door except for a thin crack of light and stood there listening. Someone entered the flat.

We could hear slow footsteps, as if whoever entered did so cautiously, pausing to look around, puzzled perhaps by the empty flat and the open door. The footsteps stopped, apparently in the living room, and then, incredibly, there was the sputter of a match and a drifting odor of tobacco smoke.

I had my hand on Bill's arm, holding tight. I could see the vaguest outline of furniture in the room, the shape of a bed, the pale rectangle of a window. Oddly, at that moment, the strong scent of perfume stirred something in my memory. Something small, subtly out of place . . .

"Stay here," Bill whispered, and opened the door. Light streamed into the bedroom. Then the door closed very quietly and Bill walked across the dining room and said clearly, "Jimmy—"

That was all I heard, for someone was in the room with me.

I knew it, and for a horrible second I couldn't move. Then I screamed, "Bill!" and flung open the door, and light streamed across the room full upon Sugar. Her blond head was bare; a coat was flung around her shoulders. Bill from the doorway cried, "Sugar! What are you doing here?" He turned on lights. Jimmy stood beside him.

Sugar's eyes were wide and dark in her white face. She cried shrilly, "She wanted to see me! Edith Sales! I came and—and she was like that! Then I heard someone come into the apartment and I was terrified. I didn't know it was you!"

"How did you get into the apartment?"

"I—I just came in. The door was open. Somebody left it open."

I didn't see the heap of crimson on the floor, where Sugar had dropped it, until Bill stooped and picked it up. It was a man's silk scarf. Sugar cried, "That was on the floor beside her!" Bill held it in the light and looked at Jimmy. "Yours."

"No, it can't be!" Jimmy snatched the scarf from Bill's hands, and Bill said, "It's got your initials on it. J.R."

"But I didn't—I lost this—I don't know where. I can't remember." Suddenly Jimmy dropped the deadly silk scarf and sat down on the bench and put his face in his hands.

"Jimmy," Bill said. He caught his shoulder. "Jimmy, tell me. What is it? What do you know?"

Jimmy wouldn't speak; he held his hands stubbornly over his face.

Bill said, "I've got to call the police."

SUDDENLY he spoke to Jimmy gently as if they were boys, friends and cousins again: "Why did you come here to see Mrs. Sales? Tell me, Jimmy, before the police come."

Jimmy wouldn't answer; his handsome face was lowered. The silk scarf, crimson as blood, lay at his feet.

Bill said, "Where you at Sugar's apartment last night?"

"No," Jimmy mumbled. "I was here. Mrs. Sales wanted to see me."

"Why? Did she tell you who killed John?"

Jimmy's dark head sunk lower, and gave a nod. And suddenly he broke. "It's all my fault!" he cried, and put his hands over his face again.

"What was your fault?" Bill urged.

"All that money," Jimmy mumbled. "I couldn't pay it."

"What money?"

"Close to a hundred thousand! She made me take it. She said to invest it,

"I don't want to hear anything about politics from you. Don't forget I'm the only one in this family that registered"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY MIKE L. GLYNN

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and I couldn't pay it back unless John died."

"Who—?"

"Sugar," Jimmy said simply. "When we were engaged. She told me to invest it. But then she ran through her money. There wasn't as much in the beginning as everybody thought, but Sugar thought it was inexhaustible. She spent and spent, and then when she got to the bottom of the barrel she wanted me to pay her, and I couldn't. So she made a play for John. But John balked. He wasn't going to marry her, and told her so."

The room was suddenly very still. Sugar's teeth were sunk into her lip.

Bill said, "How do you know that?"

Jimmy lifted his face. "Because John told Mrs. Sales, and she told me."

"That's not true," Sugar flashed, gripping the curtains beside her so that her hands were like fists.

"Oh, yes," Jimmy said. "That's why he left you that money. It was his idea of making it square with you. Like the picture he left Mrs. Sales. John was like that."

Sugar's wide eyes were blazing. "Yes, I had to have my money back. Jimmy hadn't invested it. He'd used it, all of it, himself. He said he'd pay me when John died. He told me that! He promised me! But I never thought he'd murder—"

"I didn't murder John!" Jimmy cried desperately. "I didn't murder him. Believe me, Bill."

Bill walked across the room and into the dining room. There was the click of a telephone dial. We all listened while Bill talked to the police. We heard him say, "Right. I'll keep them here." He came back. He looked white and queer.

It was very quiet; I think all of us were aware suddenly of the terribly quiet thing in the next room. The lights glimmered on the bottles and jars on the dressing table and the scents touched my memory again with light perfumed fingers. And this time I knew why. I waited a second, to test the truth of my discovery, and Bill said, "Jimmy, did Mrs. Sales telephone to Sugar and threaten her?"

"Yes! Mrs. Sales hated her; she was jealous. I didn't know what to do."

"Did she know that you owed Sugar that money?"

A slow flush rose in Jimmy's face. "Yes. I'd told her one time when I thought maybe Mrs. Sales would get John to advance me some money. She wouldn't. She said it was no use asking John."

"Did Edith Sales tell John?"

"No. I'm sure she didn't. John would have blown up."

"But if John died you could pay Sugar."

Sugar cried, "That's why Jimmy killed him! That's why he strangled Mrs. Sales! She'd have told. She guessed and—"

Bill said to me, "Pat, when Sugar phoned to ask you to clip Maurice, did you tell her when you would come to town?"

"No. No, I didn't know when I could leave. Lady's puppies—"

"Did you tell her about Lady's puppies?"

And I had. I'd said I was in a hurry because of Lady's new puppies. I knew that I had said that, and Sugar knew it; I could see it in the way her eyes flickered.

Bill knew it, too. "So she knew you wouldn't start to town right away."

Sugar cried in a high, shrill voice, "Jimmy killed him! He took Pat's gun and—"

"It's no use, Sugar," Bill said. "Wilkins knows. When you tried to make him think that Pat attempted suicide he began to concentrate on you. You hadn't bought any plane tickets, so you hadn't intended to leave. You were in debt everywhere. You made a play for John, and he balked at marriage. You'd sold your jewelry. You had to have money now. Jimmy could wait. You couldn't. And there was only one way for you to get your money back from Jimmy. All Wilkins needs is the motive, and now—"

Sugar was panting. "I don't believe you!"

"He's found the shells for the gun."

"He couldn't! I threw them—" She flung both hands over her mouth.

"You threw the box out of your car on the way home from Pat's, after you had removed enough shells to load the gun. It was found this afternoon and turned in to a highway patrolman. They're working on the remaining shells now—for fingerprints."

For a second she stared at him. Then, like magic, everything about her changed. Her face was suddenly soft and lovely, her wide eyes appealing. She went to Jimmy and put her hands on his arm, coaxingly. "You'll help me, won't you, Jimmy?" She glanced at us. "You are all my friends. You wouldn't turn me over to the police. You couldn't do that to me. We'll forget all this. It was wrong, but I—"

Bill said, "You tried to murder Pat."

"But—but I *had* to!" Sugar cried, her eyes wide and childish. "I took the gun two weeks ago when John—when I began to realize— It was easy. Pat was in the kennels. She didn't even see me. . . . I had to keep Mrs. Sales from talking, too. She let me in, and she said she'd call the police, and started for the telephone and I—I did it. You'd never have known it if I'd got the door closed. I thought I had. I was trying to get the scarf out of my pocket, and I just gave the door a shove and I—I didn't even think about it. . . . I *had* to! But it wasn't my fault! She told me I'd killed John and she knew why and—what else could I do? I didn't want to; I couldn't even think how until I found Jimmy's scarf in my car. He'd left it there sometime and I—I didn't mean to make anybody suspect you, Jimmy. It was the only thing I could use."

Jimmy said, "Why did you try to murder Pat?"

"I told you! I *had* to! Pat was getting too close to the truth. Talking about the radio and Harpo's behavior and how hot the house was. I was standing by the window, and all at once I saw how it would clear up everything if Pat—They'd say she was a suicide and she had murdered John and—"

She caught her breath; her wide eyes went to Bill and to Jimmy, and at what she saw there she gave a queer scream and flung herself across the room and out the door.

I heard her high heels click on the floor. I knew Bill and Jimmy had gone after her. I knew, too, that there was a siren somewhere and men's shouts out in the street.

I sat down on the little bench. The scents of perfumes were nearer, and reminded me again of Sugar's bedroom, the night John was murdered: the orderly bedroom, where there were no trunks, no signs of packing for the trip she'd said she was starting early the next morning. I was thankful that I hadn't had to tell them that; they already knew she had no plane tickets.

I thought of the bracelet; copied, she'd said. Her terror when Mrs. Sales telephoned her, and how after she'd had time to think she'd said it was a man's voice. The way Jimmy had showed her attentions, as if he were obligated to her—as indeed he was. Her suggestion to Wilkins: Pat was depressed. She must have known—perhaps John had told her—that my duffel bags were there. So she had ensured my visit to the house by getting me to promise to trim Maurice that night. It seemed strange that even Lady and her litter had been a small part of Sugar's careful plan; she'd known I wouldn't leave Lady and drive to town at once.

I remembered all of it, and I wondered if she had made a last appeal to John that night—and if John had sat arrogantly, contemptuously in his armchair, and told her there was no chance of marriage. She had killed him and then she had gone blithely off to the Teen Show. . . .

I sat there for a long time while they did what they had to do in the house and outside. There was a small yard out back, and they found the dachshund and took him away with them. Finally, Bill took me home.

When we arrived, Mike already knew about it; Bill had telephoned him. He had a fire blazing and coffee and sandwiches waiting for us. He didn't say a word about Sugar; he gave me one look and put another log on the fire, and said over his shoulder that Exchequer and Harpo had got into a fight but he'd separated them. Exchequer came and put his head on my knee. And all at once there were tears on my face.

Bill came and put his arm around me. "Don't. There are people who would do anything—anything in the world for money. She's one of them." He stopped and held me tight. "It's in the past. Now we'll think ahead."

We didn't, of course. We just sat there with the fire dancing and flickering, and Bill's arms around me, and old Exchequer lying down with a contented thump before the fire.

THE END ★★

Lucky Day

Bill had big plans for his son, but he hadn't counted on Kelsey—or the music box

THERE was quite a lot of rejoicing among the friends and relatives of the McMurtrys when, after four girls, Kelsey and Bill finally had a boy.

This had been Bill's long dream—a son, Bill Jr., to pal with, and maybe take over the garage some day. Kelsey deserved a present. . . .

When he gave it to her, that evening, Kelsey was wide-eyed. Obviously, she hadn't appreciated what a stupendous thing she had done. Her slender hand caressed the silk lining of the leather jewelry box. It had not occurred to Bill to wonder what Kelsey would put in it. He'd picked this one because it was really a music box and because it played *Lucky Day*. It also played *My Heart Is a Rose*, but Bill didn't let this bother him. You can't have everything.

"He's only five pounds—not as big as the girls were," said Kelsey. "Maybe this one is going to take after me."

A faint misgiving came to Bill through the strains of the music box. "What are we going to call him?" he asked.

She turned her head and looked Bill straight in the eye. Kelsey was only five feet one inch tall, but on certain occasions that made no difference.

"I thought maybe Gregory," she said. So Gregory it was. . . .

When Greg was two his daddy asked him what he wanted for his birthday.

"Doll," said Greg.

Bill gritted his teeth and explained very carefully, "Dolls are for girls. Let me get you some cars—a fire engine—"

"Why can't he have a doll?" asked Kelsey. "What about that Teddy bear your mother says you took to bed every night until you were seven? Don't get him any more cars, Bill. He keeps taking the wheels off."

PATIENTLY, Bill got out the cars and began putting the wheels back on. It was more work than changing a tire on a loaded trailer. Greg looked at them, looked at his Daddy, sat down, and within ten minutes took every wheel off again.

"What'll I get him?" Bill pleaded.

"Doll," said Greg.

Bill put on his cap. "I'm going to the corner," he said very quietly. Then he added with considerable force, "And it wasn't a Teddy bear I had—it was a *rabbit!*" . . .

When Greg's sixth birthday approached he asked for a book of fairy tales, and Bill dutifully bought the best he could find. He also bought another present he could not resist, and then, when he got home, he was so guilty and uncertain about the reception this second gift would receive that he left both packages in the car.

"Where's the boy?" he asked.

Kelsey measured him with her eye. "He's been in our bedroom playing the music box for hours. He seems fascinated by *My Heart Is a Rose*. Maybe he'll be a musician."

Bill, visualizing a pale young man in tails at a piano, grunted.

"You ought to be glad to have such a sensitive son," said Kelsey. "I hope you remembered his book."

"Say, Kelsey." Bill looked down at his big feet. "I bought something else for Greg, too. It—it's a tool chest."

Kelsey turned to him, and her face was full of love. "That's nice, Bill. Even if he doesn't use it—for a while."

While the strains of *My Heart Is a Rose* seeped under the bedroom door, Bill tried to concentrate on his paper. Then he heard a whispered voice.

It was Greg beckoning him into the bedroom. On the floor lay the music box. The tiny mechanism had been carefully removed from its leather case. "Look, Dad," the boy whispered excitedly. "It took me hours to guess it, but this cog is what makes it work. You see, this part takes the pressure off of this—then . . ."

Regarding the intricacies of the music box's innards, Bill felt a smile spreading on his face until it threatened to meet at the back of his neck. "You sure figured it, Greg. Your mother's going to be mad, maybe. But . . ." He put his big arm around the slender shoulders of his son, his boy. "Come on out to the garage and see what I got for your birthday."

by Mary Jane Waldo

AN AMERICAN STORIETTE

Some Answers to the Political Puzzle

TO HELP our adult readers think and vote wisely on November 4th, 1952, every issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for the last twelve months has featured an article of political importance. Among them were:

TRUMAN CAN'T LOSE
by Jonathan Daniels, September, 1951
WHAT THE GOP MUST DO TO WIN
by Senator Leverett Saltonstall, October, 1951
THE EISENHOWER I KNOW
by Charles Harger, November, 1951
MY BROTHER BOB TAFT
by Helen Taft Manning, January, 1952
THE MAN WHO BROKE THE TAX SCANDAL
(Senator John J. Williams of Delaware) by Roul Tunley, February, 1952
TOO MANY LAWYERS IN WASHINGTON
by Senator Paul H. Douglas, March, 1952
CONGRESS WANTS TO HEAR FROM YOU
by Rep. Jacob K. Javits, June, 1952
WHY I CHOSE AMERICA
by Wernher von Braun, July, 1952

A casual glance at the above list should convince anyone that THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is not in the service of any political party; rather, that we have endeavored to serve the nation by satisfying the average voter's hunger for straight facts at a time of puzzling political changes and alignments.

Our political articles have been intended to stimulate thinking on the vital issues, not to mold opinions. We believe that our readers are good Americans capable of making their own decisions. And if given all the facts, they can be trusted to decide wisely.

To this series of helpful articles the response from Republicans and Democrats alike makes us believe that a great change is taking place in political attitudes, and that political bosses are in for some surprises. Among members of both parties the number of independent thinkers seems to be increasing. Also increasing is the number of independent voters who have no affiliation with either party. With the election only a few weeks off, the professional politicians may think they know how each well-organized minority group will vote. But what they do not know—in fact, what nobody knows—is how the millions of unorganized, thoughtful Americans will vote when they go to the polls. These represent the great majority of our readers, and it is for them that THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE published the 1951 and 1952 articles of political significance. Although we don't know how our readers are going to vote on November 4th, we do know that most of them want to vote wisely.

To the voter who is trying to make up his or her mind, the best advice we can give is to quote a remarkable speech at the Republican National Convention by Howard Pyle, Governor of Arizona. Because the speech was delivered very late at night, it received much less attention than it deserved.

"Many of us," said Governor Pyle, "are deeply disturbed by the growing inclination of a vast number of voters to approach our elections with an attitude of: 'You'll have to give more than that if you expect to get my vote.'— The sad thing about this point of view is that it has created a kind of competition for favor that is slowly but surely burying the right answers to *what is right for America*."

And the Governor proved himself a wise prophet when he declared, "Lest you be laboring under the illusion that our political leaders are ready with all the answers . . . it should be said that there will be many things about this year's campaigning that you won't appreciate.

"Whatever you do, however, don't allow a single seemingly unforgivable incident to so disgust and discourage you as to turn you away from the task ahead. Together we must find our way through the smoke and fire of the no-man's land that lies ahead. Otherwise, the decisions that must be made . . . will be in jeopardy.

"Your position as an adult citizen of the United States of America is so vitally important that not another moment should pass without acknowledging the indispensable role that every voter is taking in the real-life drama of—*What Is Right for America*.

"If this great play is to be worthy of those who will hope to replay it in years to come, then in 1952 it must be the best possible performance, with every voter from every walk of life, including every race, color, and creed, appearing on the scene with a personal answer to *What Is Right for America*."

We agree. We must seek what is right for America. We have to get it by electing those candidates whose proven character and performance give us reason to believe they will think and act rightly in any crisis.

We cannot anticipate all of the problems that will confront the next president. To guide the nation through the unknown future, we must have a president wise and strong enough to have the confidence of the American people and the respect of the world. And we must give him a Congress that will support him, regardless of party politics, in what is right for America.

John W. McCarren

PUBLISHER

Mr. Henry Doelger—distinguished builder—made his first $300 at age ten salvaging sash-weights from the San Francisco fire. At 26—after a night school education—he bought acres of neglected dunes along the Pacific Ocean. Four years later the land had increased in value nine times. There he built 12,000 homes. Later Mr. Doelger constructed several 500-home villages. He's now building 8,000 outstanding homes near San Francisco. Here he is shown on his yacht "Westlake".

It is for men like Mr. Doelger that Lord Calvert is *Custom Distilled* and blended . . . to achieve rare taste plus distinctive, satin-smooth lightness. So jealously is Lord Calvert's *Custom Distilled* quality guarded that each bottle is numbered and recorded at the distillery. Here, truly, is America's "whiskey of distinction"—smoother, lighter, more enjoyable. Tonight discover how *Custom Distilled* Lord Calvert can make *your* next highball or cocktail a far, far *better* drink.

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